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LIFE AND REMINISCENCES
OF
JEFFERSON DAVIS.

BY
DISTINGUISHED MEN OF HIS TIME.

INTRODUCTORY BY
HON. JOHN W. DANIEL,
United States Senator from Virginia.

ILLUSTRATED.

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INTRODUCTORY.

JEFFERSON DAVIS has been more misrepresented, and is to-day more misunderstood by many than any character that figured in the Civil War of 1861 to 1864.

That denunciation should be directed upon him by his enemies during the war was natural,—for he was the head and front of the Southern Confederacy, and a blow at him of any kind was a blow at the cause he represented. And thick and bitter as were the invectives that fell upon him during the conflict, they were neither thicker nor bitterer than those which fell upon Abraham Lincoln from his enemies. The war over, a change of feeling instantly began between the combatants. General Grant, speaking of the surrender at Appomattox, says, that the soldiers of the Union and of the Confederate Armies met like friends who had been long parted while fighting under the same flag. And certain it is that between the actual fighters of the war, bitterness rapidly declined ; and toward the military leaders of both sides who had distinguished themselves by soldierly virtues, there grew up a feeling of admiration and kinness on the part of their late antagonists.

Toward Abraham Lincoln sentiment also changed. It was soon felt by the Southern people that considering the circumstances in which he was placed he had shown as great humanity as would have been shown by any other in his stead ; and while this conviction softened the asperities of the War, the great abilities he had exhibited created high respect. There are few, if any, in the South

who do not believe that the crime which closed his life was a deep and permanent misfortune to the country, and especially to the South.

Toward Jefferson Davis, however, the North very slowly relented. Lee and Jackson and other Confederate chieftains won their admiration. Divines, orators, editors and statesmen frequently spoke of them and their virtues in terms of highest praise; and it was not long before Northern audiences would applaud reference to their characters or their exploits with ready and generous enthusiasm.

Jefferson Davis seemed to stand apart in Northern estimate from his companions; and while the healing work of time went on, it did not seem to cure the harshness of sentiment toward him.

I think this was due to several causes:

1. He was regarded as responsible for the War, and as its incarnation.
2. The assassination of Lincoln directed upon him, as the opposing leader, a retaliatory spirit.
3. It was taught and believed that he was responsible for the suffering of Northern soldiers in Southern prisons.
4. He was proud and unbending in his disposition; and declined to apply for pardon.
5. He dedicated the remainder of his life to the vindication of the cause of which he was the head.

But while these circumstances kept alive beyond their time a vindictive feeling toward Jefferson Davis, it was noticeable that it began to subside before he died. When he was laid to rest many noble tributes to his manly virtues flowed from Northern lips and pens; and it is safe to say that a new tide of feeling has set in.

I believe it will continue until all America will realize that Jefferson Davis was one of the purest and bravest of

the public men which our country has produced ;—that he was an honest, able and clear thinker, and a true seeker for the good of humanity.

He was the incarnation of the Southern cause. His abilities made him so. But he was no more responsible for the War than thousands and tens of thousands on both sides. He loved peace and he loved the Union. He grieved to see it torn asunder ; and he clung to it as long as accommodation was possible. The people in their move toward secession were ahead of their leaders. They instinctively divined the irrepressible conflict and like a crowd in a street they pushed the foremost forward.

When Lincoln died by a foul blow, the North was frenzied. Many believed the assassin was prompted by Confederate connivance, and reward was offered for Jefferson Davis' capture as an accessory to the crime. This is all fully disproved now as absurdly false ; but the fires of resentment scathed Jefferson Davis while yet passion was wild—and unreasoning.

It is clearly demonstrated now that, so far from sharing any responsibility for the sufferings of prisoners, he did his best to avert and alleviate them. He tried to get exchanges,—he sent a delegation of the prisoners to Washington to represent their own situation ;—he sent Alexander H. Stephens on a special mission for the same purpose ;—he proposed that each side send surgeons, money and medicines to their men in captivity ;—and he finally gave up Federal prisoners—sick and well,—without exchange, rather than have them suffer in Confederate hands.

There were sixty thousand more Federal prisoners in Southern prisons, than there were Confederate prisoners in Northern prisons ;—and yet, four thousand more Confederates died in prison. It is easier to protect from cold than

from heat ; and the North was ten-fold more able to provide for captives than the South. There is no argument possible that would convict Jefferson Davis of cruelty to prisoners, that would not more deeply convict Abraham Lincoln. When men get reasonable enough to look on both sides, and do justice, they will regret the deep wrong done to Jefferson Davis in attempts to criminate him. His name is as sure of its vindication as time is to roll by.

The proud and self-poised demeanor of Jefferson Davis, and his declination to ask pardon, angered some. General Lee had applied for pardon and been refused it. Had Jefferson Davis applied, it would have only subjected him to humiliation. In not doing so, he stood for a principle. The Federal Constitution forbade Congress to enact an "*ex post facto*" law ; that is, a law fixing punishment after the offence. Never tried for treason, he was yet punished by the *ipse dixit* of partisan legislation. The Government and the Constitution were revolutionized in order to reach him. A great and fundamental doctrine of civil liberty was overturned. All this will be fully appreciated by the masses in time, and many who have derided Jefferson Davis will applaud the integrity, the courage, and the unselfish devotion with which he adhered to his convictions.

The tenacious affection for his people, and the noble resolution to defend their fame, which characterized the declining years of Jefferson Davis, disclosed a character of rare beauty and grandeur. He had no ambition for himself. He knew his race was run, and he did not wish to prolong it. No honor did he crave at the hands of any—not even that of re-entering the Senate from Mississippi, which, so far as her people were concerned, he could have done. He thirsted for higher things than the transient glories of power and station. He laid the world aside without a sigh

for the parting. The honor of his people, and his cause, and himself:—this was all that the world could give which he desired. And this he has left upon a sure foundation.

Intense as have been the passions of the past, they will subside. Violent as have been the struggles of great interests, their wounds will be healed. Terrible as are the memories of strife, truth and justice will soften their harsh lines. The character of Jefferson Davis will grow in the general estimate. Scholars will ponder it, and will bring to the light the facts which have been neglected or ignored; and statesmen who have been under the spur of interest to paint him darkly, will feel that impulse to do justice which springs up from a sense of injustice done.

A ripe scholar, a vigorous writer, a splendid orator, a brave soldier, "a true gentleman, an accomplished statesman, a sturdy champion, a proud, pure patriot, a lover of liberty, a hero: this is the Jefferson Davis that history will cherish. And while we can scarce quite say with the editor of the *New York Sun*, that "he outlived enmity and personal detraction," we can endorse the liberality and truth of his opinion that, "he lived long enough to see the political atmosphere purged of prejudice and rancor, and to forecast in the candid attitude of Northern contemporaries the sober and unbiassed judgment of posterity."

I hope this book will aid in the better understanding of Jefferson Davis, and in the further amelioration of the feelings engendered by an apparently unavoidable and unhappy strife. I look upon those men who attempt to instruct the rising generation in hatred and animosity, as the worst enemies of their country and of the human race. There is a chivalry of peace higher than the chivalry of war. The people who are to live together must live in mutual self-respect or in mutual unhappiness. We cannot lower the

caste of a section without lowering the caste of the country.

If the people of America would devote the time given to detractions to the encouragement of each other, which flows from the prompt recognition of virtues and their just praise, our country would lack in nothing for the prosperity and welfare of its people. If that prosperity and welfare are arrested or impeded, it will be by nothing more than through the agency of bigotry and partisanry, who refuse to see good in aught that comes in conflict with immediate interests.

Generous thought and generous speech are as essential to progress as a sound currency, or a sound system of taxation. No country is better fitted to produce them than our own; and in them it will find heralds of the highest destiny.

JOHN W. DANIEL.

▪

LIFE OF JEFFERSON DAVIS.

▪

LIFE OF JEFFERSON DAVIS.

JEFFERSON DAVIS was by birth a Kentuckian. He was born on the 3d day of June, 1808, in Christian County, but in a part of it that afterwards became Todd County. About his birth-place has grown up the village of Fairview, and on the exact spot now stands the Fairview Baptist Church, which received the ground by gift from the distinguished man that there began his being. His father was Samuel Davis, a native of Georgia, who removed from that State to Kentucky not many years after the War of the Revolution, in which he had rendered gallant service as a captain of infantry. When Jefferson was less than ten years old, his father left Kentucky and settled in Mississippi, then a territory. Thus early in the history of Mississippi, and in the life of Davis, was formed a relation that continued through many years, and became to both alike a matter of highest pride. After preparatory training at a neighboring academy, young Davis

returned to his native State for the purpose of studying in Transylvania University. He remained in this institution until 1824, when he was appointed by President Monroe to a cadetship at West Point. Here he had R. E. Lee for a class-mate. The two were destined for another companionship of which neither had, at this time, the faintest dream. Would we see Jefferson Davis as a cadet? He is thus described: "He was distinguished in the corps for his manly bearing, his high-toned and lofty character. His figure was very soldierlike and rather robust; his step springy, resembling the tread of an Indian brave on the war-path." He was graduated at the military academy in 1828, when he was just twenty years of age. His graduation gave him a second-lieutenancy in the regular army; and, being assigned to the infantry, he was sent to perform service on the northwestern frontier. He won distinction, and was promoted to the rank of first lieutenant of dragoons. It is said that the savages with whom Lieutenant Davis had to deal were awed by his intrepidity and won by his kindness. After a military service of seven years on the frontier, he resigned his commission.

His resignation from the army brought him back to Mississippi in 1835. He soon after married a daughter of General (then Colonel) Zachary Taylor, and retiring to a farm in Warren County, he gave

himself to cotton planting and to studies in favorite lines of investigation. This seclusion, continuing through eight years, he was the more disposed to prolong by reason of the fact that almost at the very commencement of it death deprived him of his wife. Mr. Davis' political career may be said to have begun in 1843. During that year he participated in local politics, the next year he was chosen a presidential elector, and in 1845 he was elected to the United States House of Representatives. When he took his seat in Congress he found great men there. To say nothing of the Senate, he met in the House Stephen A. Douglas, of Illinois; R. M. T. Hunter, of Virginia; Andrew Johnson, of Tennessee; and John Quincy Adams, of Massachusetts. But contact with such men placed him at no disadvantage. He was a prominent participant in the discussions that arose during the session, and always commanded the respectful attention of his associates. His sentiments were eminently patriotic and national. Speaking on the Oregon question, he said: "It is as the representative of a high-spirited and patriotic people that I am called on to resist this war clamor. My constituents need no such excitements to prepare their hearts for all that patriotism demands. Whenever the honor of the country demands redress; whenever its territory is invaded . . . Mississippi will come. And whether the question be one of

Northern or Southern, Eastern or Western aggression, we will not stop to count the cost, but act as becomes the descendants of those who, in the War of the Revolution, engaged in unequal strife to aid our brethren of the North in redressing their injuries."

Mr. John Savage, in "On Living Representative Men," says: "John Quincy Adams had a habit of always observing new members. He would sit near them on the occasion of their Congressional debut, closely eyeing and attentively listening if the speech pleased, but quickly departing if it did not. When Davis arose in the House the ex-President took a seat close by. Davis proceeded, and Adams did not move. The one continued speaking and the other listening; and those who knew Mr. Adams's habit were fully aware that the new member had deeply impressed him. At the close of the speech the 'Old Man Eloquent' crossed over to some friends and said, 'That young man is no ordinary man. He will make his mark yet.'"

The war with Mexico was now going on, and General Taylor, with his valiant little army, was already on the Rio Grande. Mississippi was aroused, and, as one result, a volunteer regiment was raised in and about Vicksburg.

These soldiers enlisted as the First Regiment of Mississippi Volunteers, and afterwards became fa-

mous as the "Mississippi Rifles." At the organization, June, 1846, Mr. Davis was elected colonel. When the information reached him, he promptly resigned his seat in Congress, and hastened to join the regiment, which he overtook in New Orleans. From this time Jefferson Davis may be considered as fairly started on that career which has sent his name over the civilized world.

COLONEL DAVIS,

taking command of his regiment, moved rapidly towards the scene of war, and reported to General Taylor at Camargo, just across the Rio Grande. The battles of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma had already been fought, and the army was now about to march against Monterey. After the arrival of the Mississippians several weeks were spent in preparations; but towards the last of August the advance movement began. On the 19th of September, 1846, General Taylor appeared before the city, on the 21st the attack commenced, and on the 24th the garrison of ten thousand Mexicans surrendered. As this result was accomplished by an attacking force of six thousand five hundred men, it can be at once assumed that the battle of Monterey brought out some of the best qualities of the American soldier. Among all those that showed skill and gallantry, Colonel Davis stands conspicuous. His own ac-

count, taken from *Belford's Magazine*, of the operations, claims less for himself than others would accord to him; nevertheless, his own statement is given :

“In an attack on Monterey General Taylor divided his force, sending one part of it by a circuitous road to attack the city from the west, while he decided to lead in person the attack on the east. The Mississippi Regiment advanced to the relief of a force which had attacked Fort Lenaria, but had been repulsed before the Mississippians arrived. They carried the redoubt, and the fort which was in the rear of it surrendered. The next day our force on the west side carried successfully the height on which stood the Bishop's Palace, which commanded the city.

“On the third day the Mississippians advanced from the fort which they held, through lanes and gardens, skirmishing and driving the enemy before them until they reached a two-story house at the corner of the Grand Plaza. Here they were joined by a regiment of Texans, and from the windows of this house they opened fire on the artillery and such other troops as were in view. But, to get a better position for firing on the principal building of the Grand Plaza, it was necessary to cross the street, which was swept by canister and grape, rattling on the pavement like hail; and as the street was very

narrow it was determined to construct a flying barricade. Some long timbers were found, and, with pack saddles and boxes, which served the purpose, a barricade was formed.

“Here occurred an incident to which I have since frequently referred with pride. In breaking open a quartermaster’s store-house to get supplies for this barricade, the men found bundles of the much-prized Mexican blankets, and also of very serviceable shoes and pack-saddles. The pack-saddles were freely taken as good material for the proposed barricade; and one of my men, as his shoes were broken and stones had hurt his feet, asked my permission to take a pair from one of the boxes. This, of course, was freely accorded; but not one of the very valuable and much-prized Mexican blankets was taken.

“About the time that the flying barricade was completed, arrangements were made by the Texans and Mississippians to occupy houses on both sides of the street for the purpose of more effective fire into the Grand Plaza. It having been deemed necessary to increase our force, the Mississippi sergeant-major was sent back for some companies of the First Mississippi, which had remained behind. He returned with the statement that the enemy was behind us, that all our troops had been withdrawn, and that orders had been three times sent to me to return. Governor Henderson, of Texas, had accompanied the

Texan troops, and on submitting to him the question what we should do under the message, he realized—as was very plain—that it was safer to remain where we were than—our supports having been withdrawn—to return across streets where we were liable to be fired on by artillery, and across open grounds, where cavalry might be expected to attack us. But, he added, he supposed the orders came from the general-in-chief, and we were bound to obey them. So we made dispositions to retire quietly; but, in passing the first square we found that our movement had been anticipated, and that a battery of artillery was posted to command the street. The arrangement made by me was that I should go first; if only one gun was fired at me, then another man should follow; and so on, another and another, until a volley should be fired, and then all of them should rush rapidly across before the guns could be reloaded. In this manner the men got across with little loss. We then made our way to the suburb, where we found that an officer of infantry, with two companies and a section of artillery, had been posted to wait for us, and, in case of emergency, to aid our retreat.

“Early next morning General Ampudia, commanding the Mexican force, sent in a flag and asked for a conference with a view to capitulation. General Taylor acceded to the proposition, and appointed

General Worth, Governor Henderson and myself commissioners to arrange the terms of capitulation. General Taylor received the city of Monterey, with supplies, much needed by his army, and shelter for the wounded. The enemy gained only the privilege of retiring peacefully, a privilege which, if it had not been accorded, they had the power to take by any one of the three roads open to them."

Next came the battle of Buena Vista, where Gen. Taylor's little army of five thousand men received the attack of twenty thousand Mexicans, led by Santa Anna. Here again Jefferson Davis and his riflemen rendered most distinguished service, and helped to win one of the most remarkable victories of modern times. A writer thus narrates the most prominent incidents of the battle: "The battle had been raging some time with fluctuating fortunes, and was setting against the Americans, when Gen. Taylor, with Col. Davis and others, arrived on the field. Several regiments were in full retreat . . . Col. Davis rode forward to examine the position of the enemy, and concluding that the best way to arrest our fugitives would be to make a bold demonstration, he resolved at once to make a new attack. It was a resolution bold almost to rashness, but the emergency was pressing. . . . A deep ravine separated the combatants. Leaping into it, the Mississippians soon appeared on the other side, and with a

shout that was heard over the battle-field, they poured in a well-directed fire, and rushed upon the enemy. Their deadly aim and wild enthusiasm were irresistible. The Mexicans fled in confusion to their reserves, and Davis seized the commanding position they had occupied. . . . Afterwards a brigade of lancers, one thousand strong, were seen approaching at a gallop, in beautiful array, with sounding bugles and fluttering pennons. It was an appalling spectacle, but not a man flinched from his position. The time between our devoted band and eternity seemed brief indeed. But conscious that the eye of the army was upon them, that the honor of Mississippi was at stake, and knowing that, if they gave way or were ridden down, the unprotected batteries in the rear, upon which the fortunes of the day depended, would be captured, each man resolved to die in his place sooner than retreat. . . . Impressed with this extraordinary firmness where they had expected panic and flight, the lancers advanced more deliberately, as though they saw, for the first time, the dark shadow of the fate that was impending over them. Col. Davis had thrown his men into the form of a re-entering angle (familiarily known as the famous V movement), both flanks resting on ravines, the lancers coming down on the intervening ridge. This exposed them to a converging fire, and the moment they came within rifle range each man

singled out his object, and the whole head of the column fell. A more deadly fire never was delivered, and the brilliant array recoiled and retreated in dismay. Shortly afterwards the Mexicans having concentrated a large force on the right for their final attack, Colonel Davis was ordered in that direction. His regiment had been in action all day, exhausted by thirst and fatigue, much reduced by the carnage of the morning engagement, and many in the ranks suffering from wounds, yet the noble fellows moved at double-quick time. Bowless' little band of Indiana volunteers still acted with them. After marching several hundred yards they perceived the Mexican infantry advancing in three lines upon Bragg's battery, which, though entirely unsupported, held its position with a resolution worthy of its fame. The pressure upon him stimulated the Mississippians. They increased their speed, and when the enemy were within one hundred yards of the battery and confident of its capture, they poured in upon them a raking and destructive fire. This broke their right line, and the rest soon gave way and fell back precipitately. Here Colonel Davis was severely wounded." This painful injury was received early in the day; but, despite his sufferings, Colonel Davis remained with his men until the end of battle. It should be noted that among the killed at Buena Vista was Henry Clay, Jr., son of the illustrious Kentucky statesman.

SENATOR DAVIS.

Jefferson Davis was twice a member of the United States Senate—from 1847–51 and then from 1857 to 1861. Between these two terms came his candidacy for the Gubernatorial office in Mississippi and his service as Secretary of War; nevertheless for convenience his whole senatorial life will now be treated. Colonel Davis returned on crutches from Mexico. As the maimed hero crossed his country's border he was met with two opportunities. One was President Polk's commission, making him Brigadier-General of volunteers, and the other the appointment of the Governor of Mississippi, to fill a vacancy in the United States Senate caused by the death of one of the Mississippi Senators. The first he declined on the ground that volunteers are but State Militia, and that, therefore, militia officers must receive their commissions from their respective States. The second he accepted, and thus secured for himself a field for which both nature and training had fitted him. When the Legislature came together, in 1848, they retained his services as Senator, and the Legislature of 1850 re-elected him to that exalted position. Concerning the period of Mr. Davis' senatorial life, from 1847 to 1851, he, himself, says:

“In the United States Senate I was Chairman of the Military Committee, and I also took an active

part in the debates on the Compromise measures of 1850, frequently opposing Senator Douglas, of Illinois, in his theory of squatter sovereignty, and advocating, as a means of pacification, the extension of the Missouri Compromise line to the Pacific."

It will be interesting to note what were Mr. Davis' views at this time concerning the Union and its perpetuity. In a speech on the compromise measures of 1850 he thus expressed himself:

"Give to each section of the Union justice; give to every citizen of the United States his rights as guaranteed by the Constitution; leave this Confederacy to rest upon that basis from which arose the fraternal feelings of the people, and I for one have no fear of its perpetuity; none that it will survive beyond the limits of human speculation, expanding and hardening with the lapse of time, to extend its blessings to ages unnumbered, and a people innumerable; to include within its empire all the useful products of the earth, and exemplify the capacity of a confederacy with general, well-defined powers, to extend illimitably without impairing its harmony or its strength." It was during this period that Mr. Davis was brought into association with Henry Clay, who still lingered in the Senate, but whose life was verging to its end. Two facts prevented the closest intimacy in antagonism of political views and disparity of age. But their personal relations were

very pleasant. Mr. Clay could never forget that Mr. Davis and his son Henry were in the same army at Buena Vista, and that on that field from which the one brought away imperishable renown, the other lost his life. The Kentucky statesman called Mr. Davis "my young friend." On one occasion he said, "Come, my young friend, join us in these measures of pacification. Let us rally Congress and the people to their support, and they will assure to the country thirty years of peace. By that time" (turning to Jno. M. Berrien, who was a participant in the interview) "you and I will be under the sod and my young friend may then have trouble again." "No," said Davis, "I cannot consent to transfer to posterity a question which is as much ours as theirs, when it is evident that the sectional inequality, as it will be greater then than now, will render hopeless the attainment of justice." Mr. Clay said one day to Mr. Davis: "My poor boy, in writing home from Mexico, usually occupied about one-half of his letters in praising you." In the course of a heated public debate in the Senate, Mr. Clay used the following language: "My friend from Mississippi—and I trust he will permit me to call him my friend, for between us there is a tie, the nature of which we both well understand." As the sentence fell from the lips of the aged Senator, his eyes were filled with tears. In 1851 terminated the first

period of Mr. Davis' senatorial career. How he came to resign his seat and what immediately followed he tells us in his autobiography.

"The canvass for Governor commenced that year. The candidate of the Democratic party was by his opponents represented to hold extreme opinions—in other words, to be a disunionist. For, although he was a man of high character and had served the country well in peace and war, this supposition was so artfully cultivated that, though the Democratic party was estimated to be about eight thousand in majority, when the election occurred in September the Democratic candidates for a convention were defeated by a majority of over seven thousand, and the Democratic candidate for Governor withdrew.

"The election for Governor was to occur in November, and I was called on to take the place vacated by the candidate who had withdrawn from the canvass. It was a forlorn hope, especially as my health had been impaired by labors in the Summer canvass, and there was not time before the approaching election to make such a canvass as would be needed to reform the ranks of the Democracy. However, as a duty to the party I accepted the position, and made as active a campaign as time permitted, with the result that the majority against the party was reduced to less than one thousand. From this time I remained engaged in my quiet farm

labors until the nomination of Franklin Pierce, when I went out to advocate his election, having formed a very high opinion of him as a statesman and a patriot, from observations of him in 1837 and 1838, when he was in the United States Senate."

Mr. Davis re-entered the Senate in December, 1857. He had been elected by the Mississippi Legislature even before the expiration of his time of service as Secretary of War. When Mr. Davis left the Senate, he left the body convulsed with the questions growing out of slavery, and when he returned to it the same storm was raging, only it had increased in fury. He was found always where the tempest was wildest, as he claimed, not to invoke the winds, but to save the ship. Mr. Davis was known to belong to the State's Rights school of politics, and he at once came to the front as a leader of those who took a State's Rights view of the nature of the Union established by the Constitution. This doctrine he vigorously defended, whatever might be the quarter from which it was assailed. The attack might come from Fessenden, the Republican, or from Douglas, the Democrat; in either case he was its ready and able champion. A newspaper correspondent draws a portrait of the man as he appeared in the Senate during the ever memorable winter of 1859-60. Along with it are given pictures of two of his colleagues and intimate

political associates at the time ; but we shall be able to see Davis all the more clearly by the contrast with Hunter and Toombs.

THE SOUTHERN TRIUMVIRATE.

WASHINGTON CITY, January 21.—“Yesterday, when Hale was speaking, the right side of the chamber was empty, with the exception of a group of three who sat near the centre of the vacant space. This remarkable group, which wore the air if not the ensigns of power, authority and public care, was composed of Senators Davis, Hunter and Toombs. They were engaged in an earnest colloquy, which, however, was foreign to the argument Hale was elaborating; for though the connection of their words was broken before it reached the gallery, their voices were distinctly audible, and gave signs of their abstraction. They were thinking aloud. If they had met together, under the supervision of some artist gifted with the faculty of illustrating history and character by attitude and expression, who designed to put them, in fresco, on the walls of the new Senate chamber, the combination could not have been more appropriately arranged than chance arranged it on this occasion. Toombs sits among the opposition on the left, Hunter and Davis on the right, and the fact that the two first came to Davis’ seat—the one gravitating

to it from a remote, the other from a near point—may be held to indicate which of the three is the preponderating body in the system if preponderance there be, and whose figure should occupy the foreground of the picture if any precedence is to be recorded. Davis sat erect and composed; Hunter, listening, rested his head on his hand; and Toombs, inclining forward, was speaking vehemently. Their respective attitudes were no bad illustration of their individuality. Davis impressed the spectator, who observed the easy but authoritative bearing with which he put aside or assented to Toombs' suggestions, with the notion of some slight superiority, some hardly acknowledged leadership; and Hunter's attentiveness and impassibility were characteristic of his nature, for his profundity of intellect wears the guise of stolidity, and his continuous study that of inertia; while Toombs' quick utterance and restless head bespoke his nervous temperament and activity of mind. But, though each is different from either of the others, the three have several attributes in common. They are equally eminent as statesmen and debaters; they are devoted to the same cause; they are equals in rank and rivals in ambition; and they are about the same age, and neither one—let young America take notice—wears either beard or mustache. I come again to the traits that distinguish

them from each other. In face and form, Davis represents the Norman type with singular fidelity, if my conception of that type be correct. He is tall and sinewy, with fair hair, grey eyes, which are clear rather than bright, high forehead, straight nose, thin, compressed lips, and pointed chin. His cheek bones are hollow, and the vicinity of his mouth is deeply furrowed with intersecting lines. Leanness of face, length and sharpness of feature, length of limb, and intensity of expression, rendered acute by angular, facial outline, are the general characteristics of his appearance."

Events now moved rapidly towards their culmination. In November, 1860, Abraham Lincoln was elected President of the United States. He was thought by the Southern people to hold views and intentions hostile to their interests and institutions—interests and institutions that they claimed the general government had no right to deal with, and which had been left by the Constitution to the management of the respective States. South Carolina was the first State to withdraw from the Union, having adopted her Ordinance of Secession on December 20, 1860. Mississippi was but three weeks behind her; for Mississippi went out on the 9th day of January, 1861. So soon as Mr. Davis received formal notice that his State had passed her act of secession, he in perfect consistency with views long

held and frequently proclaimed, considered his functions in the United States Senate were at an end; and, accordingly, he withdrew from that body on January 21, 1861. Before doing so, however, he delivered the valedictory address given below. It seems proper to give the speech in full, in order that every reader may judge for himself as to Mr. Davis' argument in justification of Mississippi, and as to the spirit he carried with him from the Senate to the new toils and responsibilities to which he would presently be called.

"I rise, Mr. President, for the purpose of announcing to the Senate that I have satisfactory evidence that the State of Mississippi, by a solemn ordinance of her people, in convention assembled, has declared her separation from the United States. Under these circumstances, of course, my functions are terminated here. It has seemed to me proper, however, that I should appear in the Senate to announce that fact to my associates, and I will say but very little more. The occasion does not invite me to go into argument; and my physical condition would not permit me to do so, if otherwise; and yet it seems to become me to say something on the part of the State I here represent, on an occasion so solemn as this.

"It is known to Senators who have served with

me here, that I have, for many years, advocated, as an essential attribute of State sovereignty, the right of a State to secede from the Union. Therefore, if I had not believed there was justifiable cause; if I had thought that Mississippi was acting without sufficient provocation, or without an existing necessity, I should still, under my theory of the Government, because of my allegiance to the State of which I am a citizen, have been bound by her action. I, however, may be permitted to say that I do think she has justifiable cause, and I approve of her act. I conferred with her people before that act was taken, counseled them then that if the state of things which they apprehended should exist when the Convention met, they should take the action which they have now adopted.

“I hope none who hear me will confound this expression of mine with the advocacy of the right of a State to remain in the Union, and to disregard its constitutional obligations by the nullification of the law. Such is not my theory. Nullification and secession, so often confounded, are, indeed, antagonistic principles. Nullification is a remedy which it is sought to apply within the Union, and against the agent of the States. It is only to be justified when the agent has violated his constitutional obligations, and a State, assuming to judge for itself, denies the right of the agent thus to act,

and appeals to the other States of the Union for a decision; but when the States themselves, and when the people of the States have so acted as to convince us that they will not regard our constitutional rights, then, and then for the first time, arises the doctrine of secession in its practical application.

“A great man, who now reposes with his fathers, and who has often been arraigned for a want of fealty to the Union, advocated the doctrine of nullification because it preserved the Union. It was because of his deep-seated attachment to the Union—his determination to find some remedy for existing ills short of a severance of the ties which bound South Carolina to the other States, that Mr. Calhoun advocated the doctrine of nullification, which he proclaimed to be peaceful—to be within the limits of State power, not to disturb the Union, but only to be a means of bringing the agent before the tribunal of the States for their judgment.

“Secession belongs to a different class of remedies. It is to be justified upon the basis that the States are Sovereign. There was a time when none denied it. I hope the time may come again, when a better comprehension of the theory of our Government, and the inalienable rights of the people of the States, will prevent any one from denying that each State is a sovereign, and thus may re-

claim the grants which it has made to any agent whomsoever.

“I, therefore, say I concur in the action of the people of Mississippi, believing it to be necessary and proper, and should have been bound by their action if my belief had been otherwise; and this brings me to the important point which I wish, on this last occasion, to present to the Senate. It is by this confounding of nullification and secession that the name of a great man, whose ashes now mingle with his mother earth, has been evoked to justify coercion against a seceded State. The phrase, ‘to execute the laws,’ was an expression which General Jackson applied to the case of a State refusing to obey the laws while yet a member of the Union. That is not the case which is now presented. The laws are to be executed over the United States, and upon the people of the United States. They have no relation to any foreign country. It is a perversion of terms—at least it is a great misapprehension of the case—which cites that expression for application to a State which has withdrawn from the Union. You may make war on a foreign State. If it be the purpose of gentlemen they may make war against a State which has withdrawn from the Union; but there are no laws of the United States to be executed within the limits of a seceded State. A State, finding

herself in the condition in which Mississippi has judged she is—in which her safety requires that she should provide for the maintenance of her rights out of the Union—surrenders all benefits (and they are known to be many), deprives herself of the advantages (and they are known to be great), severs all the ties of affection (and they are close and endearing), which have bound her to the Union, and thus divesting herself of every benefit—taking upon herself every burden—she claims to be exempt from any power to execute the laws of the United States within her limits.

“I well remember an occasion when Massachusetts was arraigned before the bar of the Senate, and when the doctrine of coercion was rife, and to be applied against her, because of the rescue of a fugitive slave in Boston. My opinion then was the same that it is now. Not in a spirit of egotism, but to show that I am not influenced, in my opinion, because the case is my own, I refer to that time and that occasion, as containing the opinion which I then entertained, and on which my present conduct is based. I then said that, if Massachusetts, following her through a stated line of conduct, choose to take the last step which separates her from the Union, it is her right to go, and I will neither vote one dollar nor one man to coerce her back; but will say to her, God speed in memory of

the kind associations which once existed between her and the other States.

“It has been a conviction of pressing necessity—it has been a belief that we are to be deprived, in the Union, of the rights which our fathers bequeathed us—which has brought Mississippi into her present decision. She has heard proclaimed the theory that all men are created free and equal, and this made the basis of attack upon her social institutions; and the sacred Declaration of Independence has been invoked to maintain the position of the equality of the races. The Declaration of Independence is to be construed by the circumstances and purposes for which it was made. The communities were declaring their independence; the people of those communities were asserting that no man was born (to use the words of Mr. Jefferson) booted and spurred, to ride over the rest of mankind; that men were created equal—meaning the men of a political community; that there was no divine right to rule; that no man inherited the right to govern; that there were no classes by which power and place descended to families, but that all stations were equally within the grasp of each member of the body politic. These were the great principles they announced; these were the purposes for which they made their declaration; these were the ends to which their enunciation was

directed. They have no reference to the slave; else, how happened it, that, among the items of arraignment against George III. was, that he endeavored to do just what the North has been endeavoring of late to do, to stir up insurrection among our slaves. Had the Declaration announced that the negroes were free and equal, how was the prince to be arraigned for raising up insurrection among them? And how was this to be enumerated among the high crimes which caused the colonies to sever their connection with the mother country? When our constitution was formed, the same idea was rendered more palpable; for there we find provision made for that very class of persons as property; they were not put upon the footing of equality with white men—not even upon that of paupers and convicts; but so far as representation was concerned, were discriminated against as a lower caste, only to be represented in the numerical proportion of three-fifths.

“Then, Senators, we recur to the compact which binds us together; we recur to the principles upon which our Government was founded; and when you deny them, and when you deny to us the right to withdraw from a government, which, thus perverted, threatens to be destructive to our rights, we but tread in the path of our fathers when we proclaim our independence, and take the hazard.

This is done, not in hostility to others—not to injure any section of the country—not even for our own pecuniary benefit; but from the high and solemn motive of defending and protecting the rights we inherited, and which it is our duty to transmit unshorn to our children.

“I find in myself, perhaps, a type of the general feeling of my constituents towards you. I am sure I feel no hostility towards you, Senators from the North. I am sure there is not one of you, whatever sharp discussion there may have been between us, to whom I cannot now say, in the presence of my God, I wish you well; and such, I am sure, is the feeling of the people I represent towards those you represent. I, therefore, feel that I but express their desire, when I say I hope, and they hope, for peaceable relations with you, though we must part. They may be mutually beneficial to us in the future, as they have been in the past, if you so will. The reverse may bring disaster on every portion of the country; and if you will have it thus, we will invoke the God of our fathers, who delivered us from the power of the lion, to protect us from the ravages of the bear; and thus, putting our trust in God, and in our firm hearts and strong arms, we will vindicate the right as best we may.

“In the course of my services here, associated, at different times, with a great variety of Senators,

I see now around me some with whom I have served long; there have been points of collision, but whatever offence there has been to me, I leave here,—I carry with me no hostile remembrance. Whatever offense I have given, which has not been redressed, or for which satisfaction has not been demanded, I have, Senators, in this hour of our parting, to offer you my apology for any pain which, in the heat of discussion, I have inflicted. I go hence unincumbered of the remembrance of any injury received, and having discharged the duty of making the only reparation in my power for any injury offered.

“Mr. President and Senators, having made the announcement which the occasion seemed to me to require, it only remains for me to bid you a final adieu.”

Thus a stately and striking form that had long been familiar to those visiting the Senate disappeared from its precincts forever.

It is proper here to add a short clipping that shows the impression made by Mr. Davis upon the employés of the Senate.

Mr. E. V. Murphy, of the Senate stenographic corps, knew Mr. Davis when he was a Senator, and says he recollects particularly how kind Mr. Davis was to all the employés about the Senate. He

knew them all personally, and would ask after them and after their families where they had any. He complimented the stenographic reports of the Senate. He was a favorite with all the employés for another reason, and that was because he would always endeavor to secure extra compensation for them.

SECRETARY DAVIS.

As we have already seen, the end of the year 1851 found Mr. Davis living quietly on his plantation in Mississippi, a retirement resulting from his unsuccessful canvass for the office of Governor of the State. The Presidential election of 1852 called Franklin Pierce, of New Hampshire, to the chief-magistracy of the nation. He was the nominee of the Democratic party, and during the canvass Mr. Davis supported him most heartily. President-elect Pierce offered Mr. Davis a place in his Cabinet, which he at first declined, but afterwards the portfolio of War was accepted. In the same Cabinet Wm. L. Marcy was Secretary of State, and Caleb Cushing was Attorney-General. Mr. Davis thus speaks of his administration of the affairs of the department entrusted to him :

“During these four years, I proposed the introduction of camels for service on the Western plains, a suggestion which was adopted. I also introduced an improved system of infantry tactics; effected the

substitution of iron for wood in gun-carriages; secured rifled muskets and rifles and the use of Minnie balls, and advocated the increase of the defenses of the sea coast by heavy guns and the use of large-grain powder.

“While in the Senate I had advocated, as a military necessity and as a means of preserving the Pacific Territory to the Union, the construction of a military railway across the continent; and, as Secretary of War, I was put in charge of the surveys of the various routes proposed. Perhaps for a similar reason—my previous action in the Senate—I was also put in charge of the extension of the United States Capitol.

“The administration of Mr. Pierce presents the single instance of an Executive whose Cabinet witnessed no change of persons during the whole term.”

The following is clipped from the New York *Herald* :

“The only man now living who served under Secretary Davis’ immediate administration in the Secretary’s office is Major Wm. B. Lee, who was one of the seven clerks then forming the force in that division. He is still employed in the same office. He remembers Mr. Davis very well. He said this morning :—‘He was one of the best Secretaries of War who ever served. He was a kind, social man,



DAVIS HOUSE.

(Mr Davis' residence while in Richmond)

very considerate and pleasant to serve under. I never heard a complaint from one of the clerks. Socially, he was a most charming man, officially, very pleasant. He was a warm friend and a bitter enemy. I knew him many years, and as a man I found him a very good friend. He was a regular bull-dog when he formed an opinion, for he would never let go. About the only very important event of his administration was his quarrel with General Scott, which was very bitter, and caused a great deal of hard feeling.'

"Speaking of the time when Mr. Davis was Secretary of War, in the administration of President Pierce, General Montgomery C. Meigs, formerly quartermaster-general of the army, said:—'My acquaintance with Mr. Davis began upon the occasion of my submitting to him the plans for the introduction of water to the city of Washington. The Act of Congress providing for a supply of water to the city, placed the direction of the work in the hands of the President, who devolved it upon the Secretary of War as his representative. I was thus brought into a close intimacy with Mr. Davis and became much attached to him, and I think that this feeling was reciprocated in some measure by himself. Mr. Davis was a most courteous and amiable man in those days, and I found intercourse with him very agreeable. He was a man, too, of marked ability,

and I quite looked up to him and regarded him as one of the great men of the time.'”

PRESIDENT DAVIS.

When Mr. Davis retired from the United States Senate on January 21, 1861, he went immediately to Mississippi. While journeying to his home he was appointed commander-in-chief of the forces that the State was raising to meet a conflict that seemed inevitable. He had not time to proceed far with the organization before he received notification that he had been elected Provisional President of the Confederate States. He reluctantly accepted the office, and was inaugurated at Montgomery, Alabama, on the 18th day of February, 1861. With what sentiments and purposes he entered upon his duties may be gathered from the following quotations taken from his inaugural address :

“I enter upon the duties of the office to which I have been chosen, with the hope that the beginning of our career as a Confederacy may not be obstructed by hostile opposition to our enjoyment of the separate existence and independence which we have asserted, and, with the blessing of Providence, intend to maintain. Our present condition, achieved in a manner unprecedented in the history of nations, illustrates the American idea that government rests on the consent of the governed, and that it is the



JEFFERSON DAVIS.

(From a Photograph taken when President of the Confederate States.)

right of the people to alter or abolish governments whenever they become destructive of the ends for which they were established.

“Sustained by the consciousness that the transition from the former Union to the present Confederacy has not proceeded from a disregard on our part of just obligations, or any failure to perform any Constitutional duty; moved by no interest or passion to invade the rights of others; anxious to cultivate peace and commerce with all nations, if we may not hope to avoid war, we may at least expect that posterity will acquit us of having needlessly engaged in it.

“Reverently let us invoke of the God of our fathers to guide and protect us in our efforts to perpetuate the principles which, by His blessing, they were able to vindicate, establish and transmit to their posterity, and, with a continuance of His favor ever gratefully acknowledged, we may hopefully look forward to success, to peace, and to prosperity.”

Great events now followed each other in rapid succession. On March 4th, President Lincoln was inaugurated. On the next day, Messrs. Crawford and Forsyth arrived in Washington, as Commissioners from President Davis “to negotiate friendly relations between the United States and the Confederate States of America, and for the settlement of all questions of disagreement between the two govern-

ments on principles of right, justice, equity and good faith." On the 12th March they addressed a formal communication to Mr. Seward, Secretary of War, fully revealing the nature and objects of their mission, and especially offering to treat with reference to the withdrawal of the Federal forces from Forts Sumter and Pickens in Charleston harbor. The embassy was met, first, by promises to evacuate these strongholds within the limits of the Southern Confederacy, and then by a secret attempt to re-inforce them. When it became known to President Davis that the expedition had actually sailed, he issued to General Beauregard, commanding in Charleston, an order to undertake the reduction of forts. He opened fire on April the 12th, and on the 13th the surrender occurred. On the 15th, President Lincoln issued a proclamation calling for seventy-five thousand men, and stating that they would be used for "maintaining the honor, the integrity and existence of the Union, and the perpetuity of the popular government." On May the 6th, Virginia became a member of the Southern Confederacy. On the 20th of May the seat of the Confederate Government was removed from Montgomery to Richmond, and a few days thereafter Mr. Davis arrived in the latter city and established there an administration on which the observation of the world was to be focused through four eventful years. It was

evident now that war was at hand. The battle at Manassas in July was but the result of preparations that had been going on for two months. When it was known that the attack was about to be made by the Federal forces gathered at Washington, President Davis took train and hastened to join the Confederate army. He reached the scene of conflict just as the enemy were retiring, panic-stricken, from the field. In his "Rise and Fall of the Southern Confederacy," he gives a very graphic description of what he saw and heard along the road that led to the ground where the deadly struggle was going on. When, two days after, he returned to Richmond, a large crowd met him at the station. As he stepped from the cars he made the following impromptu speech :

"FELLOW-CITIZENS OF THE CONFEDERATE STATES:—

"I rejoice with you this evening in those better and happier feelings which we all experience, as compared with the anxieties of three days ago. Your little army, derided for its want of numbers,—derided for its want of arms,—derided for its lack of all the essential material of war,—has met the grand army of the enemy, routed it at every point, and it now flies in inglorious retreat before our victorious columns. We have taught them a lesson in their invasion of the sacred soil of Virginia; we

have taught them that the grand old mother of Washington still nurses a band of heroes ; and a yet bloodier and far more fatal lesson awaits them unless they speedily acknowledge that freedom to which you were born." President Davis continued to administer affairs under the Provisional Government until February, 1862, when that expired by limitation, and the Permanent Government was set up. On February 22d, Washington's birthday, and beside the monument erected to his memory by the State that claimed him as her own, Mr. Davis delivered his inaugural address as the President of the Confederate States under their Permanent Government. The day was exceedingly uncomfortable and gloomy. The atmosphere was chill and the rain was poured down from the heavens, which seemed to have gone into mourning over recent reverses to the Confederate Army. The last sentence of the address was as follows :

" With humble gratitude and adoration, acknowledging the Providence which has so visibly protected the Confederacy during its brief but eventful career, to thee, O God ! I trustingly commit myself, and prayerfully invoke thy blessing on my country and its cause." It would not be suitable here to follow President Davis through all the events that were crowded rapidly into the period during which he was the Chief Magistrate of the Southern Con-

federacy. But some reminiscences lingering in Richmond may be very properly given.

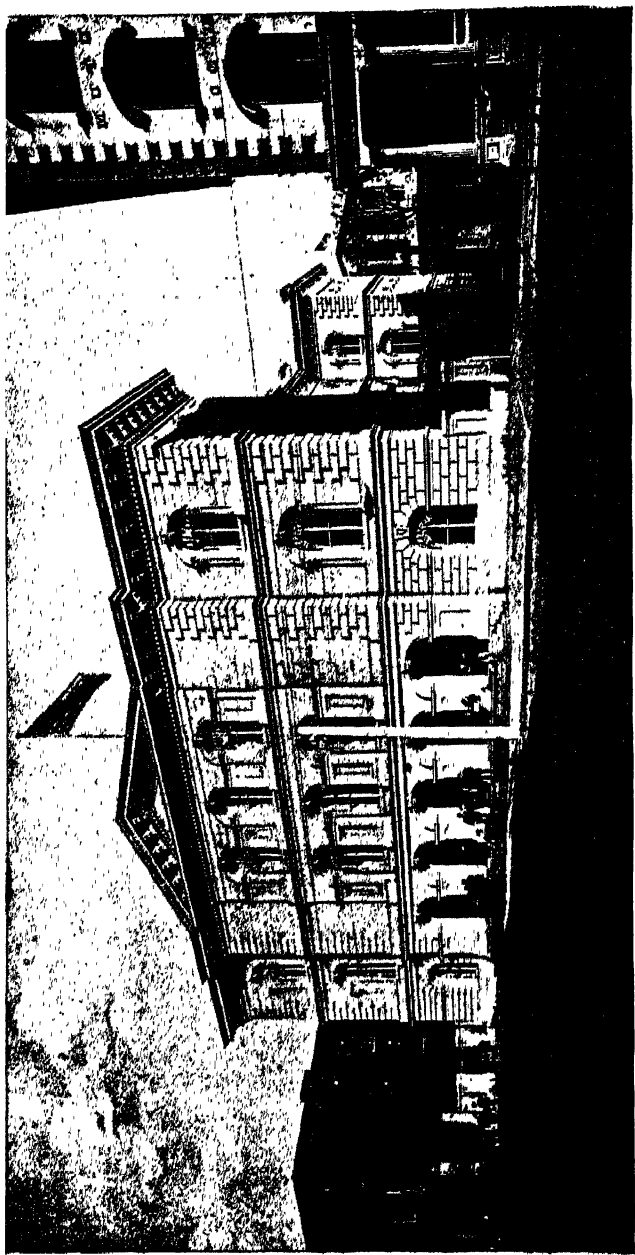
HISTORIC ROOMS.

During his residence here the President's office and the Cabinet rooms and other offices were in the granite building now used as a post-office, custom-house and for other Governmental purposes. Mr. Davis' house was at the corner of Twelfth and Clay, almost opposite and about a dozen blocks north of his office. It was his custom to walk to the office in the morning. His usual route was through the Capitol Square. About ten o'clock each morning he could be seen coming down the graveled walks to the executive office. His private office in those days was the one now and almost ever since used as the United States Court-room. There it was, amid such familiar scenes, the President was arraigned before United States Circuit Judge Underwood on the 13th of May, 1867, to be tried for treason. He had been arrested in Georgia, and committed to a casement at Fortress Monroe, where he remained for weeks. He was finally brought here and came before the notorious Underwood, who bailed him, and that was the last ever heard of that famous trial. The Cabinet room, the one in which Mr. Davis held his council with his official household, was the one just opposite the President's, and for years used by the

clerk of the United States District Court. It was there that all of the military movements were discussed by the head of the Confederacy and his advisers.

INTERESTING REMINISCENCES.

“It was in the early part of the year 1865 that the writer, one of a secret joint committee of the Legislature of Virginia, called upon President Davis at his room in the custom-house in Richmond. The spokesman of the committee, addressing the President, informed him that the Legislature of Virginia had directed the committee to inquire whether any further legislation could be suggested in aid of the Confederate cause. His response can never be forgotten by any who heard it. There was in it the eloquence of deep feeling and the energy of an undying resolve. While thanking the State, through its committee, for its kindly offer, he added that he thought Virginia had done her full duty, that her fair bosom had been furrowed by the ploughshare of war, and that the bones of her gallant sons were bleaching on every battle-field, and that all he could ask was that she would not waver in her confidence in the government. There was a pathos and depth of emotion in his remarks that impressed every member of the committee with the conviction that they were the utterances of a heart full of heroic fire and that felt no fear, though the clouds were dark and



CUSTOM HOUSE, RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.

(Where Mr. Davis had his office during the war.)

the auguries to the common mind seemed pregnant of ill."

No one in Richmond, or for that matter in the South, outside of his own family, saw more of President Davis in those days than Mr. Wm. H. Davies. That gentleman, when about nineteen years of age, entered the President's service as confidential messenger. He was with him from the time Mr. Davies came here from Montgomery, Ala., until the night of evacuation. Referring to the Cabinet meetings, Mr. Davies said :

"General Robert E. Lee was the only person ever permitted to enter the Cabinet unannounced. When he came in I merely opened the doors, and he walked into the council chamber.

A LOVABLE MAN.

"Yes, he was one of the most lovable men I ever knew. He was always dignified, calm and thoroughly well-poised, but he treated everybody around him with courtesy. With me he was more like a father than an employer. Mr. Davis was a fine rider—the finest, I think, I ever knew. It was his custom to ride out three or four times a week, or as much oftener as the weather and his official duties permitted. A favorite route was up Clay Street in the direction of Camp Lee.

ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION.

“He was nearly always alone, never having the slightest fear of his life. This, by the way, came near getting him into trouble one evening. I remember it just as well as if it only occurred yesterday. The President rode out the Bloody Run road. When just below Rockett’s some one fired a pistol at him from ambush. Luckily, the would-be assassin missed his mark. The man was subsequently found concealed in the roof of one of the shanties in the neighborhood and arrested. He was never prosecuted, though. This incident never alarmed Mr. Davis, nor did he permit it to interfere with his evening equestrian exercise. He still continued this unaccompanied.

THE EVACUATION.

“On the Sunday night of the evacuation of Richmond, I was at the President’s mansion assisting in packing up to go South. The President had received several telegrams that day from General Lee and other commanders apprising him of the condition of affairs, and, of course, we knew that the end had come. All around us in the Executive Mansion was bustle and excitement incident to such an occasion. I remember well, just before the time for departure arrived, Mr. Davis sat on a divan in his

study, sad, but calm and dignified. He talked pleasantly with those around him. When his carriage drove up to the door to carry him to the depot Mr. Davis lighted a cigar, took a seat in the conveyance and was driven to the Danville depot, where he took the train for the South."

SUPPLEMENTING AN INADEQUATE SALARY.

In the early days of the Confederacy there were frequent receptions and levees at the Executive Mansion, but in the last year or so these were pretty well discontinued. Mr. Davis, as the President of the Confederacy, received a salary of \$25,000, and this in Confederate money. Towards the close of the struggle the purchasing capacity of that amount was not sufficient to have maintained a small family in the humble walks of life. Despite these facts, all say that the President would never accept a cent from the government except his salary. Forage for his horses and other things could have been drawn from the Government, but his sterling and conscientious scruples of honor would never for a moment entertain the idea of stooping to any of these things. A gentleman connected with the President in those pinching times says: "I disposed of silverware and other household articles of value for Mr. Davis to supplement his salary. He refused, too, to accept from the city of Richmond the house in which he

dwelt. This was offered in fee-simple, but gracefully declined."

SLOW TO FORGET A WRONG.

Mr. Davis was a man slow to forget a serious wrong. This was shown in his treatment of the Emperor Napoleon. Mr. Davis thought that the former acted treacherously towards him in the course he pursued about France recognizing the Southern Confederacy. When Mr. Davis visited Paris, some time after the close of the war, Napoleon sent a special messenger to him with a pressing invitation to call on him. "Tell your majesty," said Mr. Davis to the messenger, "with my compliments, that I am much obliged, but if he wants to see me he must call on me."

HIS VIGOROUS PERSONALITY.

Very few persons, even those most intimately associated with him, could grasp the true character of the man. A distinguished ex-Confederate, whose duties during the war brought him in official contact with Mr. Davis, says :

"He was a hard man to understand. No one could fail to appreciate his elevated standard of manhood, his lofty integrity, his remarkable ability. Yet it was hard to realize how he could be so wedded to his own opinions as to turn absolutely and invari-

ably a deaf ear to all counsel which conflicted with them. He never forgot a friend and never forgave an enemy. Mr. Davis used as pure English as any man I have ever read after. His style of composition was remarkably graceful and eloquent, and many of his addresses during the war were couched in such language as to thrill through and through the coldest of natures. Literally it can be affirmed he never said a foolish thing. While he might often be considered by some as arbitrary and despotic in his conduct of public affairs, no man ever at the head of a government was more scrupulously conscientious in abiding by the strict letter of the Constitution and law."

HIS LAST VISIT TO RICHMOND.

The ex-President returned to Richmond but once after his trial. The occasion of that visit was to attend the Robert E. Lee memorial service held here in Dr. Moore's church. On that occasion he was received with wild enthusiasm.

The January number of *Belford's Magazine* contains the autobiography of the late Jefferson Davis and an article by him on Andersonville prison, to which his recent death lends extraordinary interest.

No one question connected with the Civil War has occasioned such bitter debate, or so widespread a feeling in the North as the alleged inhuman

treatment of Federal prisoners of war in the South. Discussing the subject with justice and candor, Mr. Davis shows how much of this ill feeling rests upon misapprehension and falsehood, and, what will be a sharp revelation to very many persons, that the sufferings and hardships of Confederate prisoners in Northern prisons not only equaled but even exceeded those of Union prisoners at Andersonville and elsewhere. The writer supports his statements with a mass of proof which no upright mind can refuse to credit and which puts a new face upon the ancient feud.

“Andersonville,” he says, “was selected after careful investigation for the following reasons: It was in a high pine-wood region, in a productive farming country, had never been devastated by the enemy, was well watered and near to Americus, a central depot for collecting the tax in kind and purchasing provisions. The climate was mild,” and there were no “recognizable sources of disease.” Persistence on the part of the United States in refusing to exchange prisoners “caused so large an increase in the number of the captured sent to Andersonville as to exceed the accommodation provided and thus augment the discomfort and disease of confinement. . . . It was not starvation, as has been alleged, but acclimation, unsuitable diet and despondency which were the potent agents of dis-

ease and death. Statements from gentlemen of high standing, who speak disinterestedly, are submitted as conclusive on the question of 'quantity' of food at Andersonville prison." Quoting from a letter, Mr. Davis says: "'I can with perfect truth declare as my conviction that General Winder, who had control of the prisoners, was an honest, upright and humane gentleman. He had the reputation of treating the prisoners confided to his general supervision with great kindness and consideration. . . . Both the President and Secretary of War always manifested great anxiety that the prisoners should be kindly treated and amply provided with food to the extent of our means.'" Again, Mr. Lawson quotes: "'The Federal prisoners were removed to Southwestern Georgia in the early part of 1864, to secure a more abundant supply of food.'" Quoting from Austin Flint, Jr.'s, "Physiology of Man," Mr. Davis says: "'The effects of salt meats and farinaceous food (at Andersonville) without vegetables were manifest in the great prevalence of scurvy. The scorbutic condition, thus induced, modified the course of every disease, poisoned every wound, and lay at the foundation of those obstinate and exhaustive diarrhoeas and dysenteries which swept off thousands of those unfortunate men,'"—i.e., the Federal prisoners of Andersonville. "President Davis had permitted three of the Andersonville prisoners to go

to Washington to try and change the determination of their Government and procure a resumption of exchanges. The prisoners knew of the failure of their mission when I was at Andersonville, and the effect was to plunge the great majority of them into the deepest melancholy, home-sickness and despondency. . . . The same Captain Wirz who was tried and hung as a murderer, warmly urged improvements for the benefit of the unhappy prisoners under his charge. . . . I mention these facts to show that he (Captain Wirz) was not the monster he was afterwards represented to be, when his blood was called for by infuriate fanaticism. . . . The facts alluded to satisfied me that he was a humane man. . . . The real cause of all the protracted sufferings of prisoners, North and South, is directly due to the inhuman refusal of the Federal Government to exchange prisoners of war. . . . The greatest difficulty was experienced in procuring medicines and anti-scorbutics. These were made contraband by order of the Federal Government. . . . For a period of some three months Captain Wirz (who had himself suffered from gangrene in an old wound) and a few faithful officers were engaged night and day in ministering to the sick and dying. . . . In his trial certain Federal witnesses swore to his (Captain Wirz) killing certain prisoners in August, 1864, when he was actually absent on sick leave

in Augusta, Ga., at the time." Quoting from the words of a Federal prisoner, in relation to the food served the prisoners, of which, in quantity, there was no lack, "it was the ordinary diet of the Confederate Army, and they had nothing else to give us. . . . The cooks were our own men. . . . In reference to the report that Captain Wirz beat the prisoners, it was certainly unjust, because his right shoulder had been broken." Wirz was assured that if he would implicate Jefferson Davis with the Andersonville atrocities his sentence would be commuted. "To which Wirz replied: 'I know nothing about Jefferson Davis. He had no connection with me as to what was done at Andersonville.'"

Mr. Davis goes on to show that the Confederate prisoners in Northern prison-pens were treated quite as badly from the same causes, *i. e.*, lack of habitual food, over-crowding, the diseases of men crowded together, home-sickness, etc., as were Northern prisoners at the South.

EX-PRESIDENT DAVIS.

On Sunday, April 2, 1865, while President Davis was seated quietly in his pew in St. Paul's Church, he received official information that General Lee's lines before Petersburg had been broken, and that it was necessary for the Confederate Government to

evacuate Richmond. On that night he left the city. On April 3d he reached Danville, Va., where he remained until tidings came of the surrender of General Lee's army. We next find him at Greensboro', N. C., where he held a consultation with Generals Johnston and Beauregard. On the 18th of April he arrived at Charlotte, in the same State. Here he remained nearly a week, and during his stay he received intelligence of the assassination of President Lincoln. Concerning the crime he said, "I certainly have no special regard for Mr. Lincoln, but there are a great many men of whose end I would much rather hear than his. I fear it will be disastrous to our people, and I regret it deeply." Here may be given an extract from Ex-President Davis' autobiography from *Belford's Magazine*:

"After General Lee was forced to surrender, and General Johnston consented to do so, I started, with a very few of the men who volunteered to accompany me, for the trans-Mississippi; but, hearing on the road that marauders were pursuing my family, whom I had not seen since they left Richmond, but knew to be *en route* to the Florida coast, I changed my direction, and, after a long and hard ride, found them encamped and threatened by a robbing party. To give them the needed protection I traveled with them for several days, until in the neighborhood of Irwinsville, Ga., when I supposed I could safely



FORTRESS MONROE, VIRGINIA.

(Where Mr. Davis was imprisoned.)

leave them. But hearing, about nightfall, that a party of marauders were to attack the camp that night, and supposing them to be pillaging deserters from both armies and that the Confederates would listen to me, I awaited their coming, lay down in my traveling clothes and fell asleep. Late in the night my colored coachman aroused me with the intelligence that the camp was attacked, and I stepped out of the tent where my wife and children were sleeping, and saw at once that the assailants were troops deploying around the encampment. I so informed my wife, who urged me to escape. After some hesitation I consented, and a servant woman started with me carrying a bucket, as if going to the spring for water. One of the surrounding troops ordered me to halt and demanded my surrender. I advanced toward the trooper, throwing off a shawl which my wife had put over my shoulders. The trooper aimed his carbine, when my wife, who witnessed the act, rushed forward and threw her arms around me, thus defeating my intention, which was, if the trooper missed his aim, to try and unhorse him and escape with his horse. Then, with every species of petty pillage and offensive exhibition, I was taken from point to point until incarcerated in Fortress Monroe. There I was imprisoned for two years before being allowed the privilege of the writ of *habeas corpus*."

“At length, when the writ was to be issued, the condition was imposed by the Federal Executive that there should be bondsmen influential in the ‘Republican’ party of the North, Mr. Greeley being specially named. Entirely as a matter of justice and legal right, not from motives of personal regard, Mr. Greeley, Mr. Gerrit Smith and other eminent Northern citizens went on my bond.

“In May, 1867, after being released from Fortress Monroe, I went to Canada, where my older children were, with their grandmother; my wife, as soon as permitted, having shared my imprisonment, and brought our infant daughter with her. From time to time I obeyed summonses to go before the Federal Court at Richmond, until, finally, the case was heard by Chief Justice Chase and District Judge Underwood, who were divided in opinion, which sent the case to the Supreme Court of the United States, and the proceedings were quashed, leaving me without the opportunity to vindicate myself before the highest Federal Court.

“After about a year’s residence in Canada I went to England with my family, under an arrangement that I was to have sixty days’ notice whenever the United States Court required my presence. After being abroad in England and on the Continent about a year I received an offer of an appointment as president of a life insurance company. Thereupon

I returned to this country and went to Memphis and took charge of the company. Subsequently I came to the Gulf Coast of Mississippi, as a quiet place where I could prepare my work on 'The Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government.' A friend from her infancy, Mrs. Dorsey, shared her home with me, and subsequently sold to me her property of Beauvoir, an estate of five or six hundred acres, about midway between Mobile and New Orleans. Before I had fully paid for this estate Mrs. Dorsey died, leaving me her sole legatee. From the spring of 1876 to the autumn of 1879 I devoted myself to the production of the historical work just mentioned. It is an octavo book in two volumes of about seven hundred pages each. I have also from time to time contributed essays to the *North American Review* and *Belford's Magazine*, and have just completed the manuscript of 'A Short History of the Confederate States of America,' which is expected to appear early in 1890.

"Since settling at Beauvoir I have persistently refused to take any active part in politics, not merely because of my disfranchisement, but from a belief that such labors could not be made to conduce to the public good, owing to the sectional hostilities manifested against me since the war. For the same reason I have also refused to be a candidate for public office, although it is well known that I could at

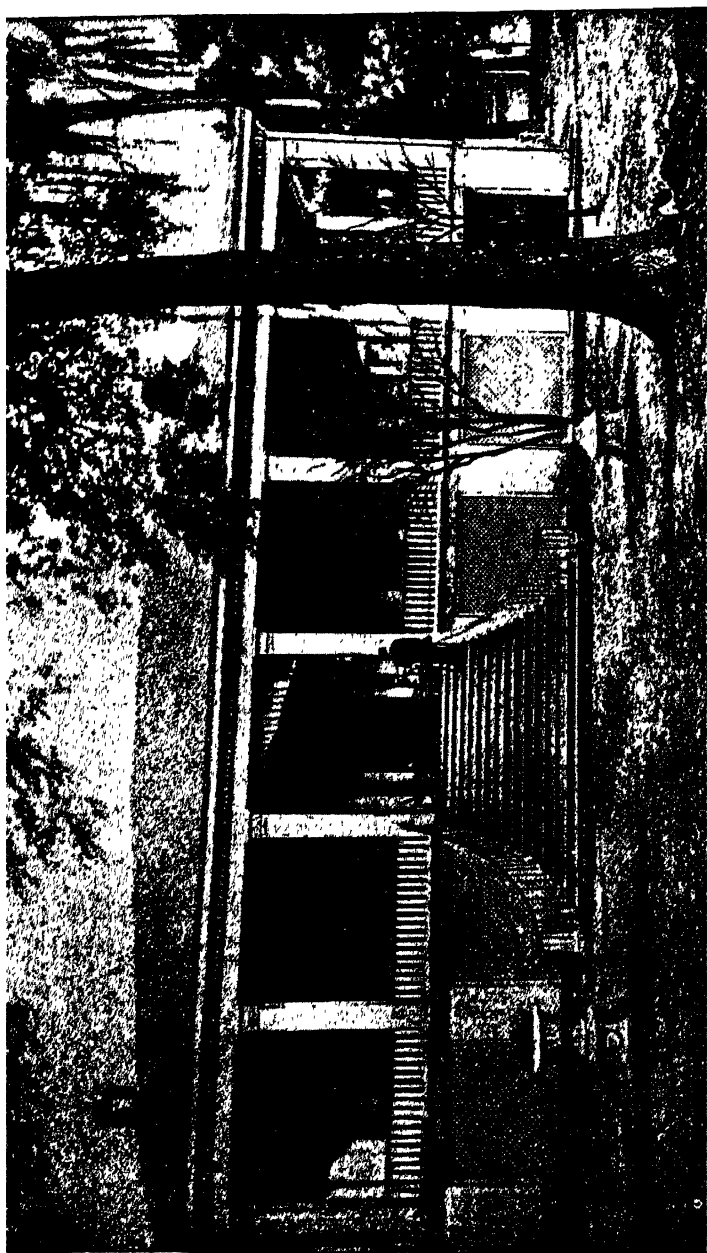
any time have been re-elected a Senator of the United States.

"I have been twice married, the second time being in 1844, to a daughter of Wm. B. Howell, of Natchez, a son of Governor Howell, of New Jersey. She has borne me six children—four sons and two daughters. My sons are all dead; my daughters survive. The elder is Mrs. Hayes, of Colorado Springs, Col., and the mother of four children. My youngest daughter lives with us at Beauvoir, Miss. Born in the last year of the war, she became familiarly known as 'the daughter of the Confederacy.'"

A DAY AT BEAUVOIR.

A day with the ex-President is thus narrated by Mr. Sidney Root, a well-known Georgian. It is taken from the *Atlanta Constitution*:

"On the way to the Southern Forestry Congress, in February, 1887, I found I had a day's leisure, and it occurred to me to accept an often-repeated invitation to visit Mr. Davis at Beauvoir, Miss., a railroad station about half-way between Mobile and New Orleans. It chanced that I had been on the committee which escorted him to Montgomery in 1861, and our relations became somewhat intimate during the war, continuing it without interruption until this time. In the afternoon the train left me



at the little station, which is also the local post-office, the ex-President being the chief patron. A young Englishman in the service of Mr. Davis politely guided me over the devious country road to the family residence, half a mile distant.

THE BUILDINGS AT BEAUVOIR

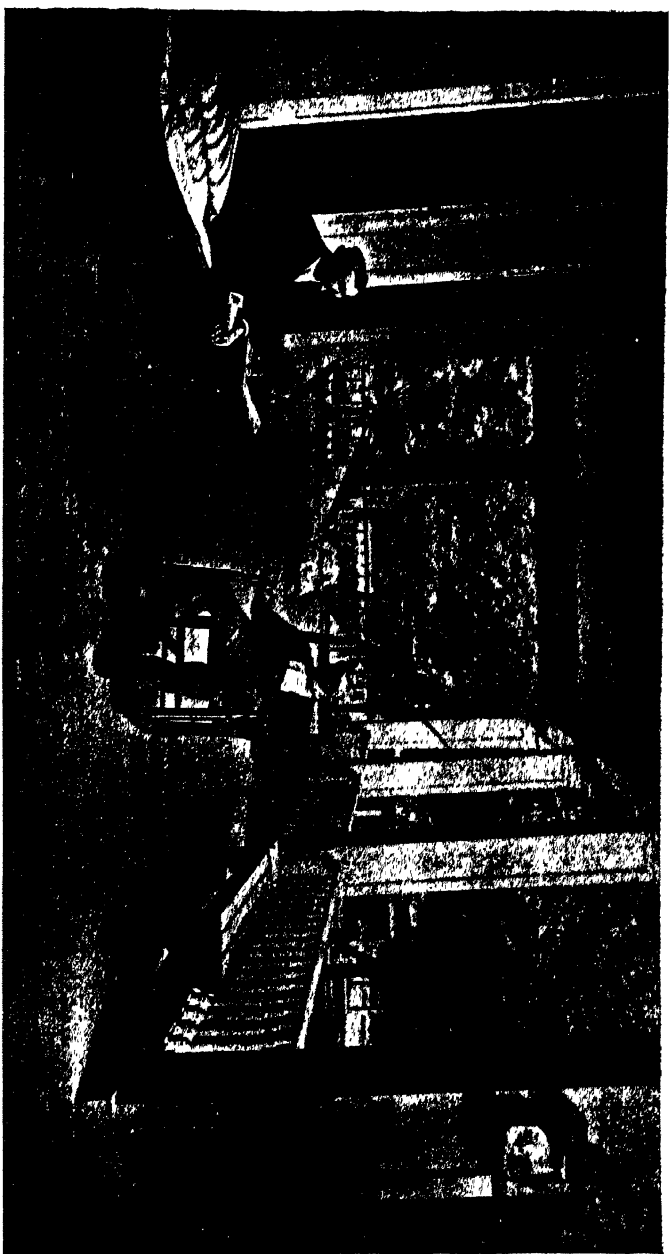
form quite a group, having been built at considerable cost for a luxurious Southern home. Situated on a high bluff of white sand, about a hundred yards from the Mexican gulf, blown over by the salt sea breeze, it must be a healthy place. The soil seems incapable of producing anything but the superb live oaks, magnolias and pines, which shade the grounds of about fifty acres. All the buildings are of wood—one-story and slate-covered—the principal one is quite capacious, containing probably ten rooms, with lofty ceilings and all handsomely frescoed. A very wide hall runs through the centre, and a broad veranda surrounds the whole. On either side, some fifty yards distant, are cottages of similar design, in one of which is Mr. Davis' office and reference library, his daughter's studio (Miss Davis is a fine artist) and a sleeping-room. The other cottage is an 'overflow' guest chamber building; a cluster of out-houses huddle in the rear. All the houses are painted white and show pleasantly under the evergreen foliage. Soon after sending in my card

THE VENERABLE EX-PRESIDENT

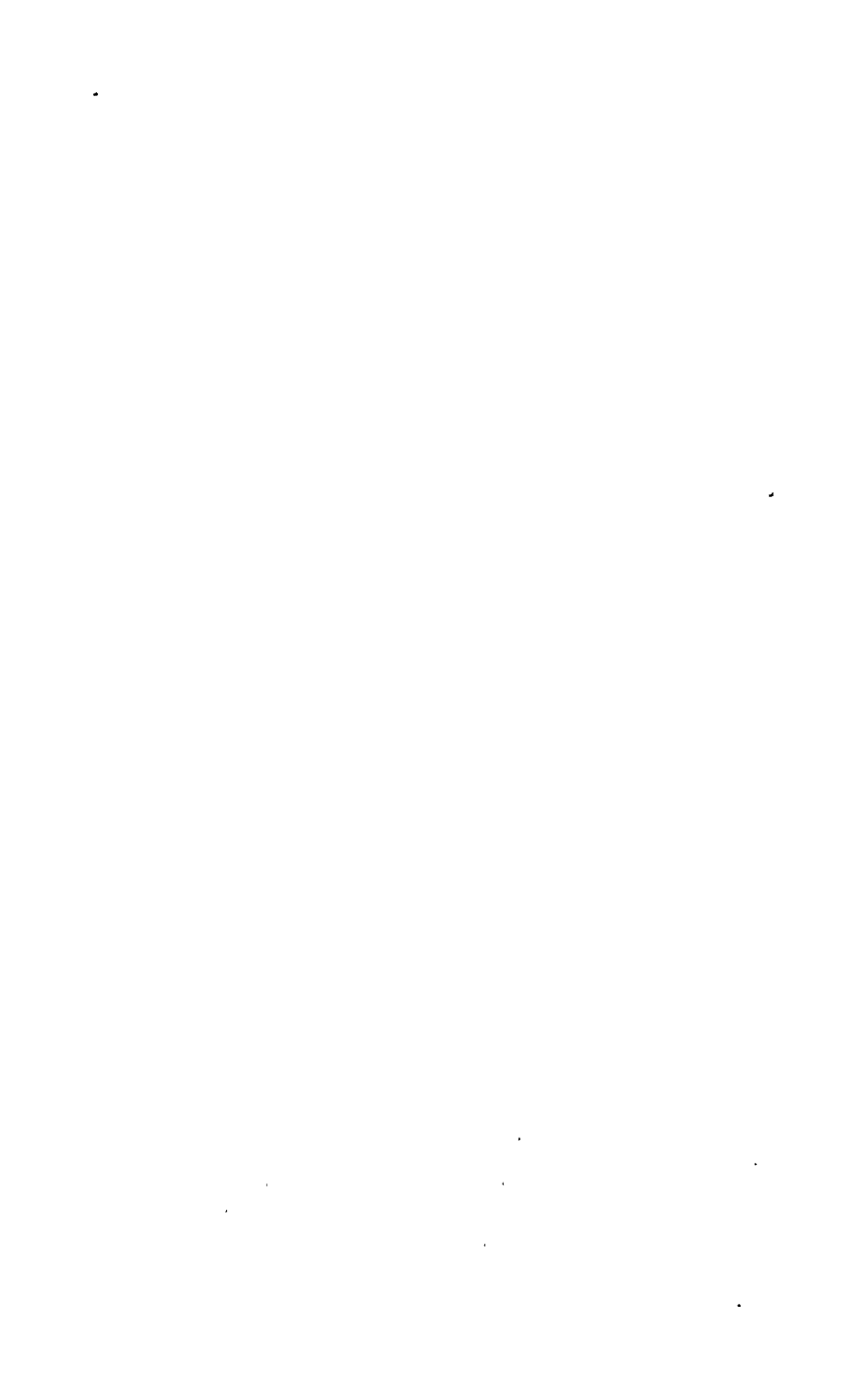
greeted me with hearty cordiality, and it was gratifying to notice that this remarkable man still retained the dignified bearing, high courtesy and gentle manner of the 'old South.' That this man, now about eighty, conspicuous in the Black Hawk, Seminole and Mexican Wars, Secretary of War under Pierce, United States Senator from Mississippi for two terms, President of the Confederate States during the greatest conflict of modern time, State prisoner in a damp casemate of Fortress Monroe for two years, could, during all the stress which must have pressed upon him, still retain his erect carriage, wonderful memory and accurate knowledge of current events, is beyond my comprehension. Drawing some restful chairs to the parlor windows, through which came the soft gulf breeze, I had the happiness of a free conversation with, I think, the greatest man I ever knew. Many tender memories of personal interest were recalled and many historic points discussed. With the exception of John C. Calhoun, Mr. Davis is

THE MOST INTERESTING TALKER

I ever met. I suppose he is the only man living who knows and remembers accurately the inner history of the Confederacy. In speaking of the Black



ON THE VERANDA AT BEAUVOIR.



Hawk, Seminole and Mexican Wars he related many interesting incidents, and mentioned the singular fact that all the commanders in the Mexican War were from the South, as Scott, of Virginia; Taylor, of Louisiana; Worth, of North Carolina; Briggs, of Georgia; Pillow, of Tennessee; Quitman, of Mississippi, besides, Bragg, Davis, Butler and others who held subordinate positions. Quitman, however, was born in the North.

“I asked him who he thought was the greatest Confederate commander. After some thought he said General Lee, explaining that Albert Sidney Johnston was undoubtedly the equal of Lee, but having fallen early in the war he had no opportunity to demonstrate his great capabilities. After these two he mentioned Stonewall Jackson, J. E. Johnston, Gordon, Longstreet, Stewart, Lees, the Hills and many others. I asked him whom he considered the greatest Union general. He answered unhesitatingly—McClellan. Said he was an intense Union man, and he respected him as such, but that he fell under unjust suspicion at Washington—for political reasons—and confusion ensued. When Secretary of War, Mr. Davis had sent McClellan to survey the Bay of Samana, in St. Domingo, with the hope of securing a harbor and coaling station in the West Indies for the United States navy. His map and report are now on file in Washington. The work

was so well done that he detailed him to visit St. Petersburg to report upon the military establishments of Russia. In twelve months he submitted exhaustive reports, and also translated a technical work, which is now in the War office in Washington.

HE SPOKE KINDLY

and appreciatively of many Northern generals, saying General Grant was a good man and a great general, who came to the front with the resources of the world at his back when the Confederacy was exhausted; he also spoke in the most kindly way of President Lincoln, who, if his life had been spared, would have been of great service to the South and the whole country.

“Mr. Davis inquired if I was in Richmond during the Seven Days’ Battle.

“Yes, I was a member of the Southern Baptist Convention, and remembered hearing the guns, and while we expected the Federal Army any day, there was no bitterness manifested, but special prayers were offered for the enemy and for the protection of the homes and people of the South.

“I asked Mr. Davis if he remembered our conversation about a plan for the

GRADUAL EMANCIPATION OF THE NEGRO.

“Yes, he recollected every detail. He cordially approved of it, and showed the difference between



Fittingly your friend,
(Mrs.) Jepperson Davis,

his plan and mine (this was in the autumn of 1864) and requested me to ride down to Drury's Bluff and confer with General Lee. I did so, and found that General Lee heartily approved of the plans. Owing to the danger of riding fourteen miles back to Richmond in the dark, General Lee compelled me to sleep in his tent—a very embarrassing position for me, because he would make me sleep on his cot, while he slept in his blankets on the ground. The matter was submitted to Congress in a special message, and the scheme was defeated, chiefly through Hon. R. M. T. Hunter, of Virginia, on the ground that the withdrawal of so many able-bodied slaves (40,000 at first), who were to be freed upon joining the army, would probably leave the men in the field without provisions. It will be remembered that Captain Harry Jackson offered to raise a regiment of negroes in Georgia to fight for their freedom. I spoke of my embarrassment in accepting General Lee's hospitality. He said Lee was right, as it would have been hazardous to return to Richmond after dark, and mentioned two amusing instances of his being arrested while inspecting the lines near Richmond.

MRS. JEFFERSON DAVIS.

“Mrs. Davis is of Welsh extraction—a Howell, a granddaughter of Governor Howell, of New Jersey, who was a fast friend of Washington. She was

born in Vicksburg about 1826, the daughter of a large planter in the famous Yazoo bottoms. Married Mr. Davis forty-three years ago; they settled the now celebrated Brierfield plantation—a large island in the Mississippi River at Davis Bend, below Vicksburg. The place was so called because of the luxuriant tangle of briars which the rich soil produced. There they built a beautiful home and planted the magnificent live oaks which are now the pride of the neighborhood. Mr. Davis had previously married a daughter of ex-President Zachary Taylor. During my visit we again reviewed our plans of '64 for the gradual emancipation of the negro. I do not know what the future historian may say, for the history of the Confederacy is yet to be written, but I do know that Mr. Davis, General Lee and many other prominent people of the South favored it, and that a bill was introduced in the Confederate Congress to that effect. Mr. Davis kindly, in describing

THE BATTLE OF BUENA VISTA,

said that when they moved out to meet the enemy they were uncertain about his numbers or position. General Taylor had about 1200 men, and they soon ascertained that they were opposed by 8000 of the flower of the Mexican Army, commanded by Santa Anna in person. The situation was perilous. Colonel Davis obtained the consent of General Taylor to

lead his Mississippi Rifles through a ravine, thus flanking the enemy's position, which led to the confusion and rout which finally ensued. He said there was no ill-feeling between him and General Taylor about his first marriage. He married with the general's consent, although the latter could not be present. He mentioned the kindness of ex-President Pierce, who visited him during his confinement in the fort, and who generously offered him a home for life when released. He had a high regard for Mr. Pierce; said he was a very able man, and that his was the only administration in the history of the country during which there was no change in the Cabinet.

"This unstudied memorandum about friends whom I love is written to preserve recollections which even in time may become dim in my memory."

EX-PRESIDENT DAVIS' BIRTH-PLACE.

In November, 1886, ex-President Davis visited Fairview, Ky.,—under what circumstances and for what object the following from the *Kentucky New Era* will show :

"Hon. Jefferson Davis left Clarksville, Tenn., Saturday evening by special train for Elkton, where the party was met by hacks and taken to Mr. W. H. Jesup's. He spent the night with Mr. Jesup, and attended the dedication, the next day, of Bethel

Baptist Church. This building is situated upon the spot where Mr. Davis was born, and the ground was purchased by him last year, and presented to the church for the purpose. The structure is one of the handsomest in Southern Kentucky, and was erected at a cost of over \$6000. It is finished in elegant style and seated with opera reclining chairs, and is provided with pastor's study, baptistery, dressing-rooms, and all the modern improvements.

"A finely-polished slab of violet-hued Tennessee marble, set in the wall of the vestibule opposite the memorial window, has this inscription in Roman capitals :

JEFFERSON DAVIS,
OF MISSISSIPPI, WAS BORN JUNE 3, 1808,
ON THE SITE OF THIS CHURCH.
HE MADE A GIFT OF THIS LOT MARCH 10, 1886,
TO BETHEL BAPTIST CHURCH,
AS A THANK-OFFERING TO THE LORD.

"At the hour on Sunday morning appointed for the service the church was crowded, and the distinguished Mr. Davis entered, leaning upon the arm of Mr. Jesup, accompanied by Dr. Strickland, of Nashville, Tenn., Captain Clark, and two or three ladies from Clarksville, Tenn. Dr. Strickland, Dr. Baker and the pastor, E. N. Dicken, occupied the pulpit,

and the former proceeded to preach the dedicatory sermon. It was a discourse eloquent, instructive and appropriate, and was listened to with the closest attention. At the conclusion of Dr. Strickland's discourse Mr. Davis arose and spoke as follows :

“*Ladies and Gentlemen of the Congregation* : My heart is always filled with gratitude to you, who extend me so many kindnesses. I am thankful I can give you this lot upon which to worship the triune God. It has been asked why I, who am not a Baptist, give this lot to the Baptist Church. I am not a Baptist, but my father, who was a better man than I, was a Baptist.

“Wherever I go, when I come here I feel “that this is my own, my native land.” When I see this beautiful church it refills my heart with thanks. It shows the love you bear your Creator ; it shows your capacity for building to your God. The pioneers of this country, as I have learned from history, were men of plain, simple habits, full of energy and imbued with religious principles. They lived in a day before the dawn of sectarian disturbances and sectional strife. In their rude surroundings and teachings, it is no wonder that they learned that God was love. I did not come here to speak. I would not mar with speech of mine the effect of the beautiful sermon to which you have listened. I simply tender to you, through the trustees of Bethel,

the site upon which this church stands. May the God of heaven bless this community forever, and may the Saviour of the world preserve this church to his worship for all time to come.’”

One of the interesting incidents of his life in recent years was the appearance of Mr. Davis at Biloxi, Miss., January 26, 1885, at the reception there of the Liberty Bell, from Philadelphia, on its way to the New Orleans Exposition. When the bell neared Beauvoir, the residence of Mr. Davis, a general desire was expressed to have him join the reception party. In response to a speech of welcome at the depot, Mr. Davis spoke with all his earlier vigor. “The aged statesman grew impassioned, and thrilled his audience with his eloquence. He was cheered vociferously, and seemed deeply moved.” It was then that his little granddaughter, five years old, kissed the famous “bell that rung out liberty to all the land,” and patted it with her tiny hand as she lisped, “God bless the dear old bell.” On the 29th of April, 1886, Mr. Davis spoke at the laying of the corner-stone of a monument to Confederate soldiers at Montgomery, Ala., and was received with great enthusiasm. Since then he has but seldom left his home at Beauvoir.

Ex-President Davis died in New Orleans on the 6th day of December, 1889.

“The handsome residence of Mr. J. U. Payne, at

the corner of First and Camp Streets, is at present an object of interest to every friend of Mr. Jefferson Davis, because it is in the pleasant guest-chamber of this elegant home that the beloved old Confederate chieftain passed away at fifteen minutes before one o'clock this morning. This residence, built by Mr. Payne, is one of the most comfortable and artistic in all the city. It was of brown-stone stucco, two stories high, with broad verandas, and set in lovely grounds, where camellia bushes are spiked with bloom, and oranges hang in clusters on the trees.

THE DEATH CHAMBER.

“The house has a wide hall running through the centre, with drawing-rooms on one side, a library on the other, and on the rear corner of the house is a lovely and cheery apartment, into which the Southern sun streams nearly all day.

“It is a wonderfully pretty room, with a rich-toned Persian-hued carpet on the floor, shades and delicate lace curtains at the four windows—two fronting to the east and two to the south. Pictures are on the walls, and there are a lounge, easy Turkish chairs and pretty carved tables, and a huge carved-oak Victoria bedstead, on which the ex-President of the Confederacy lies in the embrace of death.

MRS. DAVIS' MINISTRATIONS.

"His constant attendant has been Mrs. Davis, who has never left his bedside since his illness began. In a comfortable home wrapper of gray and black this gentle ministrant was always at the invalid's side, and if she left him for a moment he asked for her, and was fretted or uneasy until she returned. Friends constantly sent beautiful flowers, of which Mr. Davis was very fond, but these were not allowed to remain in the sick room for any length of time. At the outset jellies, fruits and all manner of invalids' delicacies were proffered, until Mrs. Davis was compelled to decline them. The sick man's food was only milk, ice, beef tea, and rarely a broiled chop.

"Mr. Davis remained in bed all the time, and was never left alone, being guarded lovingly by his wife and the capable quadroon hired nurse, Lydia, and Mrs. Davis' own little brown-eyed handmaiden, Betty, who at all times had *entree* to the sick-room. But little talking was allowed, and newspapers, letters and telegrams were tabooed.

CLINGING TO HOPE.

"On Wednesday afternoon a reporter had a few moments' conversation with Mrs. Davis. She was worn and weary with service at the sick-bed, but which she would not allow to any other, and her

step was lagging as she came into the dining-room. She was very hopeful, however, of her husband's ultimate recovery.

“‘Mr. Davis has always been an exceedingly temperate man,’ said Mrs. Davis; ‘he has never abused his physical powers, and no one could have lived more moderately than he. Of course, all this is in his favor. I do not mean to say that there would be no danger if a door were left open or the fire in his room allowed to go out. He is as frail as a lily and requires the most attentive care. That he has. I believe he would not be alive to-day had his illness come upon him at Beauvoir, where he could not possibly have had the constant care of such physicians as Dr. Bickham and Dr. Chaille, and the intelligent love, tenderness and luxury that surround him in this home.’

THE PATIENT DESPONDENT.

“From the beginning of his fatal illness Mr. Davis had insisted that his case was nearly or quite hopeless, though the dread of pain or fear of death never appeared to take the slightest hold upon his spirits, which were brave, and even buoyant, from the beginning of his attack.

“In vain did the doctors strive to impress upon him that his health was improving. He steadily insisted that there was no improvement, but, with

Christian resignation, he was content to accept whatever Providence had in store for him. Only once did he waver in his belief that his case showed no improvement, and that was at an early hour yesterday morning, when he playfully remarked to Mr. Payne, 'I am afraid that I shall be compelled to agree with the doctors for once and admit that I am a little better.'

"All day long the favorable symptoms continued, and in the afternoon, as late as four o'clock, Mrs. Davis sent such a cheering message to Mrs. Stamps and Mr. and Mrs. Farrar that they decided, for the first time since Mr. Davis has been taken ill, to attend the French opera.

THE FATAL ATTACK.

"At 6 o'clock last evening, without any assignable cause, Mr. Davis was seized with a congestive chill, which seemed to absolutely crush the vitality out of his already enfeebled body. So weak was Mr. Davis that the violence of the assault soon subsided for lack of vitality upon which to prey. From that moment to the moment of his death the history of his case was that of a gradual sinking. At 7 o'clock Mrs. Davis administered some medicine, but the ex-President declined to receive the whole dose. She urged upon him the necessity of taking the

remainder, but, putting it aside with the gentlest of gestures, he whispered, 'Pray excuse me.'

"These were his last words. Gradually he grew weaker and weaker, but never for an instant seemed to lose consciousness. Lying peacefully upon his bed, and without a trace of pain in his look, he remained for hours. Silently clasping and tenderly caressing his wife's hand, with undaunted Christian spirit he awaited the end.

"From the moment of the dread assault of the congestive chill those gathered around his bedside, who had been watching and noting with painful interest every change of symptom for the past month, knew well that the dread messenger was even at the door. About half-past ten o'clock Associate Justice Fenner went to the French Opera House to call to Mr. Davis' bedside Mr. and Mrs. Farrar and Mrs. Stamps. As soon as the message reached them they hurried to the bedside of the dying ex-President.

BREATHED HIS LIFE AWAY.

"By half-past eleven o'clock there were assembled in the death-chamber Mrs. Davis, Drs. Chaille and Bickham, Associate Justice and Mrs. Fenner, Miss Nannie Smith, grandniece of the dying ex-President, and Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Farrar.

"Finding that Mr. Davis was breathing somewhat

heavily as he lay upon his back, the doctors assisted him to turn upon his right side. With his cheek resting upon his right hand, and with his left hand drooping across his chest, he lay for some fifteen minutes breathing softly, but faintly. More and more feeble came his respirations till they passed into silence, and then the watchers knew that the silver cord had been loosed and the golden bowl broken. The father of the Confederacy had passed away,

“‘As calmly as to a night’s repose,
Or flowers at set of sun.’

A CRUSHING BLOW.

“Despite the fact that the end had come slowly and peacefully, and after she had been face to face for hours with the dread reality, the blow fell with crushing force upon the afflicted widow. As long as there had been work for either head or hands she had borne up bravely, and not until the sweet uses for her tender ministrations were lost did she seem to realize the terrible force of the blow that had fallen upon her.

“Knowing of a predisposition to heart affection, the doctors were at once gravely alarmed for her. They promptly administered a composing draught, and at a late hour she was resting quietly.

CAUSE OF DEATH.

"It is believed that the foundation of the ex-President's last illness was malaria, complicated with acute bronchitis. Careful nursing and skilled medical attention had mastered the latter, but it is supposed that the congestive chill, which was the immediate cause of death, was attributable to a return of the malaria.

"After death the face of the deceased, though looking slightly emaciated, showed no trace of suffering, more nearly resembling that of a peaceful sleeper than of the dead.

THE EVENT ANNOUNCED.

"When the family had partially recovered from the terrible shock, Mr. Farrar went to the Western Union Telegraph office and sent dispatches to Miss Winnie Davis, who is in Paris, with Mrs. Pulitzer; to Mr. Davis' son-in-law, in Colorado Springs, and also notified Governor Lowry, of Mississippi, as he deemed it but right that the executive of that State should know of the death of one of its most distinguished sons."

"Notwithstanding the early hour at which Mr. Davis died, it was decided by Mr. Farrar, Judge Fenner and Mr. Payne to inform Mayor Shakspeare that President Davis had passed away.

"A written communication of the facts was directed to him and delivered at 3.05 A.M. Mayor Shakspeare visibly showed his emotion at the contents of the letter. He hastily clothed himself and immediately walked to the residence. The chilly fog hung low in dense masses, and faintly defined by the electric lights, familiar shapes along the streets fell in distorted shadows. The house was shrouded in darkness and intense silence. From the trees surrounding the approaches to the dwelling great drops of condensed fog fell with a softly deadened sound upon the earth.

"Mr. Farrar and Mr. Payne received the Mayor in the hallway, and the three rapidly entered the back parlor or dining-room. The Mayor's proclamation was quickly sketched out that it might be published in the morning. *The Times-Democrat* had held its issue back that the Mayor's notification might be given publicity. At 4.10 the proclamation was handed a *Times-Democrat* reporter and was published in yesterday's issue.

"While the proclamation was being written out, Mr. Payne paced the room with hands folded behind him, or restlessly sought an arm-chair to look steadfastly ahead of him at the writers.

"The house then sank into

AN AWED SILENCE,

save the occasional closing of some far-off door, and

the final closing of the great hall door behind the undertaker.

"A heavy piece of black crape was adjusted to the bell knob as Mr. Johnson entered the house. The token was sufficient information, and no line was written to convey that death had paused during the midnight hours in one of the silent rooms. The drip, drip of the fog was the only audible sound down the long streets. It had come in darker than midnight and hung in gloomy clouds overhead, as if a deluge of rain was imminent. Some laborers with dinner pans and overalls, wrapped in red handkerchiefs, were the first to see the crape hanging near the door. Conversation, which had not been loud in tone, was arrested immediately, and they reached out their hands and felt the fabric without speaking. They passed on, maintaining silence.

"Four patrolmen returning from their night's duties saw the emblem and crossed the lower corner of Camp and First streets. They, too, were silenced. So dark was the street at this time that the lights of a private cab were barely distinguishable as it stood at the adjoining house. At day-break the foot passengers passing near the residence elevated their hats and passed the grounds and house with heads uncovered.

"The sun was at last of sufficient force to dissipate the fog, and while as yet the house was not

astir many ladies began to call as early as 8.10. Callers were frequent from that time on. Many of these

BROUGHT CUT FLOWERS

and several offerings were in large and expensive designs.

“Callers were invariably denied admittance unless closely connected or intimate friends of the bereaved family. Mrs. Davis denied audience, at the solicitations of the family, as often as practicable. Her bereavement was prostrating her, and her friends feared she would overtax her strength.

“By 5.30 o'clock the funeral directors had completed embalming the remains of the dead chieftain, and he was dressed in his suit of Confederate gray, the suit that he had on when he was removed from the steamboat ‘Leathers’ to the home of Associate Justice Fenner. The body was then laid out in the death-chamber, and Mrs. Davis came in and took her seat beside it. In conversation with members of the household she expressed the desire to be alone with the dead during the day. Her friends tried to impress upon her that she was overtaxing herself, but she insisted, and they gave way.

“It was then announced that no one would be permitted to intrude upon Mrs. Davis, and with very few exceptions no one was permitted to enter the room.

"This rule was first violated at Mrs. Davis' request to admit an old negro who had years ago been

MR. DAVIS' BODY-SERVANT.

"As a result of his gracious dignity, Mr. Davis never came in contact with a menial but that at once they grew devotedly attached to him. More than once have family and friends quizzed him regarding the absorbing love of the porters, servants and slaves that accident threw in his way. Never was a man more loved by those who served him, and this was peculiarly noticeable among the negroes he owned before the war. One of the most affecting incidents connected with the death, was the arrival and grief of this old darky, a former slave of Mr. Davis' brother, the late Joe Davis.

"For a number of years Miles Cooper, a decrepit colored man, has sent from his present home in Florida little tokens in the way of fruits raised by his own hands for the hospitable Beauvoir table. Through the local press Miles heard of 'Mr. Davis' extreme illness, and, putting every personal interest and comfort aside, hastened to see the master he loved. Unused to traveling, aged and uncertain in his movements, the unselfish servant again and again missed connection in the short trip, was delayed, left behind and put to every possible annoyance and inconvenience. Finally he arrived, and,

full of pleasant anticipations, hurried up to look once more in those kindly eyes and feel the cordial grasp of that genial hand. Reaching the residence, all stilled as it was and surrounded by an atmosphere of death, the servant learned of Mr. Davis' death the night previous. It was

MORE THAN HE COULD BEAR,

and breaking down with an outburst of deep grief, Miles sat crushed and hopeless, only asking the one favor to be admitted to the presence of his master. Every one, save the family, had been denied entrance, but Mr. Farrar, at Mrs. Davis' request, led the way, and soon the ex-slave stood face to face with the noble dead. It was pitiful to hear the sobs and wails of the old darky. He mourned with unaffected grief for the 'Mars Jeff' of his youth, and prayed earnestly for the welfare of those he left behind.

"Betty, a little maid who has been in Mrs. Davis' employ, said to a reporter: 'You are writing a good deal about Mr. Davis, but he deserves it all. He was good to me and the best friend I ever had. After my mother died and I went to live with Mr. and Mrs. Davis, at Beauvoir, he treated me like one of his own family. He would not allow any one to say anything to wound the feelings of a servant.'

"At 4.15 P.M., Sister Mary Baptiste and Sister

Mary Patrenelia, of St. Alphonsus Convent, with a number of young female orphans, begged admittance that they might be able to offer their

PRAYERS FOR THE DECEASED.

Mrs. Davis retired from the room and the Sisters and children knelt by the bier upon which rested the body of the dead statesman. It was clad in plain gray uniform, with black cloth-covered buttons. At his head and resting their tips slightly on each shoulder were two palm leaves, such as marked the caskets of the Christian dead in ages past, to signify that the spirit had been victorious over the body.

“In the angle of the leaf stems was a sheaf of wheat harvested at its fruition. Flanking this was a pillow of roses. Above, the lowered flame of a gas jet flamed faintly. The young faces, unscarred in the world's battles, shone out in strong contrast to that of him whose spirit had so recently gone down into the valley. From the not tightly closed upper lattice of the window the light of the blue evening sky

TOUCHED THE FEATURES OF THE DEAD

with an azure tint and traced the delicate profile lines of the face. Assembled in the room during the devotional exercises were members of the household of subordinate position. The appeals and responses

rose and melted over the mute frame enwrapped in the cloth of his corpse. After the conclusion of the ceremonies the Sisters and orphans immediately withdrew.

THE CASKET.

“At 7.05 P. M., the closed hearse containing the casket drew up at the front gate. It was soon taken within the house, and those gentlemen who were within the rooms assembled on the front gallery. Attracted by the dark conveyance, with its white horse, the loiterers, the curious and not a few who designed visiting the house began to occupy the sidewalks. Early in the day the family had expressed the hope that the removal of Mr. Davis’ remains to the City Hall should be unostentatious and with most marked quietude. Seeing the vehicle was collecting the crowd, the undertaker, after performing his duty to the body, had it driven away to return at a later time to carry the corpse to the City Hall. This caused the crowd to disperse, and the streets were comparatively deserted at 9.50 P. M.”

ARRANGING FOR THE FUNERAL.

“Many churches held memorial services in honor of Jefferson Davis, principally the Protestant Episcopal, Catholic, Methodist and Presbyterian. Bishop Keener, of the Methodist Church, related anecdotes of the deceased, especially as a visitor to

the annual seashore camp-meeting. Bishop Galleher, of the Protestant Episcopal Church, who was in charge of the funeral, did not preach any sermon. Bishop Hugh Miller Thompson, of Mississippi, assisted him, and Rev. Ebenezer Thompson, of Biloxi, Miss, who was Mr. Davis' pastor, also take a prominent part. Dr. Markham, Presbyterian, Father Hubert, Catholic, and Drs. Bakewell and Martin, Protestant Episcopal, who were all Confederate chaplains, assisted Bishop Galleher. Dr. Bakewell was sergeant of a company and Bishop Galleher himself carried a musket. It was the Bishop's intention to have the services take place on the broad portico of the City Hall. Lafayette Square stretches out in front and many people could then witness the rites. A surpliced choir sang the anthem, "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death," by Sir Arthur Sullivan. At the tomb the same choir chanted "Rock of Ages." The body was taken to the cemetery, a distance of about three miles, on a caisson, and the vast procession walked all the way. The parade was of immense proportions. Even the benevolent societies turned out. The sombre drapery of mourning spread over the city. The shipping dipped its flags, the British steamships especially putting their flags at half-mast.

The full programme of parade was decided upon

by Gen. John M. Lynn, the grand marshal. The selection of pall-bearers was left to Mrs. Davis.

Mr. J. U. Payne, a prominent cotton factor and life-long friend of Mr. Davis was one, and the Grand Army Confederate Veterans and the Governors of other States were represented beside the casket. The Army of Northern Virginia and Army of Tennessee Veterans marched side by side just behind the caisson bearing the remains of their lamented chief.

The remains of Mr. Davis lay in state in the council chamber of the City Hall. At midnight Friday they were carried from the Payne mansion to the City Hall. The cortege consisted of the hearse and two carriages. One of the latter was filled with flowers, and the other was occupied by six personal friends of the deceased. The casket was placed upon a catafalque draped in plain black. The coffin was covered with black plush, edged with broad black braid. The handles along the sides consisted of a single square bar of silver, and across each end was a short bar of gold. The top of the casket was covered with one sheet of heavy French plate glass, which extended its entire length, and rested on the thick copper lining.

All day long there was a ceaseless stream of people viewing the remains of Jefferson Davis. Floral offerings have poured in, and the coffin

looked as if placed at the base of a bank of flowers. The Army of Tennessee lead with a design ten feet high, one of the handsomest floral offerings ever made here.

When the doors opened at 10 o'clock fully three thousand people were waiting to enter. The crowd was so great that the people were allowed to pass the bier in double instead of single column, and over three thousand eight hundred people passed every hour. The total was fully forty thousand in one day. The body will remain exposed until the last minute.

A silver plate on the casket bears the inscription, "Jefferson Davis at Rest."

"Badges of the Confederate associations, the flag of the Washington Artillery carried through the war, and a bunch of wheat and pair of crossed Spanish daggers, as the plant is termed, fastened together with purple ribbon, were the only other ornaments. The desks of the mayor and clerks were covered over and turned into a platform, which was the receptacle for floral offerings. The room was lit up by clusters of electric lights, their brilliancy being dimmed by the sable drapery. Soldiers in uniform stood guard, stacks of arms and cannon filled the corners of the chamber, and all around the walls were rows of plants and shrubbery, forming a beautiful contrast.

During the early morning people poured in to obtain a last look at the dead—fifteen hundred people passing each hour. The visitors were filed through the room in regular column. All classes were represented in the procession by the bier. The number of colored people was marked.

FUNERAL.

By universal request Mr. Jefferson Davis was given a funeral in full accord with his superior rank as a military officer, in addition to which, numerous civic and other organizations combined to render the cortege in all respects most imposing, not only with reference to numbers, but in the pomp and circumstance of its elaborate ceremonial. Besides the veterans of the lost cause, who have once again been called upon to close up their decimated ranks, were many gallant soldiers whose unflinching valor, displayed on numerous hotly-contested fields, resulted not unfrequently in both glory and victory to 'the stars and stripes.'

SCENE AT THE CITY HALL.

At 11.30 o'clock the funeral ceremonies were to be commenced, but long previous to that time the great square immediately fronting the City Hall had become an unwieldy mass of eager, sympathetic humanity. According to programme the square

proper was to be reserved exclusively for the military. In the enforcement of this injunction, however, the large, but by no means adequate, police force on duty, experienced innumerable obstacles, and it was with the greatest difficulty that the swaying multitude was kept beyond the prescribed environments. The streets, banquettes and every available place from which either an unobstructed or partial view could be had of the portico of the municipal building, were crowded almost to suffocation. During all this time the air was laden with funeral dirges, the solemn requiem of the bells was heard on every hand, and louder and deeper were the sounds of minute guns that at intervals thundered forth their deep-mouthed tribute to the illustrious dead.

THE PALL-BEARERS.

The following gentlemen acted as pall-bearers:

Honorary Pall-bearers—Governor Francis T. Nicholls, of Louisiana; Governor Robert Lowry, of Mississippi; Governor S. B. Buckner, of Kentucky; Governor John B. Gordon, of Georgia; Governor J. S. Richardson, of South Carolina; Governor D. G. Fowle, of North Carolina; Governor F. P. Fleming, of Florida; Governor James P. Eagle, of Arkansas.

These gentlemen represent the Southern States pall-bearers—General George W. Jones, of Iowa; Hon. Charles E. Fenner, of Louisiana; Mr. Sawyer

Hayward, of Mississippi; Hon. Thomas H. Watts, of Alabama, a member of President Davis' cabinet.

APPEARANCE OF THE REMAINS.

The body, notwithstanding the very warm and exceptionally oppressive weather of the past week, was remarkably well-preserved. The countenance presented an expression of 'rapturous repose,' and in no wise had 'decay's defacing fingers' yet blotted out, much less tarnished in the remotest degree, the noble lines of a face strikingly attractive when lighted by the fire of genius, as it was wont to be. Indeed the Confederacy's beloved chieftain, as he reposed in his coffin this morning, presented just such a picture as those who knew and loved him in life would like best to cherish in their memory.

At 12.10 the casket was conveyed from the memorial room to an improvised catafalque in the centre of the front portico, where massive pillars were entwined with a profusion of crape. Over the casket was thrown the soft folds of a silken flag of the lost cause, as also the glittering sabre with which the dead soldier had carved fame and honor for himself, and glory and victory for his country, on the crimson fields of Chapultepec and Monterey. Immediately surrounding the coffin were the clergy and the armed sentries, they being the only persons admitted to a place on the portico during the service.



MR. DAVIS PREPARED FOR BURIAL.

The relatives of the deceased were assigned to seats in the mayor's parlor, from the windows of which they were enabled to witness the ceremonies.

THE SERVICES.

The obsequies, which were according to the ritual of the Episcopal Church, were conducted by Bishop Galleher, assisted by five officiating clergymen of various denominations, as follows: Father Hubert, Rev. Mr. Thompson, Mr. Davis' rector at Biloxi, Miss.; Rev. Dr. Markham, Rev. Mr. Bakewell and Rev. Mr. Martin.

There were altogether fully twenty surpliced ministers, besides the attendance of numerous clergy of different denominations from the various Southern States. A surpliced choir of thirty-six voices, accompanied by the organ, sang the anthem, 'Through the Valley of the Shadow of Death.'

BISHOP GALLEHER'S ADDRESS.

"Bishop Galleher made an address. He said: 'When we utter our prayers to-day for those who are distressed in mind, when we lift our petitions to the Most Merciful and ask a benediction on the desolate, we remember that one household above others is bitterly bereaved and that hearts closely knitted to our own are deeply distressed; for the master of Beauvoir lies dead under the drooping flag of the saddened city; the light of his dwelling has gone

out and left it lonely for all days to come. Surely we grieve with those who weep the tender tears of homely pain and trouble, and there is not a sign of the gulf breeze that swings the swinging moss on the cypress trees sheltering their home but finds an answer in our own burdened breathing. We recall with sweet sympathy the wifely woe that can be measured only by the sacred depths of wifely devotion, and our hearts go traveling across the heaving Atlantic seas to meet and to comfort, if we might, the child who, coming home, shall for once not be able to bring all the sweet splendors of the sunshine with her. Let us bend with the stricken household and pay the tribute of our tears; and then, acknowledging the stress and surge of a people's sorrow, say that the stately tree of our Southern wood, planted in power, nourished in kindly dews, branching in brave luxuriance and scarred by many storms, lies uprooted. The end of a long and lofty life has come, and a moving volume of human history has been closed and clasped. The strange and sudden dignity of death has been added to the fine and resolute dignity of living. A man who in his person and history symbolized the solemn convictions and tragic fortunes of millions of men cannot pass into the gloom that gathers around a grave without sign or token from the surcharged bosoms of those he leaves behind, and when Jefferson Davis, reaching

'the very seamark of his utmost sail,' goes to his God, not even the most ignoble can chide the majestic mourning, the sorrowing honors of a last 'salute.'

"I am not here to stir by a breath the embers of a settled strife; to speak one word unworthy of him and of the hour; what is writ is writ in the world's memory and in the books of God. But I am here to say for our help and inspiration that this man, as a Christian and a churchman, was a lover of all high and righteous things; as a citizen, was fashioned in the old, faithful type; as a soldier, was marked and fitted for more than fame—the Lord God having set on him the seal of the liberty of men. Gracious and gentle, even to the lowliest, nay, especially to them; tender as he was brave, he deserved to win all the love that followed him. Fearless and unselfish, he could not well escape the lifelong conflict to which he was committed. Greatly and strangely misconceived, he bore injustice with the calmness befitting his place. He suffered many and grievous wrongs, suffered most for the sake of others, and those others will remember him and his unflinching fidelity with deepening gratitude while the Potomac seeks the Chesapeake or the Mississippi sweeps by Brierfield on its way to the Mexican sea. When on the December midnight the worn warrior joined the ranks of the patient and prevailing ones who—

“Loved their land with love far brought,
If one of the mighty dead gave the challenge:
Art thou of us?
He answered: ‘I am here.’”

REVERENTIAL SILENCE.

Following Bishop Galleher, the Rev. Dr. Markham read the lesson, while the Rev. Mr. Martin repeated a Psalm, the Rev. Mr. Bakewell the versicles, and the Rev. Thompson the Creed, and thus ended the services at the City Hall, which, although simple and brief, were wonderfully impressive.

During this period the immense throng, representing every conceivable variety of religious and social predilection, profession and nationality, stood in reverential silence and with heads uncovered. A deep silence pervaded the vast assembly and the emotions experienced by all were deep and unutterable.

THE PROCESSION.

At the conclusion of the religious services the casket was borne by a detachment of soldiers to the handsomely decorated caisson which had been especially prepared for its reception, and on which it was to be conveyed to the cemetery. From the caisson arose a catafalque consisting of a unique and beautifully designed canopy, measuring from base to dome eight feet in length and four in width, and supported by six bronze cannon, craped in between

with muskets. The dome of the canopy was ornamented in bronze, with furled United States flags craped upon either side. The sides of the catafalque were superbly draped in black cloth with bullion fringes and gimp. The casket rested on a slight elevation and the caisson was drawn by six black horses, two abreast, caparisoned in artillery harness and plumes, and each animal led by a soldier in uniform.

With marvelous military precision the various seemingly unwieldy battalions wheeled into line, preceded by a detachment of the city police, and followed in turn by the clergy, pall-bearers, and so on in their respective order until the mammoth procession was formed.

The procession, after leaving the City Hall, proceeded up St. Charles Street to Calliope, and from Calliope moved into Camp, thence to Chartres, to St. Louis, to Royal, and thence on Canal in a direct route to the cemetery.

It was an hour and ten minutes passing a given point.

TOLLING BELLS.

As the grand funeral cortege traversed the streets, from the turrets of every church a bell was tolled. The clank of sabres and the tramp of iron-shod feet echoed along the interminable line, while soul-subduing dirges blended with the solemn boom-

ing of the minute-guns. Parts of the city not directly located in the line of march or in any way remote from the scene of the pageant were literally depopulated, their inhabitants having gathered in countless numbers on the banquettes and in other available places from which an easy view of the marching columns could be had.

AT THE CEMETERY.

The entry of the pageant into the beautiful cemetery away out on the quiet Metairie Ridge, far from the thunder and clatter and turmoil of the busy, rushing, work-a-day city life, was made with all the pomp and circumstance of a military and civic procession.

Even before noon, when the religious ceremonies were just beginning, people gathered within the hallowed precincts of the romantic burying-ground. They came in street cars, in trains, in carriages, in vehicles of every known description and on foot, and took up a position on the tombs and broad walks and on the scrupulously well-kept lawn.

Metairie is the prettiest cemetery in the South. It ranks in beauty with the handsomest burial-grounds of the world. It is situated about two miles and a half from the business part of the city, and is rich in its architecture, its verdure and its possessions. Years ago it was the famous race-

course of the South. Some years back it was transformed into a city of the dead. Since then nature and man have constantly aided in its adornment. Within it lie the remains of thousands of Confederate veterans, and here are most of the tombs of the military and veteran associations of New Orleans.

It is in this cemetery, in a subterranean vault, that the Southern chieftain has been temporarily laid to rest. The Army of Northern Virginia tomb is beneath the marble monument of the lamented Confederate leader, Stonewall Jackson. It is situated nearly half a mile from the stone entrance, nearly in the centre of the cemetery, and surrounded by imposing tombs of wealthy people of New Orleans. The mound is of gradual ascent, prettily laid out in parterres and richly grown with rare flowers. From a sectional stone base a slender shaft, broken with laurel wreaths, rises to commanding heights. At its apex a heavy slab of marble bears the statue of Jackson. The figure represents the famous general in an attitude of repose, his sword leaning on a broken stone wall, and his left hand resting gracefully on his side. He wears the regular Confederate officers' uniform, with his cloak thrown over his arm and his field-glasses held carelessly in his left hand. The familiar kepi is pulled down, as the general was wont to wear it, closely over his forehead. The face looks toward the southeast, and the features are

almost perfect in their outline. Beneath the base is an underground chamber with vaults running all around it. It was in one of these that the remains of Mr. Davis were placed.

The monument was decorated with extreme simplicity. The mound was covered entirely with green moss, and around the shaft was wound a chain of laurel and oak leaves. The decorations were the work of Mr. J. H. Menard. When the procession left the City Hall big furniture wagons drove up, and the mortuary chamber was emptied of its hundreds of floral offerings that came from every city and State in the South, and they were taken out to the cemetery. Here an artistic hand came into play, and the flowers were arranged with studied unostentation and most admirable effect, the mound being almost entirely hidden from view by the wealth of culture flowers.

THE FINAL CEREMONIES.

When the progress of the procession finally brought the militia to the monument, the police and soldiers were drawn up all around the circle, and as the funeral car, with its long line of carriages in the wake, drew up, the line of soldiers facing the monument were given right-about orders, in order to salute the bier. It was then four o'clock. The choristers had preceded the funeral, and took up

position in a group to the left of the tomb. Then the Episcopal clergymen and the assisting clergy of other denominations, formed in a line on either side of the walk. The pall-bearers and distinguished guests did the same thing. Bishops Galleher and Hugh Miller Thompson walked slowly up to the base and took up their positions beside the bier. General Gordon came up shortly and stood quietly and modestly, with bowed head, close by.

The caisson stopped at the foot of the walk, and Battery B's detail of honor bore the casket up the ascent to the foot of the monument, with Captain Beanham at its head. As the coffin was carried up the mound, the military orders were 'Rest on arms,' and every soldier in the circle executed the order. The veteran associations marched into the cemetery together. When they reached the monument they parted, one going to the left, the other to the right. When they met they charged up the mound and formed an inner circle, the Army of Northern Virginia in front and the Army of Tennessee in the rear. Then the ladies and gentlemen of the family trod slowly up the mound. Mrs. Davis, heavily draped, leaned on the arm of the life-long friend of her husband, Mr. J. U. Payne, as she came up beside the bier. Mrs. Hayes came up on the arm of General Joseph R. Davis, a nephew of the dead President. Behind these came the faithful negro

body-servant of Mr. Davis, Robert Brown. Mrs. Stamps was escorted by Mr. Farrar. Then followed other members of the family. Associate-Justice Fenner and his family came next, and immediate friends of Mr. and Mrs. Davis gathered around just as Bishop Thompson opened the ceremonies by reading the first portion of the Episcopal burial service. Then T. H. Sappington, of Company B, 19th Infantry, stationed at Mt. Vernon barrack, Ala., sounded the bugle call of "Taps." Bishop Galleher read the second portion of the ritual consigning the body to the grave. Here are his extemporaneous words: "In the name of God, Amen. We here consign the body of Jefferson Davis, a servant of his State and country, and a soldier in their armies; some time member of Congress and Senator from Mississippi, and Secretary of War of the United States; the first and only President of the Confederate States of America; born in Kentucky on the 3d of June, 1808, died in Louisiana on the 6th of December, 1889, and buried here by the reverent hands of his people."

An anthem by W. H. Walter, part of the burial service, was sung by the choristers to a cornet accompaniment. Bishop Thompson recited the Lord's Prayer, in which the choir, the clergy and the general public joined, and then the hymn "Rock of Ages"

IN THE TOMB.

Bishop Galleher waved his hand as the signal of the closing. Captain Beanham gave the military command, the casket was raised from its bier, and the soldiers bearing it on their shoulders marched around the circular mound to the open doorway at the back of the monument leading to the stairway that reaches the subterranean chamber of the dead. The family took up its line in the order of its ascent of the mound, friends following. The Ladies' Memorial Association fell in, and Governor Nicholls and the other Governors joined in with the other pall-bearers. When the members of the family had descended, the casket was placed in the middle vault of the first perpendicular row, immediately on the right as you go down. The Confederate flag in which the coffin had been wrapped was removed, the slab was screwed tight, and the dead soldier had found his temporary resting place in the Army of Northern Virginia tomb.

As the family descended an artillery detachment from the State Guard, Captain Beanham's Battery, fired three rounds, and the military funeral was over.

There were placed before the vault three floral offerings—one a design of a chair, from the Lee Memorial Association; another, "Gates Ajar," from

Mr. P. F. Alba, of Mobile, and the third, a cross of flowers, from the Girls' High School.

As Mr. Payne and Mrs. Davis, both weeping; and the other relatives and close friends came up from the chamber and passed down to the carriages the troops presented arms. Then the Governors, the pall-bearers, guests from other States, the Ladies' Memorial Association, and finally the public, crowded down into the still, cold, whitewashed room below, and gazed a moment on the narrow chamber wherein all that was mortal of the beloved Southern chieftain was lying in peace and quiet, removed forever from its sphere in life. A police guard of honor will be on duty at the tomb.

Ex-President Davis' funeral occurred in New Orleans on Wednesday, December 11, 1889. The occasion is thus editorially described by the *Times-Democrat* of that city:

Magnificent in its immensity and sublime in its sadness was the mournful cortege that yesterday bore to the tomb all that was mortal of Jefferson Davis.

As the long line of sorrow-stricken faces slowly moved through the streets, the minds of the old-time soldiers seemed to wander back to the days when the Cause that enwrapped the Southern heart was not lost, and victory held her hands outstretched to the valiant hosts of the Confederacy.

It was a grand, an imposing, a historic funeral pageant. No man now living will look upon its like again. It is the snapping of the last great human link in the chain that binds the memory of the South to the volcanic past. Jefferson Davis rests to-day in the grave to which Providence in its wisdom consigned him, rich in honors, ripe in the love of his people, enshrined in the affection of all who treasure that liberty which comes from God on high.

Many millions of people buried yesterday their best beloved. And yet in the eyes of the law he was not one of them. A man without a country, living under a government that knew him not, solitary and alone in his unique grandeur, the hero of the Lost Cause, Kossuth-like, refused to bend the pregnant hinges of the knee that civic glory and power and greatness might wait upon him. Jefferson Davis lived and moved and had his being, not upon the stage of men's affairs, but within the recesses of the human heart—the great common heart of the South. There, in the warm embrace of his own people, he passed the closing days of his well-spent life, and there he died. No death could so well befit so great a man!

Great in its numbers, the mournful procession that yesterday bore Jefferson Davis to the grave was greater still in the loftiness of its character, its ripe

wisdom and its civic fame and virtue. Men illustrious in every walk of life were there. Prelates eminent and eloquent; statesmen with popular honors heaped full measure upon them; learned jurists, rich in knowledge; representatives of nations great and powerful abroad; the veterans who wore the gray; the men who wore the blue; the mystic brotherhoods; civil, religious and benevolent organizations; our colleges and schools; the fire boys—all moved with solemn tread to the beautiful city of the dead where rests this morning the body of the hero of the Lost Cause.

It was a spectacle grandly sad, mournfully eloquent—the burial of Jefferson Davis. In the cold embrace of earth lies now the South's greatest, noblest, best."

The solemn and imposing pageant won universal commendation for the splendid simplicity of its ensemble, for the perfect arrangement of all its details, and for its grand and majestic proportions.

For the last-mentioned feature of its excellence New Orleans claims no credit. It was a mighty assembling of the Southern people. Half a score of great States contributed their splendid soldiery and their civilian citizens, who gathered as if they were mere members of a vast family around the grave of their beloved dead. But it is in the creation and

control of a grand street pageant that New Orleans is pre-eminent, and to the large experience, the admirable taste, the unerring art instinct and the lavish liberality of the people of our good city, are wholly due the splendor, the beauty and the perfection of arrangement that have made the funeral of Jefferson Davis one of the most notable events of the age. It was most fortunate for the entire South that Providence ordained that the last days of the life of that illustrious man were spent in the great city of his devoted people.

A QUESTION IN CONCLUSION.

Shall Jefferson Davis dead be as heartily hated and as mercilessly abused as was Jefferson Davis alive? "He had his faults." So had Lincoln and Grant. So had the immortal Washington himself. Much of the reproach cast upon Mr. Davis has grown out of a failure to give due recognition to the following facts:

1. He was not responsible for the beginning or the continuation of the war. It is true he advocated armed resistance if the General Government undertook to interfere with the States that passed ordinances of secession. But so did hundreds of public men throughout the South, whose views were entirely independent of what he had ever declared or taught. And if we leave the ranks of public men and come

to men in private station, we find that they were of the same mind. Indeed, whether the truth be looked upon as creditable or dishonoring to the South, let it be told—the movement of the Southern people in the years from 1860 to 1865 as much deserves to be called a great popular uprising as any movement that ever occurred among any people. Say, if you choose, they were deceived, but say they were self-deceived. Jefferson Davis was able, was courageous, was determined, was fruitful in expedients of statecraft and of war, and yet Fort Sumter, and Manassas, and Fredericksburg, and Gettysburg, and Cold Harbor would have occurred if he had never been born.

2. Was Jefferson Davis a traitor? The Federal Government had him in its power; he was arraigned on this charge before one of its courts; the Government had every opportunity of gathering the law and facts against him, and yet it declined even to undertake to prove the accusation made. Ought not this fact of history to make us a little modest in trying to fasten on his name the stigma of treason?

3. The armies directed by Jefferson Davis, whatever else may be said of them, were not armies of invasion or conquest, but stood only for defence, and represented a people that simply asked to be let alone.

4. Jefferson Davis was consistent and sincere; his

course as naturally followed from the theories long held and publicly advocated by him as the course of Jefferson, Henry and Adams flowed from their views concerning the relations of the colony to the mother-country. Had Jefferson Davis adhered to the Union after Mississippi had passed her secession act, historians, with the records before them, would have found no little difficulty in vindicating his reputation from crookedness and time-serving.

5. "But slavery was such a horrible crime." Say so, if you choose ; but, as you say so, remember that for the existence of this horrible crime on Anglo-American shores the South was no more responsible than the North. Southerners bought the negroes and worked them on their plantations, but Northerners transported them from African jungles and sold them to all that were willing to buy. Even the large-hearted Peter Faneuil, who built the famous hall called by his name, fitted out ships for the slave-trade ; and it is not impossible that some of the money that first went to construct that "cradle" in which Bostonians were to rock "Liberty" in its infant days, came from the traffic. The only real difference seems to be, that the North, under self-interest as a teacher, a little sooner learned than the South that slavery was a great moral wrong.

6. "Slavery was so degrading to the negroes." Say that if you feel it is true ; but let your empha-

sis be a little diminished when it is found that, though the colored people do not occupy a very high social, intellectual or religious plane, yet in the Southern States they have attained a higher development in intelligence and religion than a like number has reached in any other quarter of the globe.

7. "The Union never could have been formed if it had been supposed that any State might withdraw from it at pleasure." On the other hand, can it be supposed that any State—Virginia, for example—would have adopted the Federal Constitution and gone into the Union if she had imagined that in so doing she would be giving to her sister States the right to invade her soil, to divide her territory, to devastate her fields, to overturn her government, to bombard her towns and to slay her sons?

The fact that the Federal Government, in dealing with the seceded States, found it impossible to lay down and follow out to the end any consistent policy, gives at least a suggestion that the Federal Constitution did not very clearly lay down the principle of coercion. First, the seceded States were not out of the Union, and could not go out; then, at last, they could go out and were out, and must be brought back by "reconstruction" measures. First, the Federal Government had no right and no intention to interfere with slavery, but only to maintain the Union; but at last its armies were

“armies of freedom,” its battles were “battles of freedom,” and its victories were “victories of freedom.”

In short, let North and South do justice to each other. Then good will and fraternity will come back, and no Southerner will be tempted any longer to give a spiteful application to that verse of Dryden,

“But they ne’er pardon who have done the wrong.”

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EMINISCENCES AND ADDRESSES.

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A TRIBUTE FROM A CLASSMATE.

BY GENERAL GEORGE W. JONES,
Ex-United States Senator.

MR. DAVIS and I became college mates in Transylvania University, in Lexington, Kentucky, in the month of October, 1821. He remained there until 1823, when he went to the West Point Military Academy, N. Y. I remained at the university, and graduated there on the 13th of July, 1825. He was graduated from the United States Military Academy in the spring of 1828, and immediately assigned to duty as a second lieutenant of infantry at Fort Crawford, Prairie du Chien (then Michigan Territory, now in the State of Wisconsin). At that time I was engaged in the mining and smelting of lead ore (galena), merchandising and farming business at Sinsinawa Mound (now in Grant County, Wisconsin), then in the Territory of Michigan. I went into this business at the suggestion of Doctor Lewis F. Linn, of Ste. Genevieve, Mo., who was my family physician there whilst I was reading law in the office of Messrs. Scott & Allen, of that place. Doctor Linn advised me to leave the law office and confinement as the only means of restoring my health, which had been greatly impaired by constant

man in the College, although he had, as college mates, such young gentlemen as Gustavus A. Henry—the afterwards Eagle Orator of the South, Edward A. Hannegan, the Indiana statesman and orator, and such other distinguished men in after years as Hon. John M. Bass, the distinguished son-in-law of Felix Grundy, of Nashville, Tenn., Hon. Jno. W. Tibbatts, the Moreheads, Jesse D. Bright, David R. Atchison, Solomon W. Downs and many others of like distinction with whom Davis and I served as brother Congressmen in both Houses in after years, and up to the Civil War of 1861–65.

After I became a married man and built a much better dwelling-house at Sinsinawa Mound, Mr. Davis very often visited me there and became as a member of my family, and greatly attached to and beloved by my wife, children, adopted children, my brother-in-law, A. L. Gregoire, my two nieces, Misses Mary and Eliza Brady—afterwards the wives of Jacob Wyeth, M.D., and Col. Geo. W. Campbell, of Galena, Ill., the latter a Federal officer in 1861–65.

I served as General Henry Dodge's aide-de-camp during the Black Hawk War of 1832, whilst Jefferson Davis was a lieutenant in the same campaign, under the then Colonel Zachary Taylor, President of the United States from the 4th of March, 1849, until he died, in July of that year. General W. S.

Harney, then a captain, was in the same command with us. He, Colonel Taylor and Jefferson Davis often shared their tents with me in bad weather and divided their rations also with me, we of the militia having no tents whatever, and were often without bread. I had been well acquainted with Colonel Taylor and Captain Harney in the city of St. Louis, Mo., as early as 1824. Hence, my intimacy and the sharer of their kindness and Davis' in the Indian War with the Sacs and Foxes, Winnebagoes, etc.

After the war and the treaty with the Sacs and Foxes, made by General Winfield Scott and General Henry Dodge, a short distance above the present city of Davenport, Ia., which I myself attended and participated in making, with Keokuk and other chiefs, and when Black Hawk was deposed, the lead miners of Illinois, Wisconsin, then Michigan Territory, *et al.*, such as the Langworthies, the Camps, the Dodges, Harrisons, Wheelers, Foleys, Smiths, Lorimers, Gratiots, Jordans, McKnights, Lorains, Brophys, Carrolls, etc., etc., flocked in great numbers over the river to the near vicinity of Julien Dubuque's deserted lead mines, at and near Catico and the present city of Dubuque, and took possession thereof, as squatters, miners, merchants, artisans, etc., etc. As soon as the same was made known to the administration of the then President

of the United States, General Andrew Jackson, his Secretary of War, Hon. John Forsyth, issued orders to Colonel Zachary Taylor, then in command at Fort Crawford, to have those intruders, *the squatters*, removed therefrom. Colonel Taylor immediately dispatched Lieutenant George Wilson, then of his command, with what was deemed a sufficient number of United States infantry to the Dubuque lead mines, to drive from them the squatters at the point of the bayonet, if necessary. The squatters laughed at the order, and soon afterwards Lieutenant Gardineer was sent down with an increased number of troops, to effect what Lieutenant Wilson had failed to do. Lieutenant Gardineer was as unsuccessful as Wilson had been, although he (Gardineer) destroyed many cabins and miners' huts, their wagons, teams, etc. Colonel Taylor, then, having great confidence in Lieutenant Jefferson Davis, sent him down from Fort Crawford with an increased number of infantry troops to perform the duty in the very cold mid-winter and deep snow, in 1832 and 1833. Lieutenant Davis encamped with his command a very few yards north of the present tunnel and the now great Iron Bridge of the Illinois Central Railroad, on the east side of the river, in what is now known as *East Dubuque*, formerly and then as Jordan's Ferry, in Jo Daviess County, Ill. Mr. Davis immediately went in person across the river

and commenced a very different course of action to that which had been pursued by his predecessors, Gardineer and Wilson, without any of his command, save, perhaps, an orderly-sergeant, and commenced to reason with the intruders upon what were *yet* Indian lands, as the treaty made by Generals Scott, Dodge, *et al.*, had not been ratified by the Senate of the United States, if, indeed, it had been sent into that body for its ratification and approval. He was not very long in convincing such men as the Langworthy family, Colonel H. T. Camp, the Hampsteads, Lorimers and others, of the folly of resisting the strong Army of the Government of the United States. He found considerable trouble, however, in convincing two Irish brothers by the name of Harrison, who had struck, what they believed to be, a splendid prospect, if not a great lead, of the precious ore. He assured them that their claim to the mining lot of some ten acres, from which they had already raised some fifty to seventy-five thousand pounds of ore, should be respected and retained for them by the then Agent of the United States Lead Mines, at Galena, Ill.—Major Thos. C. Legate, of the United States Army, who was his (Davis') personal friend. His conciliatory course with those squatters convinced them that "discretion was the better part of valor," and great numbers of miners, smelters, store-keepers, teamsters, laborers, etc., deter-

mined to leave the country *en masse*, and await the action of the Congress of the United States, or rather the Senate of the United States.

The Harrisons and all others, after the treaty was ratified, were restored to their possessions, and they all, *without exception*, became the warm friends and admirers of Jefferson Davis. I myself bought that prospect of the Harrisons and paid them ten thousand dollars in gold for their claim, which has ever since been known as the Harrison *alias* Kilbourn Lead, now the Karrick and wholly owned by myself at this late day, though it has passed through the hands of Captain Geo. Ord Karrick, Benjamin Kilbourn, Alexander Levi, Geo. W. Starr, Colonel Mason, the original Chief Engineer of the Illinois Central Railroad, and is *now* wholly owned by myself, as the successor of the above-named and other persons.

I was about to omit that there was but one woman amongst the squatters when Lieutenant Davis induced the whole community, save her, to leave those mines in the cold winter of 1832-33. That woman was the late Mrs. Lawrence, then bearing the name of her first husband. Mr. Davis, because of the extreme severity of the winter, permitted her to continue to occupy her log cabin. She remained during the residue of her life, the devoted and grateful friend of Jefferson Davis. She was a strict member

of the Methodist Episcopal Church at Dubuque, and died there only some twelve months since, beloved by all who knew her. She never met me that she did not inquire for our mutual friend, Lieutenant Davis. I called to see her but a very few days before her death, when, on her dying-bed, she sent her warmest regards to and best wishes for our absent friend; although, like the members of her church in Iowa, generally, she was for the Union, and opposed to secession, as I myself was. But she believed Mr. Davis to be an honest man and a true friend to the whole country, whether he was for secession or not.

Soon after the Black Hawk War of 1832, Mr. Davis became the Adjutant of the First Regiment of United States Cavalry, whose heroic and noble commander was General Henry Dodge, whose aide-de-camp I was in that war. He and General Dodge became friends and admirers of each other during that campaign, if, indeed, they were not personal friends at Dodgeville and Mineral Point, in Wisconsin, *before* that Black Hawk War. Their association in the Indian War, and as brother officers of the Cavalry Corps of Dragoons, in both Houses of Congress and whilst Mr. Davis was Secretary of War, under General Franklin Pierce, President of the United States, from the 4th of March, 1853, until the 4th of March, 1857, and afterwards in and out

of Congress, caused the formation of an intimacy, friendship and confidence between those great and good men and patriots, which I well know continued to exist whilst they both lived. I speak understandingly on this point, because I was General Dodge's admirer and friend from my childhood, both of us having been born at Vincennes, Indiana, and we having lived together at Ste. Genevieve, Mo., where I was Clerk of the District Court of the United States, whilst General Dodge was the Marshal of the United States for Missouri, and also, because of our intimacy and devoted friendship in Wisconsin, and also in the Senate of the United States. General Dodge, as the Senator in Congress from Wisconsin, felt bound to obey the instructions of his Legislature on the subject of abolitionism, the Missouri Compromise and other like questions. Mr. Davis and I often voted against him on these questions; but as we were all three Democrats, the intercourse and friendship which had always existed between us was never, for *one* moment, interrupted, and I know that General Dodge died the warm admirer and friend of Mr. Davis, and, like myself, would have sustained him for any political or military position in the United States *after*, as well as *before* the late unfortunate Civil War. And such do I firmly believe was the opinion and feeling of General Augustus C. Dodge, the son of General Henry Dodge, who, as a

private, served under his father in the Black Hawk War, where he, too, formed the friendship and confidence of Jefferson Davis, which existed whilst we were brother United States Senators and warm supporters of the administration of President Pierce, who sent him as the representative of the United States to Spain, at the court at Madrid, where he occupied an exalted position as the Minister of the United States. I refer thus particularly to the opinions and feelings of these two life-long personal and political friends, because I know that they, like myself and all others who knew Jefferson Davis well, were always aware of the great injustice and wrong which has been done to that hero, statesman and patriot, ever since the inauguration of the late Civil War, which he lamented as sincerely as any man, living or dead, and which he earnestly endeavored to prevent in every honest and patriotic manner consistent with his position as a Southern man. I firmly believe that the future historian will do justice to him and his section, when the "sober second thought shall prevail" in our beloved country.

But since the termination of the late inter-state war, all sorts of slander, detraction and ridiculous reports and stories have been fulminated, printed, published and scattered broad-cast over the land to injure the fair fame and good name of Mr. Davis. Amongst other ridiculous creations it has been pub-

lished and circulated through the newspapers that Mr. Davis stole away in the night-time, from his residence in Prairie du Chien, the daughter of Colonel Zachary Taylor, and that he took her across the Mississippi River into Iowa, and that they were there married by a Catholic priest, whom Mr. Davis had induced to aid him in his nefarious scheme. The fact is, as I well know, that Mr. Davis married Miss Knox Taylor near Louisville, Ky., in the residence of a near blood relation (her aunt) and with the entire and full consent of every member of Colonel Taylor's family. Colonel Hercules L. Dousman, of Prairie du Chien, who was an intimate and confidential friend of both Colonel Taylor and Mr. Davis, and always one of my earnest supporters in all of my contests for delegate to Congress from Michigan, Wisconsin and Iowa, assured me that Colonel Taylor never was unfriendly to Mr. Davis, either before or after his marriage to Miss Taylor, and that he made no objection to it. After Mr. Davis' appointment as Adjutant of the First Regiment of United States Cavalry under my old commander and life-long friend, General Dodge, I never met with him until in the early winter of 1837-38, when he reached Washington City from the city of Havana, in Cuba, whither he had been for the restoration of his health, which had become greatly impaired on his farm or plantation in Mississippi. He called on me at my

then boarding-house, at Dowson's, on Capital Hill, some 150 or 200 yards northeast of the present Senate Chamber, where I messed with Senator Benton and Doctor Linn of Mo. Wm. Allen, Senator from Ohio, Hon. E. A. Hannegan of Indiana and some forty other members of Congress. I soon induced my old college-mate to become my guest, I having two good rooms besides our common parlor, and I sent immediately my servant for his baggage, at what is now the Metropolitan Hotel (then Brown's). One one occasion Doctor Linn, Allen, Davis and I went to a large party together in the west end. At about midnight Doctor Linn proposed to go home, as he was not feeling well. We soon found Davis and Allen in the banqueting-room, eating supper and drinking champagne with I. I. Crittenden, Haws and others. Crittenden said: "Linn, you and Jones go home and Haws and I will take Allen and Davis with us, as we have a carriage to ourselves." So Doctor Linn and I left them. Doctor Linn and I were soon in bed, and in a short time we heard in the distance the stentorian voice of Allen, coming up the Hill. Soon they entered Doctor Linn's room, where I was in bed with him. Davis was without a hat, the blood, mud and water dripping down over his pale face, Allen all the while repeating the speech which he had been delivering to Davis, and which he (Allen) had made when he

ran for the House of Representatives of the United States in Ohio, against Governor McArthur, his future father-in-law. Doctor Linn soon dressed Davis' severe wounds on his head. I went into Davis' room, got clean, dry clothes and then took him into his room and put him to bed. The next morning early I went in to see whether Davis would soon be ready for breakfast. I found him unconscious, ran back and told Doctor Linn, who took a bottle of ether and giving me one of camphor, we commenced the proper application and rubbing, when Davis in a short time was restored to consciousness Doctor Linn said that Davis would have been dead in a few minutes had we not gone to his relief. During Mr. Davis' sojourn that winter with me he became well acquainted especially with our mess, and all became greatly attached to him and greatly admired him. I informed Hon. Robt. J. Walker, then a Senator from Mississippi, that I had a young friend and old college-mate with me, and advised him to call on and pay him some attention, as he was one of his constituents. My present recollection is that he never became acquainted with Davis until he became a member of the House of Representatives. They afterwards became warm friends.

In 1846 (February) I went to Washington City as Surveyor-General of Wisconsin from Dubuque, and became a boarder at the same house where my

friends, the two Dodges (then Delegates from Wisconsin and Iowa), Mr. and Mrs. Davis, Ambrose H. Sevier, Jacob Thompson and other Members of Congress boarded. On one occasion, when sitting by Davis in the House of Representatives, he said, "Augustus Dodge tells me that you are hard up for money, upon my inquiring of him as to your financial condition." I replied that there was a judgment against me at home for \$400, the only debt I owed. He took up his pen, drew a draft in my favor for one thousand dollars on J. U. Payne, his then commission merchant in New Orleans, and handed it to me. It surprised me, and I asked, "Where did you get money from, as the last time I saw you, in 1838, you were yourself pressed for money." He said he had made good cotton crops on his plantation. I drew my note for \$1000 in his favor, at ten per cent. interest, and handed it to him. He tore the note into pieces, threw them under his feet, saying, "When you get more money than you know what to do with, you may pay me, not before." In 1853, as Secretary of War, he appointed my son, William A. Bodley Jones, without my knowledge, at a hint from Governor Dodge, of Wisconsin, to whom my son wrote on the subject a confidential letter, I having refused to make such an application for him, as I had other constituents who desired such appointments. During my absence at Bogota in 1861 my

son, George R. G. Jones, left Dubuque, Iowa, and went to Nashville, Tenn., Hon. I. G. Harris, now of the United States Senate, being then Governor of the State. He sent for him, and immediately commissioned him in the Confederate Army, upon learning that he had been graduated at the W. M. Institute, and that he had gone South to volunteer in the service of that section, and that he was a son of mine. My eldest son, Charles S. Jones, was then at Dubuque, awaiting my return home from Bogota. Soon after my return he, too, left Dubuque with his young wife, under pretence of visiting her parents at Frankfort, Ky., but with the intention, also, of tendering his services in the cause of the Confederacy, but without letting me or any other member of my family know what his real intention was. On reaching Richmond he immediately applied to President Davis for employment as a clerk in one of the departments. The President told him that no son of his father or mother could ask in vain for position under him, and gave him a note to Mr. Treholm for employment. In a very short time Charles received an appointment as an adjutant-general from General Bushrod Johnson, under whom he and his brother had both graduated. These evidences of the friendship which existed between Mr. Davis and myself and family are extremely gratifying to me, and to every member of my family, the dead as well as the living.

Some six to eight years since Mr. Davis wrote, me, informing me that a man living at Independence, Iowa, had his wife's album, and requested me to try and get it for her, as it contained the likenesses of their children, living and dead, and of many old friends. I immediately wrote to a friend at Independence, and was informed that the man, whose name, I believe, was Moore, had removed to Waterloo. So I took the next train, and on reaching there, I learned to my regret that Moore had removed from Waterloo out into Tama County, some thirty miles farther out. So I got my abolition cousin, Mr. Tom P——, to introduce me to some reliable Democratic attorney; he took me to the law office of Messrs. Boies, Allen & Couch, when the latter gentleman agreed to accompany me the next morning to Tama County. The next morning, after early breakfast, I called for my attorney, and we were soon wending our way to Moore's Mill, in Tama County, some one hundred and thirty to one hundred and fifty miles west of Dubuque. Before reaching Moore's my attorney drew up a writ of attachment or replevin, and procured an officer, a young man of some eighteen to twenty years, to serve the paper, if necessary. On reaching within a mile of Moore's Mr. Couch remained behind in the woods, as he would probably be known as an attorney. On entering the house, which my young officer

knew, we found a rough-looking man seated on one side of a table, whilst a younger man, a woman and two or three little children were seated on the other side, where they had been eating. I said to the older man, "I understand that you have the album of Jefferson Davis, the Southern Secessionist, and that you wish to sell it." He replied, "It is my son who has it, not I." I then said to the son, "I am told that you wish to, or will, sell the album." He replied, "There is such an album in this neighborhood." "Well, I will give \$40 for it, if it be the same album that I once saw in Washington, and it is in good condition." He arose from his seat, went into an adjoining room, and I saw him through the crack of the door beckon to his wife to follow him, which she did. I then said to the father, "It can't be, surely, the album of Mrs. Davis, away out here in Iowa." "Yes, it is," he replied, "for I saw it and other things taken out of Mrs. Davis' trunk at Fortress Monroe, when Jeff. and his wife were there as prisoners." The son and woman then returned to the room, when, holding his two hands behind his back, under his coat, he said, "You'll pay \$40 for it if I can get it." "Yes, I will, if it be the same album that I have seen in the Secessionist's house in Washington City, and it is in good condition, with the likenesses, etc., in it." He then handed it to me, when I deliberately looked through it and said, "My

own likeness, those of Generals Lee, Johnston and others, besides the little children of Mr. and Mrs. Davis, are not here; where are they? and the book is very dirty and much soiled," etc. He said, "We have given many of the likenesses away to our friends since we got it." I then handed it to the constable and said, "Serve your writ." He said, "I attach this album," when the old man said aloud, and looking savagely at me, "I thought you were some old Secesh," and the woman, with vengeance in her eyes, said, "You are no gentleman." I replied, "How would you, madam, like to have the album containing your little children's likenesses, the dead as well as the living, *stolen* out of your trunk, with your jewelry and other valuables?" I said, "Constable, let us go," and we walked out of the house, got into his buggy and drove out through the village to Mr. Couch, who, as soon as he saw me, said, "What success, general?" "Here it is," holding it up, "and I would not take a thousand dollars for it." He asked if we had given Moore a copy of the writ. I replied, "We have not, but we'll return and do so." "No," he said, "I will now go back and do that, but you had better remain here as I did." On Mr. Couch's return, he said, "I found Moore's house full of enraged men, and swearing vengeance against you." The old man told Mr. Couch that he saw "the d—d old Secessionist with his hand in his coat

pocket on his pistol." That pistol was handed me as I left the door of his house in the morning by my good abolition cousin and friend, he insisting that I should take it. I believe it saved me from a severe beating, if not my life. On my return to Waterloo, I desired to pay my attorneys, Messrs. Boies & Couch, for Mr. Couch's day's service, etc., but they would receive no fee from me, although I had never before seen either of the two gentlemen. I since have had the pleasure to help elect Mr. Couch as the Judge of our District Court and to make Mr. Boies the Governor of our State. Mr. Couch paid Moore some time thereafter ten dollars for me, which sum Mr. Davis sent me on receipt of their stolen family album.

In the summer or fall of 1853 or 1854, Colonel Long, of the United States Engineer Corps, when at Dubuque inspecting the harbor improvement, under the Act of Congress, was applied to by my brother-in-law, Mr. Charles Gregoire, deceased, for permission to change the plan and survey of the same, he, Mr. Gregoire, being the then President of the Dubuque Harbor Improvement Company. Colonel Long refused to authorize the change, but suggested to Mr. Gregoire to get me to ask the then Secretary of War, Mr. Davis, to permit the change asked for to be made. On reaching Washington to resume my seat in the Senate, I made the request of

the President, Mr. Gregoire, known to Secretary Davis, who very promptly complied with the request of Mr. Gregoire. That change constitutes the present Ice Steamboat Harbor, an invaluable improvement.

Some eight or ten years ago, at a meeting in Dubuque of the Agricultural Society of the State, a resolution was *unanimously* adopted, requesting Hon. Jefferson Davis to come to Dubuque, from his then residence at Beauvoir, and deliver an address, and Mr. Solon M. Langworthy was appointed to and came to me and requested me to write to Mr. Davis to accept the invitation. I did so, and received a favorable reply. A short time thereafter, Mr. Davis came to this city (St. Louis), and after delivering an agricultural address at De Soto, some sixty miles from this city, wrote a letter to Mr. Langworthy and myself, declining to go to Dubuque.

About seven years since, a scurrilous article was republished in the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* and taken from an Iowa paper, accusing Mr. Davis of having once been caught cheating at a game of cards for money at Prairie du Chien, and that he was then slapped in his face by one of the players, who was known to be a dangerous character. I called on the editor of the St. Louis paper and asked for the author of that article. I was not given any satisfaction by the editor. I was afterwards informed by a Bellevieu,

Iowa, editor, that the story was entirely destitute of truth, its author, now dead, having been a notorious falsifier. I told this story to my lately deceased and noble old friend, General Wm. S. Harney, at his home at Pass Christian, when he denounced the same in bitter terms, saying that Mr. Davis was never a card-player, and that no man was ever permitted to slap him with impunity at Prairie du Chien, where he was associated with him, or at any other place.

AN ABLE MAN AND A LEADER.

BY JAMES CAMPBELL,

Ex-Postmaster General of the United States.

I KNEW Jefferson Davis well. I was intimately associated with him from 1853 to 1857, during the administration of President Pierce, when we were both in the Cabinet together, he as Secretary of War and I as Postmaster-General.

I first made Davis' acquaintance in March, 1853, when we entered the Cabinet together, and our association soon became personal, as well as official, for—although I was a Northern man and he a Southern, and he was an older man than I—he seemed to take a fancy to me, while I respected and admired him. Our relations were always pleasant, and we were together from the beginning to the end of President Pierce's term.

General Pierce's Cabinet was peculiar in more ways than one. It was the only Cabinet in the history of the country that remained intact throughout the entire Presidential term, and it was singularly harmonious. We had the entire confidence of the President and he had ours, and he trusted more to his Cabinet officers than any President has

done since. The Cabinet nowadays seems to be a mere corps of clerks who record the President's wishes. Pierce's Cabinet officers worked together for four years without the slightest difficulty or dissension.

A LITTLE DISAGREEMENT.

There was never but one occasion during our four years together in the Cabinet when Mr. Davis and I had any difference of opinion which brought us into conflict, and it was not at all a serious one. In fact, the incident is so trivial that if it possesses any value now it is because anything that relates to Jefferson Davis has perhaps a certain biographical interest just now.

It was early in President Pierce's administration. In pursuance of my duty as Postmaster-General, at a meeting of the Cabinet I laid before the President certain recommendations as to appointments to the post-offices in various States—the more important post-offices, which were to be filled by the President himself, and which were known as Presidential appointments.

DAVIS DIDN'T LIKE IT.

Among other recommendations were a number in Mississippi—Davis' State—and some of the candidates recommended for appointment were men who had opposed Davis in his contest with Foote. Davis

was a man of very intense likes and dislikes, and he didn't at all like the idea of his political foes coming in for patronage, and he said so. But I insisted upon the list being put through.

The President saw there was likely to be words between us over the Mississippi names, and he said, quietly :

"Mr. Postmaster-General, please put those aside ; I will take them up at another time."

I went over to the White House to see the President next day, and he said to me : "I have heard Mr. Davis' objections to those names, but you were right. Make out those appointments."

President Pierce would never permit any political discussions at the Cabinet meetings. He had great tact, and we got along with wonderful harmony in the midst of a most exciting period.

Mr. Davis came into the Cabinet under somewhat peculiar circumstances. He had been elected to the House of Representatives in 1845 from Mississippi, but had not particularly distinguished himself, when the Mexican War broke out. He had been educated as a soldier at West Point, as everybody knows, but had left the army and settled on a Mississippi plantation named Briarfield, which his brother, Joe Davis, a very rich man for those days, had given him. When the Mexican War broke out he at once resigned his seat in Congress and re-

entered the army, where he served with especial distinction.

LEADING A FORLORN HOPE.

When the war was over he was returned to the Senate, his colleague from Mississippi being Henry S. Foote, a very able man. Foote and Davis differed on the compromise measures of Clay in 1851, Foote sustaining them strongly, while Davis very strongly opposed them. The contest between Davis and Foote afterward became very bitter.

There was to be an election for Governor of Mississippi that year, and the Democrats had nominated General Quitman. As the canvass progressed it became evident to the leaders of the party that Quitman was a weak candidate and would be defeated. He was prevailed upon to withdraw three weeks before the election, and Jefferson Davis induced to resign his seat in the Senate, take Quitman's place and lead a forlorn hope in the fight for the Governorship.

Davis made a plucky battle, and although he was attacked with pneumonia after a few days, and was unable to make speeches, he came within about 900 votes of being elected.

After this defeat Davis remained quietly on his plantation until the Presidential canvass between Pierce and Scott, when Davis took the stump for

Pierce with enthusiasm and ability, and contributed largely to his carrying Mississippi. This service led to President Pierce tendering him the portfolio of Secretary of War, and so he came into the Cabinet.

Mr. Davis impressed me as a firm, unyielding man, of strong attachments politically and personally, and equally strong in his dislikes. I believe Davis was a conscientious, earnest man. I am sure that he always meant to be in the right.

He was unquestionably an able man and a leader, and there always seemed to be something of the soldier about him—the result of inheritance, probably, for his father had been a soldier. His tastes lay in that direction, and he was in a congenial place as Secretary of War. Most of his nearest personal friends in Washington were army men.

I know that Jefferson Davis is not popularly known as a social, genial man, but he was, as I came to know him. But he was not much of a diner out or anything of that sort. He was very quiet and domestic in his habits and correct in his private life, and was exceedingly temperate both in eating and drinking. These abstemious habits he must have kept up all his life, or he never could have lived to be eighty-one years of age. Mr. Davis was in many respects one of the most lovable

men whom I have ever seen. I may say, to know him was to love him. I am not surprised at the great affection which the people of the South had for him. In honoring his memory they honor themselves.

WIDE EDUCATION.

Jefferson Davis was one of the best educated men whom I ever came in contact with. His acquirements were broad and often surprised us. Caleb Cushing, who was in the Cabinet with us, was one of the most highly cultured men of his time, as all the world knows. He was famous for his retentive memory and an extent and range of knowledge that was encyclopædic. President Jeff Davis wasn't far behind Cushing, and that is saying a great deal.

A CASE IN POINT.

As an instance, I remember on one occasion we were talking about a certain medicine. Mr. Davis went into a minute analysis and scientific description of its nature and effects, and seemed to know as much about it as though he were an educated physician who had made a special study of the subject.

When he had finished I asked: "For Heaven's sake, Davis, where did you learn all that?"

"Judge," he replied, "you forget that I have had

to learn something of medicine so as to take care of the negroes on my plantation."

Davis was a reading man, especially upon historical subjects. He was particularly interested in the political history of his country, and I think there have been few men who were better posted in that line than Mr. Davis.

In politics he was one of the most stubborn slavery men whom I ever met.

A DISCIPLE OF CALHOUN.

He was a political disciple of Calhoun in all his most extreme States' rights views. And although I could not agree with Mr. Davis on this point, and it was a time of intense partisanship and the bitterest feelings, which were soon to break out in secession and civil war, we never had an unpleasant dispute. Yet we always talked with great freedom. Davis and other Southern leaders, and especially the Senators from the Southern States with whom I was brought into constant official intercourse, talked with me with more frankness than to most Northern men, I suppose because I was the son-in-law of an Alabama slave-holder. In those days Northern and Southern Democrats alike felt that there would be great trouble in the country if Fremont was elected. Everything that the influence of the administration could do to turn the

scale in favor of Buchanan was done. I went into the fight as earnestly as anybody, because I feared for the future.

IN 1860.

From the time President Pierce's Cabinet separated, in 1857, I did not see Mr. Davis again for three years. It was late in the summer of 1860, during the exciting political campaign which ended in the election of Abraham Lincoln. The whole country was intensely agitated, and there was great latent bitterness between the North and the South, for the two sections were arrayed against each other on the slavery question, and the South was ready to spring at the throat of the North.

Mr. Davis passed through Philadelphia on his way South. He had been to West Point as one of the Government Board of Visitors to the Military Academy. I called upon my old colleague at the Continental Hotel and had a long talk with him upon the grave political questions which then filled every thinking man with apprehension. We were both Democrats and both anxious for the success of our party, but from far different standpoints. Both of us were very much in earnest, and we sat deeply engrossed in anxious talk until the stage was at the door to take him to his train.

There were some things said during that conver-

sation which made a deep impression upon me, and which I have never forgotten. Mr. Davis was perturbed—uneasy—and I found that he was as anxious to consult with me as I was to see him.

THE AMALGAMATED TICKET.

The Pennsylvania Democrats had tried to unite on what was called the Amalgamated Electoral ticket. There were two rival Democratic Presidential candidates in the field—Douglas and Breckinridge—and because of this serious split in the party there, was great danger that the Republicans would elect Lincoln. Many leading Democrats, however, did not appreciate the situation, and felt secure in the strength of the party. I found that Mr. Davis was one of these. The fact that Democrats in Pennsylvania and in some other States had united on this amalgamated electoral ticket led many to underrate the serious nature of the division.

APPEALING TO MR. DAVIS.

In beginning the conversation I told Mr. Davis that I was anxious to talk to him because of his commanding influence in the South. I told him I feared the future, and besought him to prevent, if possible, any outbreak in the South in the event of a Democratic defeat and a triumph of the party of abolition.

Mr. Davis replied that he did not fear Democratic disaster, that the amalgamated ticket in Pennsylvania seemed likely to win.

I earnestly told him that that was a mistake; that he must not allow himself to be deceived, and I gave him my reason at some length. I told him that Lincoln would certainly carry Pennsylvania by a very large majority and that he would certainly be the next President.

Mr. Davis was greatly surprised, and I could see that he was deeply affected.

"Your news has chilled me," he said. He explained that he had been talking with Democrats in New York who had given him an entirely different impression. "But," he added, "I have never known you to be deceived as to the politics of Pennsylvania, and I believe you are right."

"DO NOTHING RASH."

I then said to him: "Mr. Davis, take it for granted that Abraham Lincoln will be the next President of the United States. Now, what are you men in the South going to do? Let me urge you, Mr. Davis, for God's sake, to stand firm. Do nothing rash. You have got the Senate and the House. Lincoln can do nothing; he is powerless."

Mr. Davis listened with deep attention to all I said, and sat buried in thought.

"I have told you frankly," I said to him, "what I am sure will be the result of the Presidential election. Now let me venture to prophesy what will occur four years hence. If you of the South will permit Lincoln to serve out his term I will pledge my life that his successor will be a Democrat."

Mr. Davis then said, laying his hand upon my arm—and I have never forgotten his words, for he spoke with great earnestness and feeling—

"I LOVE THIS OLD UNION."

"Campbell, I love this old Union. My father bled for it and I have fought for it. But unless you were in the South and knew our people, you could not begin to estimate the bitterness of feeling already engendered there, and which will increase if Lincoln is elected."

Just then Mrs. Davis came into the room and interrupted us. We were in the parlor of the hotel. She had a traveling bag in her hand and was waiting to go with her husband to the train. I rose to greet her, and as the coach was then waiting at the door Mr. Davis and I had no time to resume our conversation, so I bade him "good-bye," and we parted.

I never saw him again nor heard from him. A few months afterward—the 9th of January, 1861—

the State of Mississippi passed the ordinance of secession, Mr. Davis left his seat in the Senate at Washington, and a few weeks later he was made President of the Southern Confederacy.

CORRECTION OF MISREPRESENTATION.

BY J. L. M. CURRY, LL.D.

MORLEY, in his life of Walpole, speaks of an "epidemic of unreason" as a liability of his countrymen. In all matters pertaining to slavery, secession, the war between the States, and Jefferson Davis, their American cousins seem to be subject to the epidemical sin of ignorance, prejudice and passion. Men, who otherwise are rigorous as to the evidence and proof, find, in everything relating to its Confederacy and leaders, no assertion too wild, no insinuation too incredible, no fabrication too absurd. There is no present hope of correcting misrepresentation and perversion, but as data for the future historian it may be well to put on record a few demonstrable historical facts. They will help to elucidate the acts and character of Mr. Davis and clear up some prevalent misconceptions connected with the attempted establishment of the Confederacy.

II. Secession was not a new, sudden, unheard-of remedy on the part of sovereign States for real or unanticipated evils. It grew out of a well-recognized theory of government, and out of a well-known contention of political parties coeval with the founda-

tion of the Republic. It was a necessary inference from the doctrine that the government was a confederacy of equal States, and that the Constitution was a compact to which the States were parties, and that each party had an equal right to judge of infractions and of the mode and measure of redress. The famous Kentucky and Virginia Resolutions of 1798, and the report of Mr. Madison to the Virginia Legislature in 1799, the National Democratic Convention at Cincinnati in 1856 adopted as one of the main foundations of its political creed, and pledged itself faithfully to abide by and uphold. The ratifications of the Constitution of the United States by the States of New York, and of Rhode Island, and of Virginia, reserved in express language the right to withdraw from the Union.

The delegates of New York declared "*that the powers of government may be reassumed by the people whenever it shall become necessary to their happiness ;* that every power, jurisdiction and right which is not by the said Constitution clearly delegated to the Congress of the United, or the departments of the Government thereof, remains to the peoples of the several States, or to their respective State governments, to whom they may have granted the same, etc." Rhode Island declared "*that the powers of government may be reassumed by the people whenever it shall become necessary to their happiness.*"

Virginia, in giving her assent, declared "that the powers granted under the Constitution, being derived from the people of the United States, may be resumed by them whenever the same shall be perverted to their injury or oppression, and that every power not granted thereby remains with them, and at their will." Mr. Josiah Quincy, of Massachusetts, regarded the purchase of Louisiana as invalid until each of the original thirteen States had signified its assent, and on the bill for the admission of Louisiana as a State into the Union in 1811, he said, "If this bill passes, it is my deliberate opinion that it is virtually a dissolution of the Union; that it will free the States from their moral obligation, and as it will be the right of all, so it will be the duty of some, definitely to prepare for a separation, amicably if they can, violently if they must." In 1844 Charles Francis Adams introduced into the Massachusetts Legislature a resolution in reference to the annexation of Texas almost identical with Mr. Quincy's utterances in 1811, and declared that Massachusetts was "determined to submit to undelegated powers in no body of men on earth." In 1831 Maine declared in reference to the Northeastern Boundary Treaty, that it impaired her sovereign rights and powers, had no constitutional force or obligation, and that Maine was not bound by any decision which should be made under the treaty. The year pre-

ceding Massachusetts declared the treaty null and void, and in no way obligatory upon the government or people. In 1857 a State Disunion Convention was held at Worcester, in which it was resolved to seek "the expulsion of the slave States from the confederation, in which they have ever been an element of discord, danger and disgrace," and to organize a party whose candidates should be publicly pledged "to ignore the Federal Government, to refuse an oath to its Constitution, and to make the States free and independent communities."

The Southern States, as previously announced, regarded the election of Mr. Lincoln by a sectional vote as involving necessarily the perversion of the government from its originally limited character and the overthrow of all those guarantees which furnished the slightest hope of equality and protection in the "irrepressible conflict" thus precipitated upon the minority section. The writer is not vindicating the secession of the States, nor deprecating the failure of the Confederacy; but as the right of secession is much misunderstood, a quotation is made from an article written by myself for the *Philadelphia Times* and published on 24th January, 1880:

"As this is the *experimentum crucis* of the whole controversy, much misunderstood by foreigners, I will state it more fully. The secession of South Carolina may have been rash and foolish. That is

not the point at issue. The naked question is, Did South Carolina have the right to secede? If so, the allegiance of *her* citizens followed necessarily. The Hon. Stanley Matthews, a scholarly lawyer and statesman, in his recent address at the unveiling of the statue of General Thomas, said 'The rebellion of 1861 was founded on a fundamental misconception of the character of the political institutions of the country and of the relation of the governments of the States to that of the United States, and a failure to realize the truth that behind and below these instrumentalities of political action there was a constituency that was their originating and supporting cause, the unity of which made a nation of all the people.' In this extract are a *petitio principii* and a statement of fact which, as a fact, exists only in the minds of consolidationists. It is assumed that the war between the States was a *rebellion*, the very matter in issue. It is asserted that a people, or 'a constituency,' *en masse*, in the aggregate, lay behind and originated the State and Federal governments and fused them into a nation. The production of the scintilla of a historical or political fact to sustain the assertion may be safely challenged. Acting as a unit, or in the aggregate, the people of the United States, or a constituency behind and below Federal and State governments, never did a political act, and never can, without a thorough

revolution in our whole system. When and where did this 'constituency' ever assemble, or vote, or legislate, or adjudicate, or execute? The Union, as a government, had as its 'originating cause' the people of the several States, acting in their separate and sovereign conventions as distinct political communities. The States, acting individually, called the Convention of 1787, and the States, each for itself, binding its citizens, ratified and thus adopted the Constitution. Now, whether the government, the Union, thus constituted, the creature of the States, was the final judge of the extent of the powers granted by the States and expressed *in totidem verbis* in the Constitution, or whether the States, as parties to and creators of the compact, had a right to judge of the extent of the powers delegated and reserved and to protect their citizens against the encroachments of the Federal Government, their agent, is *the* question, not to be decided by figures of rhetoric or sectional prejudice, but by historical records and the unimpeachable antecedents to the formation of the Federal Government or Union. South Carolina held that she entered the Union *quoad hoc*, to the extent of the powers delegated in the Constitution. So far as related to powers reserved and undelegated, she was *out* of the Union. She held that the Government of the United States, in any or all of its departments, had no more right

to govern her, within the scope of the reserved powers and outside of what had been delegated, than had Great Britain or France, and what lawyer who regards the Constitution as the *full* grant of all the powers of the Federal Government can hold otherwise ? ”

III. The Constitution of the Confederate States was not the overthrow of a representative republic. It was the re-enactment of the Constitution of the United States with the Southern interpretation of that instrument. It was modeled on that of the United States and followed it with rigid literalness, except on the subject of African slavery. It sought to protect the rights of the States and the rights of the people and the rights of property against usurpation or oppression. The most prejudiced critic will be unable to find clause or word hostile to any Northern interest.

The New York *Herald*, on the 16th of March, 1861, published the Constitution of the Confederate States in full, and on the 19th of March recommended the adoption by the United States of “this ultimatum of the seceded States.” It said : “The new Constitution is the Constitution of the United States with various modifications and some very important and most desirable improvements. We are free to say that the invaluable reforms enumerated should be adopted by the United States, with or without a re-

union of the seceded States, and as soon as possible. But why not accept them with the propositions of the Confederate States on slavery as a basis of reunion?"

IV. The Confederacy had the enthusiastic assent of the people of the Southern States. The votes in behalf of secession and of the adoption of the Constitution were deliberate and voluntary. The war was sustained with equal zeal and unanimity. No people ever endured more cheerfully such privations and sacrifices. Since the war, President Davis has been censured for not making peace. It has been said that he, as President and Commander-in-chief, knew the exhaustion of our resources, the rapidly-diminishing Army, the inability to sustain the terribly unequal contest. Without entering upon that question it may be incontestably said that it is very doubtful whether the States would have sanctioned peace without independence; it is almost certain the Army would not.

V. It is often absurdly alleged that the South premeditated secession and made large military preparations for it. The accusation is ridiculous. Provision for war was an impossibility. In 1860, war was as unanticipated as it was unwished for. One of the first acts of President Davis was to accredit Commissioners to visit Washington and use all honorable means for obtaining a satisfactory adjust-

ment of all questions of dispute between the two Governments. The Confederacy in its infancy had neither soldier nor seaman, neither army nor navy, neither revenue nor credit. It had not even the machinery of a well-organized general Government. The South had no facilities for the manufacture of guns or any of the munitions of war. What was extemporized as the nucleus for defence was purchased in Baltimore and Northern cities. The South fought against most unequal odds. She was conquered by the avoirdupois of preponderant force, by a rigidly-enforced blockade, by wearing attrition, by a decimation of people, and never by superior valor or skill. She combated the public opinion of Europe, a powerful and well-organized Government, an army reënforced at will, limitless resources of means and money, and as much skill and courage as ever assembled under a nation's flag or did duty at a country's call.

VI. Northern religious assemblies, newspapers, poets and orators indulge in much self-commendation because of the abolition of slavery, and claim with much self-satisfaction that that event, which no one deprecates or regrets, was brought about in response to the demands of the Northern conscience. No right-thinking person will be disposed to withhold from abolitionists whatever credit is due to them for their opinions and propagandism, but it is

a severe and naked historical fact that a military necessity compelled emancipation. The document which "ushered in the great political regeneration of the American people," using the language of Mr. Lincoln's biographers, was the proclamation of President Lincoln, declaring the freedom on 1st of January, 1863, "of all persons held as slaves within any State then in rebellion against the United States." Mr. Lincoln's excuse for, or vindication of, this exercise of power he gives himself. "As commander-in-chief of the army and the navy in the time of war, I suppose I have the right to take any measure which may best subdue the enemy. . . . I view the matter as a practical war measure, to be decided on according to the advantages or disadvantages it may offer to the suppression of the rebellion." The House of Representatives, subsequently, by a vote of 78 to 52, adopted a resolution that the policy of emancipation as indicated in the proclamation of the President, "was well-chosen as a war measure."

VII. President Davis possessed a sound judgment, tenacity of will, tried integrity and large experience in that greatest of practical arts—government; but the Confederacy furnished little scope for sagacious statesmanship. The difficulties were constant and incalculable, but there was never occasion for diplomacy or legislative wisdom. Financial success was

beyond human attainment. From the beginning to the sudden collapse of the Confederacy, the question was one of arms, of patriotism, of patient endurance. The civil was necessarily subordinated to the military. How to raise troops, how arm, clothe, subsist, transport, officer them, how make and keep effective the War Department, the Commissary and Quartermaster Bureaux: these were the questions to be grappled with and they proved to be unmanageable.

OPINIONS AND IMPRESSIONS.

BY HON. A. H. GARLAND,
Ex-Attorney-General of the United States.,

MY acquaintance with Mr. Davis began on the 20th day of May, 1861, the day on which Arkansas was admitted a member of the Southern Confederacy. I was one of the five members from Arkansas to the Provisional Congress of the Confederacy, then in session at Montgomery, Ala., and we called upon him as President on that day, and dined with him at his private residence.

He was as pleasant and affable, I think, as ever man was, and discussed matters freely and with deep concern, showing he had weighed well the great undertaking then upon him, and while he was cheerful and hopeful, he was thoughtful. He seemed especially gratified that Arkansas had joined the Confederacy, and his welcome to her delegation was cordiality itself.

The particular question then in hand and exciting some feeling was, whether the seat of government should be transferred to Richmond, Va. The members of Congress were, by no means, united on this. Mr. Davis favored the change, and quietly and without exhibiting any feeling on the subject gave his reasons for it.

In a few days the vote was taken and the change was made. The session at Montgomery soon closed, and Congress and the President separated, amid exciting scenes of preparation for the gigantic work before them, to meet again the following July in Richmond.

At Richmond, on Sunday, the day of the first battle of Manassas—in my memory yet, as the hottest, closest and most sultry day I ever saw—with two or three others, I called upon Mr. Davis and spent some little time with him. While he did not say so, yet he intimated important events were transpiring north of the capital, and in canvassing the situation with great self-possession, he did not conceal his anxiety; and sure enough, before that night the first step that led on almost to the change of front of the world had been taken.

From this time forward being, after the termination of the Provisional Congress, a member of the House of Representatives of the permanent Congress for nearly two terms, and a Senator just before and at the close of the war, I had almost daily intercourse with Mr. Davis, meeting him often privately, and frequently as one of a committee to discuss public measures and affairs.

In one of those interviews he preserved that excellence of manner and address for which he was so deservedly noted. With the energy of his convic-

tions, he would maintain his views, but not petulantly or dictatorially, and conceded the utmost latitude of opinion and expression to all.

Mr. Davis has often been called obstinate. I think this is an exaggeration. That he was a man of deep and strong convictions, and feared not to express them there can be no question: that he was a man of great *power of purpose* is equally true, and I know of no one who is much account who has not a large share of that; and filling the positions Mr. Davis did, to have been without it, one would have been most singularly out of place. Obstinacy implies an unyielding to reason, to argument: it is an accompaniment of ignorance. But Mr. Davis was, by no means, an ignorant man; quite the contrary, he was learned and accomplished, and his was an intelligent decision of character. He had been, and was when I knew him, a close, industrious student, and he possessed vast knowledge, which he could impart in the most felicitous manner, either by word or by writing.

His political struggles in Mississippi had been fierce and straining to the utmost. That was the order of the day then and there. In that State, where lived probably more gifted popular orators than in any other State, according to population, he had many a hard-fought field, and there he won his laurels among the foremost.

Probably no contest in any country was more intensely interesting and more absorbing than was his with Governor Foote for the Governorship of Mississippi in 1851, and probably never was a political conflict waged, on both sides, with more stubborn determination.

The excitement went away out of and beyond the territory of Mississippi. Coming up the Mississippi river that fall just after the election, but before its result was generally known, on the old "Fannie Smith," one of the finest crafts that ever walked the waters, I heard nothing but, "*What's the news from the Mississippi election?*" till I reached Louisville, Ky. At every landing, from Memphis to Louisville, old men and old women, young men and young women, and boys and girls, would crowd to and upon the boat as she landed, until she would almost turn over, crying out at the top of their voices, "*Who's elected Governor of Mississippi?*"

Passing through such struggles, he would have been something more than man if their impress had not been left upon him. Doubtless they did contribute to make firm and solid a nature already much self-possessed and self-reliant.

I have spoken of him as an educated and accomplished man, and in this connection I have often thought his State papers and his communications to Congress were models of English composition. In

my opinion, in this respect they have not been excelled.

Being a positive and direct man, he always impressed me that he was brave and courageous, and true to the principles he advocated. The service he did the Republic, and the glory he won before the birth of the Confederacy, entitle him to this praise. And I doubt not there was not an hour during the war between the States he would not have given up his life as readily as he would have put a cent in a charity box, if by so doing he believed he could have secured the independence of the Confederacy.

His care and solicitude for the Confederate soldiers was manifest upon every occasion, and it was the genuine exhibition of a father's love for his children.

It has been said often, that with some one else at the head of the Confederacy the result would have been different. This I do not subscribe to. Mr. Davis managed her affairs as well, in my judgment, as they could have been, and he did all for the people who trusted him that could have been done; and he came just as near succeeding as any other one would who might have been in his place.

The debate as to his true position in history will be long—may be endless. Certain it is, the time is not yet when this verdict can be made up and entered. Plutarch, in his essays, speaks of one Antiphanes, who told it, that in a certain city the

cold was so intense that words were congealed as soon as spoken, but that after some time they thawed and became audible, so that words spoken in winter were articulated next summer. The fitting opinions and impressions formed of Mr. Davis may as yet be congealed, and be not heard, but in the softening influence of the future—when summer comes—they too may be thawed and made audible, and he will be ranked among the first who have figured in history.

MEMORIAL ADDRESS.

BY J. RANDOLPH TUCKER.

WE come on the invitation of the Governor of the Commonwealth to join with millions in the South, and in union with those who attend upon the obsequies at New Orleans to do reverence to the splendid name and fame of Jefferson Davis, the soldier, the statesman and the Christian patriot. We come to bury Davis—and to praise him.

We will not revive the thoughts, the motives or the actions of a past generation, but with warm and honest hearts we avow, that though our Confederacy be buried forever, we still love and revere the truth and integrity, the constancy and fortitude, the honor and the virtues, the genius and the patriotism of the heroes who led and filled our armies; and of the executive chieftain whose master hand directed our destiny in that momentous crisis.

Jefferson Davis was born in Kentucky in 1808. I do not doubt that his name gave direction to his opinions by throwing his mind under the fascinating influence of Thomas Jefferson, whose writings have exerted so large a power over the American people.

Mr. Jefferson in his political philosophy had

evolved two ultimate principles. The first, the self-determinant power of the man which led him to his sentiment for the universal freedom of all men under proper conditions. The second, the self-determinant power of the State in the Federal Union, as essential to the freedom of its people from the despotism of centralism.

Kentucky gave birth to two men in the early part of the century, Jefferson Davis and Abraham Lincoln. Both of these embodied the ultimate principles just mentioned of Mr. Jefferson, but not in like proportions. Mr. Lincoln held to unconditional emancipation as far as political power reached, and did not hold the limit on power imposed by the second principle to the same extent or with the same tenacity with which it was held by Mr. Jefferson. On the other hand, Mr. Davis, while no doubt holding to the ultimate freedom of all men, recognized the conditions which environed the question, making emancipation practically difficult, and gave more force to them as postponing the result; and held with unconditional tenacity to the second principle as essential to the autonomy of the States of the South, and to the political liberty of their people.

Young Davis went to West Point as a cadet, as the son of his mother Mississippi, who sent him there to be educated for her, upon the basis of her contribution through taxation to the expenses necessary

for the support of the Military Academy. He enlisted in the army, and distinguished himself as a gallant officer in the Black Hawk war.

As a young lieutenant, Davis won the love of the daughter of General Zachary Taylor, afterwards president of the United States. With the father's consent he married her, and in three months he buried this beautiful object of his early love. The story of his grief and devotion to her memory, as told to me, shows how tender and true was this strong, brave man—to become in later years, as we have seen, a man of destiny.

He left the army, and devoting himself to plantation life—that realm for thoughtful speculation and philosophical study with a large class of southern men, who have filled a conspicuous place in the history of the country—became a close student of constitutional history and government.

He was soon elected to the House of Representatives, but when the Mexican war broke out in 1846, he raised a regiment of Mississippi riflemen, took a distinguished part in the siege of Monterey, and with his regiment decided the fate of the day on the victorious field of Buena Vista, Feb. 22d and 23d, 1847.

Mississippi then sent Colonel Davis to the Senate of the U. S., where during the celebrated debates on the compromise measures of 1850 he took a promi-

nent place. It was at that time I first saw him, when he rose with brave and manly face to challenge to discussion the celebrated Henry Clay then as now, one of the most striking figures in all American history.

Mr. Davis was beaten by Henry S. Foote for Governor in 1851, and remained thereafter in private life until called to the War Department by President Pierce in March, 1853. Here he displayed great capacity for organization, and in the administration of the details of the War office, of which even his enemies do not scruple to testify.

In 1857 he returned to the Senate, where he remained until the winter of 1860-61, when Mississippi having seceded from the Union, Mr. Davis withdrew from the Senate, after delivering a valedictory address which produced a profound impression upon his audience, and upon the public at large.

In February, 1861, he was called to be President of the Confederate States of America, and so continued to be until the surrender of the Confederate armies in April, 1865. In May of that year he was captured and was closely confined until 1867 in Fortress Monroe, when he was released on *Habeas Corpus* on application to the United States Court.

It is a pleasure to announce that while the conduct of that proceeding was directed by the pre-eminent counsellor, Charles O'Connor, of New York, the

honor of being associated with him was shared in a subordinate position by me. After his release, the first use of his freedom manifests the tenderness of the father's heart; he and Mrs. Davis went to visit and to dress the grave of the young son they had lost during the war.

He went back to his home. He was never tried—he was never re-arrested. He asked not for a removal of his political disabilities. They were never removed.

During the years which have passed since his release, Mr. Davis has written a very able and valuable history of the Confederate States, in which there is a disquisition on the constitutional questions involved in their secession from the Union. And thus, withdrawn from public observation, he has lived at his home, until at the age of 81 years, he closed his life on the 6th inst., in New Orleans.

After this epitome of his life the question presses for answer, why do we join in this tribute to his memory?

Several answers may be given.

First, he was in himself worthy of our admiration and esteem. He had a splendid intellect, keen and critical in insight, and profound and diligent in research. Bold in conception, he was logical in process. A philosophical thinker on the highest problems of Political Science, he had in a high degree

the practical sense for the administration of public affairs.

In the Senate, standing erect in mind and person, as a champion of the truth, he flung down the gage of battle in the arena of debate with a courage as heroic as his courtesy was knightly. His will was guided by convictions—the deepest convictions. He had, it is true, his prejudices and his preferences. His judgment, despite these, was sound and reliable, though not infallible. His soul was the seat of honor and chivalry. He was true to friends, and firm and resolute to foes. His affections were ardent, his impulses noble, his motives pure, and his faith in God fixed, humble and sincere.

2. Again, we owe him reverence, for Davis was the heroic friend of the South Land. He did not seek her archonship, it sought him. He heard her clarion call and he obeyed it with a religious purpose to save her liberty in the new Confederacy. Among all her men, he seemed to have the combination of qualities which best fitted him for the service.

He had experience in statesmanship, practical knowledge of affairs, eloquence, logic and personal magnetism; and a resolution which could not be turned aside, and a will which would not yield to fear, and which could not be seduced by policy or personal interest. Take him as civilian and soldier, as orator and logician, as statesman and popular

leader, as a judicious counsellor and the possessor of an aggressive and unbending will; I think it may be said that none of his contemporaries equaled him in the entireness of his manhood, though many excelled him in some one of his wonderful gifts. If *he* failed, who could have succeeded? If he made mistakes, which one of his contemporaries would have made less in number or less in degree? This much is undoubtedly true, Jefferson Davis heroically maintained the principles for which the South contended, with an eye that never quailed, with a cheek that never blanched, a step that never faltered, a courage that never flinched, a fortitude that never failed, a fidelity that even captivity could not repress, and with a constancy even unto death! For four years without commerce or national recognition; with a government new and imperfectly organized; with army and navy to be raised; with Department of War and bureaux of war supplies to be improvised; with scarcely one-half the numbers of its foe and less than half the resources, the Confederacy under his leadership, and with the genius of its military and naval heroes, upheld a conflict which was the miracle of the age in which it occurred, and will be the romance of the future historian. It is true the Confederacy went down below the horizon of history forever, and its name as a nation is effaced from the page of human annals for all time to come; yet the

cheeks of our children will not blush for its fate, but will flush with pride and admiration, as they hear the tale of the patience, constancy and fortitude, the adventurous daring, and heroism, the genius of leadership, and the victories of their noble fathers.

Our Confederacy sank in sorrow, but not in shame. Dark and gloomy clouds gathered in heavy folds around its setting, but they did not—they could not blacken it! It lit them into effulgence with its own transcendent glory.

3. But again, Jefferson Davis deserves our reverence because he has stood for a quarter of a century in our place. He endured a cruel captivity for two years, and for the residue of that time has been the vicarious victim of obloquy and reproach due to us all, and heaped upon him alone by the press and people of the North. His fortitude and devotion to truth never failed. He endured not in silence, but with a protest which history has recorded, and will preserve as an emphatic vindication of the Confederacy which had perished, from malign aspersions on the motives of its friends, on the origin and causes of its formation and on the purposes of justice and liberty, which inspired those who died in its defence, or who survived to illustrate its principles in doing the duties, public and private, which God in his providence assigned them to perform. He died a citizen of Mississippi and of the United States, and

under disability to hold office under the government of the United States. He desired no place; why should he? He had filled his place in the temple of fame and in the domain of history. In personal dignity, and in the peace of God, he lived and died. What artificial disability could taint his real nature? Why seek to remove it? He had made an heroic and honest effort to give freedom and independence to the South and had failed. God's will be done! He chose the sacred retirement of home, its charms of family and friends, of calm and philosophical reflection and study, and waited with firm reliance on divine goodness for the last summons, which comes to him who has humbly but bravely, conscientiously, and with undaunted courage and patience, done his duty, as he saw it, to truth, to his country and to God!

" Whether on cross uplifted high,
Or in the battle's van;
The fittest place for man to die,
Is where he dies for man! "

Virginia! Rockbridge! Lexington! ever keeping guard over the holy dust of Lee and Jackson, turn aside to-day with millions of your countrymen; with mournful reverence and tender hearts to twine a wreath of martial glory and weave a chaplet of civic fame, to rest upon the tomb of Jefferson Davis! In a peculiar sense the fate of our Confed-

eracy is recalled to-day. On its grave—finally closed this hour—will be inscribed in imperishable characters the immortal name of the martial civilian who was its first, its only President. We plant flowers about it and water them with our tears, not hoping for, or as emblems of its anticipated resurrection, but to embalm it in our fragrant memories and in our most precious affections. And then, turning from the ashes of our dead past to the active duty dictated by the example and counsels of our departed leaders, Albert Sidney Johnston, Stonewall Jackson, Robert E. Lee and Jefferson Davis, we will labor with a fidelity wrought by the stern but noble discipline of our past experience, for the maintenance of the constitutional liberty, they imperilled their lives to save, and for the promotion of the true prosperity, progress and glory of our common country.

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JEFFERSON DAVIS.

BY HON. G. G. VEST,
United States Senator from Missouri.

WITH the multitude, "success is the criterion of merit." When the Confederate Armies surrendered their battle flags, they surrendered also the history of their heroic struggle against the overwhelming numbers hurled upon them. It is not meant by this that the record of battles, campaigns and sieges became the property of the victors, but only that the outside world can never know the motives of the vanquished, their devotion to what they believed to be the right, their heroism during the long, dark years of that bloody struggle, when the prejudices of the civilized world were arrayed against their cause, and the mercenaries of every land swelled the armies of their adversary. The cause of the Confederate States was under the ban of Christendom, because identified with African slavery. It was useless then, and it is useless now, to attempt an explanation to foreigners, the masses of whom are unacquainted with our institutions and their history, and whose educated men even are imperfectly in-

formed as to the autonomy of our Government, of the fundamental and radical difference of Constitutional construction which began with the adoption of the Constitution in 1789, and culminated in Civil War. The world is too busy for such discussion, and results alone are regarded.

No one, amongst public men, knew so well the odds in favor of the United States and against the Confederacy, in the event of war, as did Jefferson Davis. He was an educated soldier, and had distinguished himself upon the battle-field and as Secretary of War. He was a statesman, earnest, laborious and unwearying in the examination of public questions and the resources of every section. His service in the Senate and Cabinet, and the attrition of debate with the ablest minds, gave him accurate information of the military strength of both North and South. His intellect was acute, well-trained and untiring. He was cool, deliberate, without the passion that clouds reason, and cautious in all his conclusions. The fierce excitement aroused by sectional controversy did not hurry him into secession; but he went with his people, believing they were right, and prepared for any fate.

Mr. Davis believed that the North had resolved upon the invasion and destruction of Constitutional guarantees, upon which rested the property rights, social life, and even the autonomy of the Southern

States. In his deliberate judgment the election of Mr. Lincoln to the Presidency upon the sectional basis of opposition to slave property, meant that the South must submit to political degradation and dishonor, or sever their connection with the Union, and face the result.

He knew that the South was not alone responsible for African slavery, but that the North had clung to it until slavery had ceased to be profitable. He knew that in the formation of the Constitution the New England States had agreed to the extension of the slave trade, in order to secure the navigation laws which they considered vitally important to their commerce.

With this knowledge he resented with all the vehemence of a strong and manly nature the hypocritical pretence that "slavery was a covenant with death,—a league with hell," and that the Northern conscience could not longer tolerate its existence.

His intelligence discerned clearly the true intent, partially concealed, in the avowal that slavery would not be attacked in the States, but could not be extended to other territory. He had been taught by history that sentimental and sectional fanaticism would never stop until all its objects were accomplished, and he understood the full force of the frenzied appeal to the Northern people, "that slavery

must be surrounded by a cordon of fire until, like a viper, it stung itself to death."

Mr. Davis knew, as did every reflecting man not an unreasoning optimist, that the election of Lincoln meant to the South degradation or war. The idle talk of fighting in the Union, and under the flag, did not touch his knowledge that the real Union had disappeared with the supremacy of a party based upon the idea of destroying the property rights of the people in fifteen States.

With these opinions and convictions Jefferson Davis gave himself unreservedly, heart, soul and brain, to the cause of his people.

It was his ardent wish to serve in the field, for he was by instinct and training a soldier, but he was called to the Presidency of the infant republic, and, with full knowledge of the terrible task, accepted it with solemn and earnest purpose.

To those who have no knowledge of the inner life of the Confederate Government, it is difficult to convey even an inadequate idea of the difficulties which confronted the President of the Confederate States.

The Southern people, brave and devoted, were impetuous, untrained, and unprepared for war. Their leaders in political life were men of great, but irregular talents, ambitious, fierce and intractable. Their ideas of war were crude and impracticable. In the

matter of supplies, so absolutely necessary to military success, they had been taught by De-Bow's *Review* that "Cotton was king," and that a cotton famine in Europe would force England and the great Continental powers to interfere in behalf of the Confederate States. As this dream vanished, and all the horrors of war came nearer to the homes and hearts of the Southern people, as their finances became disordered, their supplies exhausted, and the ranks of their armies thinned by disease and death, demagogues and traitors, jealous rivals, and half-hearted friends turned against the head of the government, and charged the mass of accumulating misfortune to his evil and malign influence. He was accused of prejudice, nepotism, kingly ambition, and as the sound of hostile guns came nearer and nearer to the beleaguered capital of the Confederacy, the louder swelled the clamor of this discordant and malignant disaffection.

Collected and calm, unmoved by misfortune, unvexed by accusation, Jefferson Davis discharged the trust reposed in him by the Southern people, with the heroic and sublime devotion of a martyr.

That he made many mistakes is but to admit that he was mortal. That his confidence was often abused, and the conclusions he reached erroneous, no one will deny who knows the truth; but amidst unparalleled difficulty and danger, surrounded by

perils within and without, the loyalty of Jefferson Davis to the Southern cause was never doubted by even his most unrelenting foes.

When the end came, and all the vials of the victor's wrath were emptied upon his devoted head, insulted and outraged, manacled in a felon cell, and watched by night and day, as if a wild beast, his splendid courage and unshrinking heroism brought the tears to even manhood's eyes throughout the world, and shamed the coward pack that hounded him.

At last there came an hour in which he met his accusers face to face in a Court of Justice and dared them to the worst. Serene and inflexible, he stood before the tribunal an incarnation of constancy and fortitude. In his person, resolute and uncomplaining, submissive to the will of God, but cringing not to mortal man, the South had its noblest type of manhood. He was its true representative, and every insult, every sorrow, every pang endured by him thrilled and touched every Southern heart.

Amidst the flowers of the South, where the moaning gulf sobs its requiem for the glorious dead, Jefferson Davis passed the closing years of a life which will cause for centuries both the severest criticism and the most touching devotion. The events in his career are too recent, the colors now too vivid, for the purpose of impartial judgment.

The time will come when all will see in the Southern leader that one great quality, which in all climes and ages has commanded the admiration of mankind,—constant, unyielding, uncompromising adherence to what he believed a just cause.

To the Southern people there will be no change in love and reverence for one who never faltered in his love for them.

Through all the ages, until constancy, courage and honest purpose become valueless among men, the flowers will be heap'd by loving hands upon his grave.

MEMORIAL ADDRESS.

BY REV. MOSES HOGE, D.D.

SOMEWHAT wearied, as I am, with the number of special services which have devolved on me of late, it was my desire and effort to be relieved of the one now assigned to me. But the constraint laid on me to perform it was one I could not properly resist. I have probably been called to undertake this office because I am one of the few pastors in this city who resided here during the Civil War, and because circumstances brought me into personal association with the President of the conquered Confederacy. I heard his first address to the Richmond people from the balcony of Spotswood Hotel, after the removal of the capital from Montgomery. I stood beneath the ominous clouds, in the dismal rain of that memorable day, the 22d of February, 1862, when, from the platform erected near the Washington monument in the Capitol Square, after prayer by Bishop Johns, he delivered his inaugural address, in clear but gravely modulated tones. I have ridden with him on horseback along the lines of fortification which guarded the city. I have had experiences of his courtesy in his house and in his office. I was with him in Danville after the evacu-

ation, until the surrender at Appomattox Court-house; and while I never aspired to intimacy with him, my opportunities were such as enabled me to learn the personal traits which characterized him as a man, as well as the official and public acts which marked his administration and which now form a part of the history of the country.

And now permit me to say a word with regard to the kind of service which I deem appropriate to the hour and to the place where we meet.

This is a *memorial* service, and not an occasion for the discussion of topics which would be appropriate elsewhere and at another time.

Every congregation assembled in our churches in these Southern States to-day forms a part of the vast multitude which unites in mind and heart with the solemn assembly in New Orleans, where, in the presence of the dead, the funeral services are in progress at this hour. There, all that is most tender and most impressive centres, and it becomes all who compose those outlying congregations to feel and act in sympathy with what is now passing in the sad but queenly city which guards the gates of the Mississippi, in the church draped in sable, and where the bereaved sit beside the pall with hearts filled with a sorrow which no outward emblems of mourning can express.

If we place ourselves in sympathy with the emo-

tions which centre there, and which radiate to the wide circumference of the most distant congregations uniting in these obsequies, then how evident it is that political harangues and discussions calculated to excite sectional animosities are utterly inappropriate to the hour. It is not the office of the minister of religion to deal controversially with the irritating subjects which awaken party strife. It is his duty and privilege to soften asperities, to reconcile antagonistic elements, to plead for mutual forbearance, to urge such devotion to the common weal as to bring all the people, North, South, East and West, into harmonious relations with each other, so as to combine all the resources of the entire country into unity of effort for the welfare of the whole. I trust this will be the tone and spirit of all the addresses made in the churches to-day throughout the South; and may I not hope that *as there are no geographical boundaries to the qualities which constitute noble manhood*, such as courage, generosity, fortitude, and personal honor, there will be many in the Northern and Western States who will be in sympathy with the eulogies which will be pronounced to-day by the speakers who hold up to view those characteristics of their dead chieftain which have always commanded the admiration of right-minded and right-hearted men in all lands and in all centuries.

The day is coming when the question will not relate so much to the color of the uniform, blue or gray, as to the character of the men who wore it; when the question will be, who were most loyal to what they believed to be duty, who were most dauntless in danger, who most sublime in self-sacrifice, who illustrated most splendidly the ideal of the patriot soldier?

Before the commencement of the strife which ended in the dismemberment of the Union, all men familiar with the life of Mr. Davis, whether as a cadet at West Point, as a soldier in the Mexican war, as the Governor of his adopted State, or as a member of the Senate of the United States, agree in regarding him as entitled to the reputation he won as a gallant officer and a patriotic statesman. After the organization of the Southern Confederacy, whatever conflicting views men may entertain with regard to the righteousness of the part he took in its formation, or as to the wisdom of his course as its Chief Magistrate, all alike admit the sincerity and the courage of his convictions, and the indomitable resolution with which he carried out his plans, with a decision that nothing could shake, and with a devotion that sought nothing for self, but everything for the success of the cause to which he had consecrated his life.

This leads to the inquiry as to the qualities and attributes which constitute the patriot statesman, the statesman needed for all time, but more especially for our own day and country. The opinion has been recently expressed by men whose words have great weight, that our legislative bodies should be composed for the most part of practical business men, thoroughly acquainted with the trade, the commerce, and the financial interests of the country. With a single qualification, no one will controvert the truth of that statement, but taken alone, it is an imperfect enunciation of the requirements of legislation. Associated with men, no matter how conversant with the commercial interests of the country, we need legislators who are profound students of *history, philosophy and ethics*; men who have had time and opportunities for thought and for the thorough investigation of the principles of government. I heard Lord Palmerston say in the speech he delivered at his inauguration as Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow that the difference between the statesmen of Great Britain and France was owing to the fact that the latter had been trained only in the exact sciences, while the former had been drilled in metaphysics and moral philosophy; and the result was, that while French legislative assemblies had been filled with brilliant politicians, the British Parliament had been graced

and dignified by men of the stamp of Burke and Chatham and Fox and Peel and Canning.

Who were the men who framed the government under which we live? Who wrote the masterly state papers which excited the wonder and admiration of the best thinkers of the old world? Who wrote the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution, which brought into union the independent colonial sovereignties? Who built up our system of Jurisprudence, combining the merits of Roman civil law and English common law? *All of them students*; men who, under the shade of their ancestral trees, in the retirement of their Southern country homes, had spent their lives in profound researches into the principles upon which just government is founded, and then were capable of elaborating and bringing into successful operation the wisest form of government the world ever knew. Never were statesmen of this type so much needed in our national councils as now.

Then I add, the statesman required for the times is one who has the courage and the ability to *lead* public opinion in ways that are right, instead of waiting to ascertain the popular drift, no matter how base, that he may servilely follow it. Unlike the popularity hunter, who never asks what is just, but what is politic, and then trims his sails so as to catch every breeze of public favor, the upright

statesman, with the deep conviction that nothing that is morally wrong can be politically right, steers directly for the port of duty along a line in which no deflection can be traced, and holds his course in the very teeth of the gale. While the demagogue dares attempt nothing, no matter how noble, which might endanger his popularity, the patriot statesman, when assailed by obloquy, is not greatly troubled thereby, but calmly waits for the verdict of time, the great vindicator.

When the path of duty becomes the path of danger, the upright statesman is not intimidated, but remains firm as the rock in mid-ocean, against which the invading waves beat only to be shattered into spray. While the tricky demagogue spends all his energies in directing the tactics of a party, the broad-minded statesman aspires to build up a noble commonwealth, and rises above all that is selfish and mean, because the ends he aims at are those of country, God and truth. Men of great gifts often fail in public life because they lack the moral basis on which character alone can stand. After all, *integrity* is one of the strongest of living forces; and what the people seek when their rights are imperilled is not so much for men of brilliant talents as for leaders whose chief characteristics are untarnished honor, incorruptible honesty, and the courage to do right at any hazard.

It is admitted that even such men sometimes fail to secure the triumph of the cause for which they toil and make every sacrifice ; but the very failures of such men are nobler than the success of the unprincipled intriguer. Reproach, persecution, misrepresentation and poverty have often been the fate of those who have suffered the loss of all for the right and true ; but they are not dishonored because the ignoble do not appreciate their character, aims and efforts.

“Count me o’er earth’s chosen heroes ; they were souls that stood alone ;
While the men they agonized for, hurled the contumelious stone.”

Our admiration is more due to him who pursues the course he thinks right, in spite of disaster, than to one who succeeds by methods which reason and conscience condemn. Defeat is the discipline which often trains the heroic soul to its noblest development. And when the conviction comes that he has struggled in vain, and must now yield to the inevitable, then he may, without shame, lay down his armor in the assurance that others will rise up and put it on, and in God’s good time vindicate the principles which must ultimately triumph.

Another of the lessons we learn from the eventful life just terminated is the *emptiness and vanity of earthly glory*, if it be the only prize for which the soul has contended. “As for man, his days are as grass. He cometh forth like a flower ; in the morn-

ing it groweth up and nourisheth : in the evening it is cut down and withereth. Surely man at his best estate is altogether vanity." Wealth, honor, power, military renown, popularity, the constituent elements of what men call glory, how evanescent they are, and how unsatisfactory while they continue ! What is earthly glory ? It is the favor of the fickle multitude, the transient homage of the hour, the applause of the populace, dying away with the breath that fills the air with its empty clamor. Oftentimes its most impressive emblem is the bloody banner whose tattered folds bear mournful evidence of the price at which victory is won. It is the mouldering hatchment which hangs above the tomb of the dead warrior. It is the posthumous renown which stirs not one sweet emotion in the heart which lies still and chill in the coffin, and whose music never penetrates the dull cold ear of death. What is earthly glory ? Listen ; " All flesh is as grass, and all the glory of man as the flower of the grass ; the grass withereth, and the flower thereof falleth away ; " " the wind passeth over it and it is gone."

We are told that when Massillon pronounced one of those wonderful discourses which placed him in the first rank of pulpit orators he found himself in a church surrounded by the trappings and pageants of a royal funeral. The church was not only hung with black drapery, but the light of day was ex-

cluded, and only a few dim tapers burned on the altar. The beauty and chivalry of the land were spread out before him. The members of the royal family sat beneath him, clothed in the habiliments of mourning. There was silence—a breathless suspense. No sound broke the awful stillness. Massillon arose. His hands were folded on his bosom; his eyes were lifted to heaven; utterance seemed impossible. Presently his fixed look was unbent, his eye roved over the scene where every pomp was displayed, where every trophy was exhibited. That eye found no resting place amid all this idle parade and mocking vanity. At length it settled on the bier on which lay dead royalty, covered with a pall. A sense of the indescribable nothingness of man at his best estate, overcame him. His eyes once more closed; his very breath seemed suspended, until, in a scarce audible voice, he startled the deep silence with the words:

“THERE IS NOTHING GREAT BUT GOD.”

To-day, my hearers, we are warned that pallid death knocks with impartial hand at all doors. He enters, with equal freedom, the dwelling of the humblest citizen and the mansion of senator, sage and chieftain. He lays peasant and president side by side, to repose in the silent, all-summoning cemetery.

"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour ;
The path of glory leads but to the grave."

There is nothing great but God ; there is nothing solemn but death ; there is nothing momentous but judgment.

Finally, *every life which is not made a preparation for the eternal future is a comedy, in folly—a tragedy, in fact.* No matter how splendid its success, the life itself and all its possessions are temporary. They are like the dissolving views of the panorama. Pietro de Medici commanded Michael Angelo to fashion a statue of snow. Think of such a man spending his time and splendid talents in shaping a snow image ! But men who devote all their time and talents to temporal things, no matter how noble, are modeling and moulding with snow. "He builds too low who builds beneath the skies." He who expects an enduring portion from anything lower than the skies, from anything less stable than the heavens, from anything less sufficient than God, is doomed to disappointment. The man with a mortal body inhabited by an immortal spirit, drifting to the eternal future without preparation for it, is like a richly freighted ship sailing round and round on an open sea, bound to no port, and which, by and by, goes down in darkness and storm.

Very different was the course and conduct of the man for whom these Southern States are to-day paying the last sad rites of respect and affection. His life was one of intense occupation. Much of it was absorbed with exciting, exacting, earthly duties; but in the midst of the pressure and distraction to which he was subjected, he remembered what time was made for; he remembered the endless life that follows this transient life. Very beautiful was the testimony of one of the most eminent of our Southern statesmen, whose own departure from the earth was both a tragedy and a triumph, when he said: "I knew Jefferson Davis as I knew few men. I have been near him in his public duties; I have seen him by his private fire-side; I have witnessed his humble, Christian devotions, and I challenge history when I say no people were ever led through a stormy struggle by a purer patriot, and the trials of public life never revealed a purer or more beautiful Christian character."

Oh! great is the contrast between the hopes and prospects of the worldling and those of the humble believer. The Duke of Marlborough, in his last illness, was carried to an apartment which contained a picture of one of his great battles. He gazed at it awhile, then exclaimed: "Ah! the Duke was something then, but now he is a dying

man." The Christian is something *when* he is dying. "His life is hid with Christ in God."

The closing scenes in the life of Mr. Davis were marked by fortitude, by the gentle courtesy which never forsook him, and, above all, by sublime though simple trust in the all-sufficient Saviour. While the outward man was perishing, the inward man was renewed day by day.

As the sculptor chips off the fragments of marble out of which he is chiseling a statue, the decrease of the marble only marks the development of the statue.

"The more the marble wastes,
The more the statue grows."

So it is with the spirit preparing to take its flight from the decaying vesture of the flesh to the place where it shall be both clothed and crowned.

Such are some of the impressive lessons of the hour, and if duly heeded, this solemnity, instead of being a mere decorous compliance with an executive summons, will be a preparation for the time when we shall follow our departed chief, and take our places among those who nobly fought and grandly triumphed. And then, as now, will we sing, Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost. As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.

EX PRESIDENT DAVIS IN TEXAS IN 1875.

BY EX-GOVERNOR F. R. LUBBOCK,
Who accompanied him through the State.

FROM the day that Mr. Davis was released from prison by the United States Government the people of Texas were solicitous to have him pay them a visit. They were not moved by idle curiosity; they were anxious to show the love and respect they bore him. This kindly feeling and respect was fully reciprocated by him. He knew them as brave soldiers in the early settlement of the republic; he had witnessed their gallantry in the war between the United States and Mexico, and later, in the war between the States, and thus drawn towards them, he invariably replied to their solicitations that as soon as a favorable opportunity offered he would visit the people he had ever held in such high regard. Finally, in May, 1875, a committee of citizens invited him to visit the State during the fair at Houston. The following characteristic reply was received:

VICKSBURG, MISS., 5th May, 1875.

My Dear Sir: I am engaged here on a matter of much importance to me, and of no little com-

plexity. If it is possible for me to arrange matters so that I can leave, it will give me sincere pleasure to meet the good people of Texas, whose kindness impresses me with heartfelt gratitude.

As heretofore, I am compelled to say, Do not expect me, but if I do not go, the regret will surely be deeper on my part than I can suppose it will be on that of others.

As ever, truly your friend,

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

COL. F. B. LURBOCK.

He came, however, on a very short notice to the committee. He was received at Galveston with marked attention and respect, although he arrived on Sunday, and attended divine services at the Episcopal Church during the day.

The next morning he proceeded to Houston. The notice of his coming was very short, but thousands thronged the city to meet their illustrious ex-President, and never was an arrival marked by stronger demonstrations of love and affection from a people. His address at the fair grounds captured his hearers, old and young. The Association of Veterans of the Texas Revolution were present. He spoke to them specially, and the old men grew wild at his magnificent tribute to them, as he enumerated the wonderful results they had achieved in giving to the country the great State of Texas.

A very touching incident occurred while he was still in that city. The survivors of the "Davis Guards," a company composed entirely of Irishmen, desired to call on him in a body. He accorded to them an interview. The writer of this, with a few other citizens, were present. It was a scene never to be forgotten. He made them a short speech, in which he referred to their brave conduct in defence of their adopted State. That gallant band of warm hearts and strong arms each and every one shook the hand of their President, as they called him, and not a dry eye was there among all those sturdy men as they parted from him. This company of forty-two volunteers is mentioned in Davis' "Rise and Fall of the Confederate States," vol. i., p. 236-240, as having performed one of the greatest feats during the entire war, resulting in saving Texas from invasion and probable devastation.

The people appeared loath to part with him, but he had to journey on. In passing through the country to Austin at every town and station the citizens assembled in great numbers, and as he would appear upon the platform of the car in response to their call, great cheering and hearty greetings came from an admiring people. The train was behind time in reaching Austin, the capital of Texas. It was raining, but men, women and children stood where they had been for hours. They

had improvised torch-lights and waited for the train that they might obtain a glimpse of their loved chief. He was received by the military and escorted to his quarters, where he was met by the Governor of the State and others.

The next day thousands of men, women and children called to shake his hand and tell him how they honored and loved him. While at the seat of government he had every attention that could be shown him. His reception in Austin will never be forgotten, even by the little children that took part in it.

The people having heard of his coming, his trip from Austin to Dallas was like a triumphal procession; never before or since has such an outpouring of the people been seen in Texas.

Arriving at Dallas he was received by the military, the civic associations and an immense concourse of people, and his stay while in that city was one continued ovation. Men, women and children were never satisfied until they had an opportunity of seeing their honored guest, and mothers were proud to have him lay his hands upon their children by way of recognition.

The people from every part of the State were sending committees for him to visit their particular section or town. He, however, found it necessary, from constant excitement and fatigue, to leave for his home in Memphis. On his way thither, at Mar-

shall, Texas, he was accorded the same hearty welcome and complimentary attentions that had been given him during his entire journey through the country.

In fact, he was entertained and honored throughout the State more like a victorious general passing through the country on a triumphal march after winning great battles, than a disfranchised citizen, the representative of a lost cause, with no emoluments or gifts to bestow, nothing being left to him but his honor, his great brain, and his true and noble heart beating and hoping for the prosperity of his people.

After he had passed the borders of the State he was quite exhausted from his extended travel and handshaking. This trip made a lasting impression upon him. He loved to dwell on his visit to the Lone Star State, and the welcome he received while there. It was the first really grand ovation that had been given him after the surrender of the armies of the Confederate States. My heart beats proudly when I think my State should be the first to publicly honor a man, not for his successes and the honors he had to bestow, but for the cause he represented and his own personal worth.

Moreover, during his stay with us offers came from various localities tendering him a suitable and comfortable home if he would but consent to remain

or return to the State. These offers he politely declined, as he had previously those of the same character from other States.

Of late years he had many pressing invitations to visit Texas again. Circumstances prevented his coming.

Now never again will we have the honor of his presence. We have draped our State in mourning and tolled our bells, and pronounced thousands of funeral orations, and laid away, amid our tears, what is mortal of him. His burning words of wisdom, his admirable example, his noble deeds, all are immortal, and will abide with us forever.

REMINISCENCE.

BY GENERAL A. R. LAWTON,

Ex-Minister to Russia and Quartermaster-General of the Confederate Army.

DISABILITIES and hindrances beyond my control have prevented me from responding favorably to a flattering request by the editors and publishers to prepare an article for the "Life and Reminiscences of Jefferson Davis." But now that I am kindly urged to do so, I cannot refrain from the attempt, at the last moment, to pay a *short* tribute to one I so honored and loved while living, that I cling to the memory of his virtues and his services, now that he is in his grave.

Perhaps I can best serve the cause of truth and justice by a plain, unvarnished statement of some things which I had exceptionally good opportunities to observe, as to the ability, character, conduct and temper of Mr. Davis, especially as they affect official people and public affairs.

My first acquaintance with Mr. Davis was in the summer of 1854, when he was Secretary of War. I was sent to Washington, with the Mayor of Savannah, to secure the use of Oglethorpe Barracks for the police force of the city. We were warned that our mission would probably be fruitless, but it



JEFFERSON DAVIS AND THE CONFEDERATE GENERALS.

proved entirely successful; and Savannah had the use of the Barracks for a number of years, to the mutual benefit of the United States Government and the city. The prompt and practical manner in which this application was treated by the Secretary of War, all minor impediments being brushed aside, while the utmost care was taken to fully protect the interests of the Government, made on me a deep impression, which has survived to this day. Later on in that summer Mr. Davis accompanied President Pierce to the mountains of Virginia, where I happened then to be. The short official interviews at Washington were there followed by less restrained social intercourse, which proved to be most interesting and instructive. The extent and accuracy of his knowledge of men and things, and his exceptional capacity for imparting information in familiar, yet beautiful language, increased and completed the impression made on me in Washington. Naturally, I then became much interested in his public career. I met him again, casually, at the house of a friend, in the State of New York, where he had gone on public business, in the early autumn of 1860. Except in this instance, I did not see Mr. Davis until June, 1862, when I passed through Richmond on my way from the coast of Georgia, to join Stonewall Jackson's command in the Valley. He had then been for more than a year the diligent, toiling,

faithful, President of the new Confederacy. Labor, responsibility and care had already made their mark upon him, and seriously impaired his health. Yet, still a splendid horseman, as he rode along the lines around Richmond, visiting the various points of military interest, he was a figure not to be forgotten. Nor less did he impress me in the bosom of his family, the tender husband and father, the refined gentleman, the courteous and kindly friend.

The exigencies of that terrible and glorious campaign of 1862, and its results to myself, prevented my seeing the President again for nearly a year, when I reached Richmond to report once more for active service in the field. But I found that the President had determined to assign me to duty as Quartermaster-General. I was thus detained in Richmond, and brought into close official relations with the Executive Department of the Government. It would be too personal to discuss here the feelings of hesitation, reluctance and anxiety with which I finally accepted so grave a trust. Suffice it to say, that for some time previous, and until the final overthrow of the Confederacy, the all-absorbing problems to be solved were field and railway transportation, and supplies for the Army—the first under the exclusive control of the Quartermaster's Department—and the same department, in much larger measure than all others combined, responsible for the latter.

With no rolling-mills nor locomotive works to replenish dilapidated railways, while armies in the field were hundreds of miles distant from the sources of supply—every part of our territory specially devoted to the raising of grain, wool, cattle and horses, either laid waste or in possession of the enemy—how were we to feed, clothe and transport our armies, and furnish horses and forage for wagon trains, cavalry and artillery? The thorough comprehension of the situation by 'Mr. Davis impressed me forcibly on our first interviews in this new relation. And while he had most distinct and eminently wise views as to the proper division of responsibility everywhere, and was slow to trench upon the functions of any other official, he never forgot that by far the largest share of that responsibility rose up from every inferior in grade, and adhered finally to the superior of all.

This dependence on the Quartermaster-General for the essentials of transportation and supplies necessarily caused the President often to summon him to his presence, or to accomplish the interview through General Lee. Take an example, which is itself of absorbing interest: The battle of Chickamauga was imminent. General Lee was appealed to to send Longstreet's entire corps, horses and artillery from the Rapidan all the way to the shadow of Lookout Mountain, to reinforce General Bragg. Everything

turned on the question of transportation and supply, and all had to be decided and performed with telegraphic haste. If this corps could reach Bragg in time for the impending battle, he might expect success; and General Lee ought, in that case, to detach and risk the absence of this important part of his army. But if Longstreet should reach Bragg too late to take part in the fight, and General Lee's strength diminished to that fearful extent, it might imperil the existence of both armies, and expose our weakness everywhere. The Quartermaster-General must say *when* Longstreet's corps could be delivered at Chickamauga. The time was named, and I tremble now as I recall the responsibility which that reply involved! The first detachment arrived in Richmond from the Rapidan the day after this interview at once filled all the trains in sight, then another, and another—and Longstreet joined Bragg almost at the moment when the firing commenced! The result is known.

Whenever complaint was made to the President by any commander, either in the field or of a military department, or by a *member of Congress* resident therein, that the supply of clothing, horses, forage, field or railway trains belonging to that army or department was inadequate, or less in proportion than elsewhere, before the President would make any response he promptly summoned the

Quartermaster-General, to learn from him the facts—obtained, if possible; the figures, and based his reply thereon. These details are given to show the great care of Mr. Davis to be informed before acting, and, while not avoiding any responsibility himself to call to his aid the chief of every department, and fix that responsibility where the evil could, if possible, be arrested or corrected. And further, I wish to show, at the risk of seeming egotism, what opportunity, yea, what *necessity* there was for me to know that of which I speak. Believing that I am without excuse, if mistaken, I do not hesitate to say, that in every instance of the nature here referred to (and I must refrain from further details) I never saw or heard anything, in manner or speech, that exhibited either undue temper or ill will against any officer or servant of the Confederate States. But the action or inaction of each was discussed entirely with reference to its effect on the result and the “cause.” On some of these occasions Mr. Davis was suffering torture from physical maladies, and could not sit at ease a moment.

His thorough and accurate acquaintance with all that was transpiring within the Confederate States, and his familiarity with all obtainable knowledge of things outside that affected our cause, was a constant surprise to those brought into immediate contact with him. Not less conspicuous was his readi-

ness for self-sacrifice, and his unwillingness to condemn, or even harshly to criticise others, until full information was obtained as to where the blame should rest. These qualities were, in part, the source of the reproaches so frequently brought against him, that he adhered to his friends at the expense of the public interest, and upheld them against the general clamor of adverse opinion. This holding fast to personal friendships, and giving countenance where it is most needed, may become a serious fault in a public man of high position and great power. But it is in itself such a beautiful virtue, or such a noble failing, as you may prefer to characterize it, that who of us, with generous instincts, does not love and admire it? Those who looked into the depths of his *human* soul loved him for these very traits! The longer I live the more I prize the name of friendship, which waits and seeks for opportunity to serve, and steps gladly to the front when needed, even though not summoned!

To my mind, the most difficult and painful part which Mr. Davis had to enact was forced on him after hostilities had ceased, by his long and severe imprisonment, and then his retirement from all participation in active affairs during the remainder of his life. A man of great pride, indomitable industry and energy, and of a temper naturally quick and strong, though controlled, he felt—oh! how nobly—

amid his constant physical sufferings, the responsibility of so bearing himself as to bring no reproach on the lost cause; coming to the front only on rare occasions, when attacks upon this cause, and the earnest desire of his fellow Confederates, did not permit him to remain silent. How well he bore himself on these occasions let his record attest!

In connection with his wonderful powers of utterance, and perfect mastery of the English language, I recall with sincere pleasure an inquiry about Mr. Davis, made by Lord Rosebery while on a visit to the United States many years since; and the desire expressed to make his personal acquaintance. His Lordship remarked that Mr. Davis delivered his inaugural at Montgomery, when he (Rosebery) was a youth, about leaving Eton College. The elegant style and high tone of the address so fired his youthful admiration that he followed it up by reading carefully every State paper from that source as soon as published. He said there was nothing finer in all the records of State papers than these messages and proclamations. When I asked him if his curiosity had led him to look at these papers in more mature years, he replied with emphasis, "The re-perusal has more than confirmed the impressions and admiration of my younger days."

As I only undertake to give the result of such desultory observations as I was permitted personally to make, I will add but one more incident.

On my first visit to the North on business, after the war, in the spring of 1866, I had the pleasure to meet Mrs. Davis on the train from New York to Washington, availing herself of the first permit to visit her husband in his prison at Fortress Monroe. At her request I stopped over a day in Washington, to confer with two or three public men, and see whether there could not be some mitigation of his prison life. To my surprise, one of the names she gave me (whom she thought would be willing to further her wishes) was the Senator from Massachusetts, General Wilson, afterwards Vice-President of the United States. I approached him with marked embarrassment, but he soon made one feel at ease. "I have," he said, "very great respect for Jefferson Davis, having served with him in the Senate and on the Military Committee of that body. He is an able, courageous and conscientious man; and though I think he was wrong in some important things, I am sure he was as honest in his convictions as I was. While I insist on the political results of the war, I am utterly opposed to all such personal punishments. If I can do anything to mitigate his situation, you can rely on me. But I fear those in executive authority do not agree with me." Many years elapsed before I had an opportunity to mention this interview to Mr. Davis, and General Wilson had then long been dead. With much feeling

he said: "I knew Wilson well—his honesty and frankness—and am not at all surprised at what he felt, and said to you."

His last utterance in print was a reply to Lord Wolseley's harsh and unjust strictures upon himself in the *North American Review*; and there it was shown that the weight of all his troubles and afflictions, and of his more than four-score years, had not dimmed his intellect, nor diminished his power to marshal the facts of history and rebuke the wrong.

I must close, though the debt I owe to our great chief is not paid. It never can be. For my opinion is not newly formed, but has been long and persistently maintained, that his abilities were of the highest order, his career without spot or blemish, even to the day of his death; and that he illustrated to the full extent the finest traits of the Southern Christian gentleman, the accomplished and ever faithful public servant.

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JEFFERSON DAVIS AS I KNEW HIM.

BY HON. REUBEN DAVIS.

"Wherefore I shall not fatigue myself to seek that which is impossible to find, and I shall not consume my life in flattering myself with the vain hope of seeing a man without blame among us mortals, who live upon what the earth presents to us."

"Now Esteem is a sincere homage, which causes a soul to be sincerely touched and affected; whereas Praise is frequently but a vain and deceitful sound."

PLATO.

JEFFERSON DAVIS was a man whose high fortune it had been to deserve in full measure that esteem declared by the greatest philosopher to be the worthiest tribute a man may receive from his fellow men. On the other hand, it has been his misfortune to have heaped upon him that ill-considered and indiscriminating praise condemned by the same great mind as an insult to the common sense of the living, and an offence against the majesty of the noble dead. Our hearts revolt against such homage, as though one should seek to enbalm the royal dead with cheap spices and perfumes, instead of breaking above the sacred body that rich casket of ointment, chrism, consecrated to heroes and princes among men, because distilled only from immortal plants—those "actions of the just, which smell sweet, and blossom in the dust."

For my part, in beginning some slight memorial of the noble gentleman whom I have regarded with esteem, admiration and affection for fifty years, and whose death comes to Southern men of my generation as the rending of ties close and strong, I hold that I reverence him but by simple truth. He had splendid and lofty qualities enough, not only to atone for some defects of character and temperament, but, so to speak, to make those defects a necessary part of his individuality.

What sort of friendship is that which plays tricks with a man's memory, making paltry excuses here, or paltry denials there? To be perfectly loyal, a man must love his friend, faults and all, scorning to paint him otherwise than as God made him.

There is nothing in all nature more certain than the great law of limitation, which holds all men in bondage, and, by which, an excess of any one power or quality, presupposes a corresponding deficiency in the opposite direction. And it is the men born with these abnormal forces who become the leaders of nations. It is such men who compel the respect and admiration of honest men, whatever may be their differences of opinion, or however bitterly they may be opposed to each other.

That Jefferson Davis was such a man was proved by the almost universal tribute of the public press—that great voice which can be surely trusted to utter

all that is best, deepest and truest in popular thought and sentiment. I speak now not so much of the warm outpouring of natural Southern emotion, but of the calmer verdict of those who had been his enemies, who still abhorred the creed to which he died steadfast, but who honored themselves in giving him due honor. In one of these articles, written in no unkindly spirit, I am sure—the editor spoke unconsciously a proud word for the South. He said: “The South gives itself up to passionate lamentation for Jefferson Davis, not knowing, perhaps, how much more of pride than of grief is behind their emotion.” We accept this without question, and glory in the knowledge that when a whole people knelt by the bier of the man whom the South delighted to honor, a grief untainted by shame or dishonor filled their hearts.

When a man lives to extreme old age, there can be only a narrow circle in which his loss is keenly felt as a personal sorrow, and very few whose lives are changed by his going away. Of those who live now, few remember Jefferson Davis in his prime, scarcely any in his early youth. I do not know if there is a single survivor of the class who were his comrades at West Point, or of those who shared with him the adventures and dangers of the Black Hawk War. That he distinguished himself from the beginning of his career as a student and soldier, is well known.

While still a very young man, fate dealt him a cruel blow, which changed the current of his life at the time, and, by so doing, altered the whole course of his future. His young wife, to whom he was devotedly attached, died a few months after marriage, and he mourned for her as a man mourns for the love of his youth. Withdrawing himself from his accustomed pursuits and associations, he retired to his estate at Brierfield, where he lived for ten years in great seclusion. These ten years were devoted to patient study, and it is no doubt to this prolongation of his student life that he owed the ripeness of his knowledge, and the polished beauty of his style, both in speaking and writing. The course of study adopted by him, and his unwearied investigation of all questions appertaining to human life and the science of government, fitted him to adorn the high places he was destined to fill.

One defect in his mental structure—the too minute attention to detail and form—had been hardened into a fixed habit by his military training. Had his destiny led him to rulership in a settled and powerful government, ruled by precedent, and requiring only a firm, strong hand to guide, and a polished intellect to adorn, this training would have been admirable. A revolution calls for different qualities, and a man less great than Jefferson Davis might have possessed an order of talent far more effective

in great emergencies. Gifted with some of the highest attributes of a statesman, he lacked the pliancy which enables a man to adapt his measures to the crises. His determination was fixed to bend the crises to his measures.

In 1843 an important issue claimed the attention of our people. This was the repudiation of the Union Bank bonds. As this question was one of great importance, touching the credit and honor of the whole State, it brought out the ablest men both for and against it. Some of those friends who knew Jefferson Davis intimately, and who recognized his wonderful powers of persuasive logic, determined to bring him out of his long retirement at a crisis when he could make a brilliant entrance into public action. They selected an adversary with whom few untried orators would have dared to measure themselves—the renowned L. L. Prentiss. The discussion lasted for two days, and was probably never surpassed in the force and beauty of the speeches. It was claimed that Mr. Davis came off victor. He was, without doubt, far superior to Mr. Prentiss as a debater, and scarcely less fascinating in style and manner of speaking.

It was not until the summer of 1844 that I had the honor of a personal acquaintance with Mr. Davis, though I had before that time regarded him with admiration as one of the most gifted young

men of the South. At a meeting of the Democratic Convention to appoint electors, Mr. Davis had made a speech so brilliant and convincing that, upon its conclusion, the whole body had risen, and nominated him by acclamation for district elector. General Harry S. Foote had been nominated elector for the State at large. Davis and Foote traveled together and made joint speeches.

I had been invited to attend a barbecue at Davis' Mill, on the line dividing Tennessee and Mississippi, and the day before, reached Holly Springs in time to hear the discussion. It was there that I first heard Mr. Davis speak, and was captivated by his lucid argument and delightful oratory. I do not think that I ever listened to any man with more pleasure and admiration, and, I may say here, that his speeches always impressed me in the same manner, even when, as afterwards happened, I was unable to adopt his side of the matter under discussion. At that time, however, there was no discord in our opinions, and I recall as among the most agreeable recollections of that by-gone time, our subsequent journey to Aberdeen, where Davis and Foote were to attend a great barbecue, and to be my guests for some days.

Everywhere they went they were received with enthusiasm, and from that canvass may be dated the ascendancy which Mr. Davis began to hold over the popular mind and heart of Mississippi. He was

elected to Congress, but resigned when chosen Colonel of the First Mississippi Regiment of Volunteers for the Mexican War. His regiment was made up of the best material in the State, and well officered. At first the men resented the strict discipline their colonel was wise enough to enforce, and for a time he was somewhat unpopular in consequence. Afterwards they realized the advantages of this severity, and, having found their leader as fearless in action as he was resolute in discipline, they almost idolized him.

Nothing could have been finer than the handling of that regiment in the battle of Buena Vista—nor more heroic than the personal courage of Colonel Davis. Although painfully wounded early in the morning, he continued his duty as if unhurt, even when urged by General Taylor himself to leave the field. His reply was noble and characteristic: "My men are full of spirit and courage, but there might be some mistake, under which they might falter, and so lose the day. I will stay with them till the fight is over." He had that high sense of duty which yielded to no pain of body or personal pride.

When he returned to Mississippi on crutches he was received with that enthusiasm which his great services so well merited. I do not think there was ever a time after that when he did not stand first in the hearts of Mississippians.

Very early in the movement toward secession, he was recognized as one of the leaders of the Disunion party. Believing as he did, first and last in the absolute sovereignty of the States, he never altered his policy, or the conviction that secession was the only safety and duty of the South. I do not believe that personal ambition had any conscious share in determining his action during this time, though he must have known that, should a new government be formed, he would certainly be chosen to fill the highest place in it. That a man of his ambition, and just confidence in his ability, and in the affection and admiration of the Southern people, could have been contented with a subordinate place in a revolution which he was so active in bringing about, was not to be expected.

But that he was sincerely devoted to the cause for which he fought, and that he believed in the principles of that cause with all the force of a mind clear in its convictions, and a character tenacious even to obstinacy in its determinations, cannot be doubted. His was essentially a strong and forceful nature, and he possessed the grand quality of steadfastness in its fullest measure.

Resenting opposition with the unalterable resentment of a reserved, proud and self-centred nature, it was not a possibility with him to recognize the justice of such opposition, even when proved by the

fatal results of a contrary policy, From this characteristic, it followed almost necessarily that he was sometimes obstinate in measures which afterward proved disastrous to the cause to which his whole heart was devoted; and that his prejudice for and against certain men, led to grave errors in selection for, and exclusion from, places of trust.

It is idle now to question how far the result could have been changed by a different policy, or whether the great game of war and politics could have been so played as to give victory to the South; worse than idle for even those who would then have died for the cause, no longer regret that it is a lost one. Still it cannot be denied that our whole policy was from the first fatal to all hope of success. Only the splendid courage of our soldiers, and the skill of a few of our commanders, could have prolonged the struggle through four wretched years. Of those years, I confess I cannot bring myself to write. It is like a nightmare to recall the bitter days when, as it seemed to me, thousands of lives were sacrificed, untold miseries endured, and the self-devotion of our people poured out in vain. The result which was accepted a quarter of a century ago as a woful necessity, has gradually evolved itself into a national gain. There are few men in the new South, who are not glad of our undivided nationality. The bitterness is that we blundered so fearfully; that we

threw away so many chances, and that our struggle, noble as it was, was embittered by so many ignoble jealousies, and frustrated by so many unworthy enmities.

It was the strength as well as the weakness of Jefferson Davis, that to the last he could not see this. Unbending in his conviction, he was sustained through defeat, captivity, and the long years of enforced inaction, by the serene approval of his mind and conscience. He believed that the cause for which he had toiled and suffered, was just and holy, and that the measures adopted to sustain it were the best which could have been devised under the circumstances.

To my mind, this heroic and good man makes a noble picture, with the ruins of his life's work all around him, and "all but his faith overthrown."

That a man should be right always is impossible—it is an impertinence to expect it of poor humanity. When he has the strength to venture all for a high vision, however mistaken, to live through slow years of defeat and failure, and die, holding fast his integrity, the world can give us no grander spectacle.

As the world is constituted, there is a vulgarizing element in success, with its blatant triumph and sordid following. Always, in History or Poem, it is the good man, steadfast against adverse fortune, who claims the homage of all hearts.

RECOLLECTIONS AND TRIBUTE.

BY HON. GEORGE DAVIS,
Member of Mr. Davis' Cabinet.

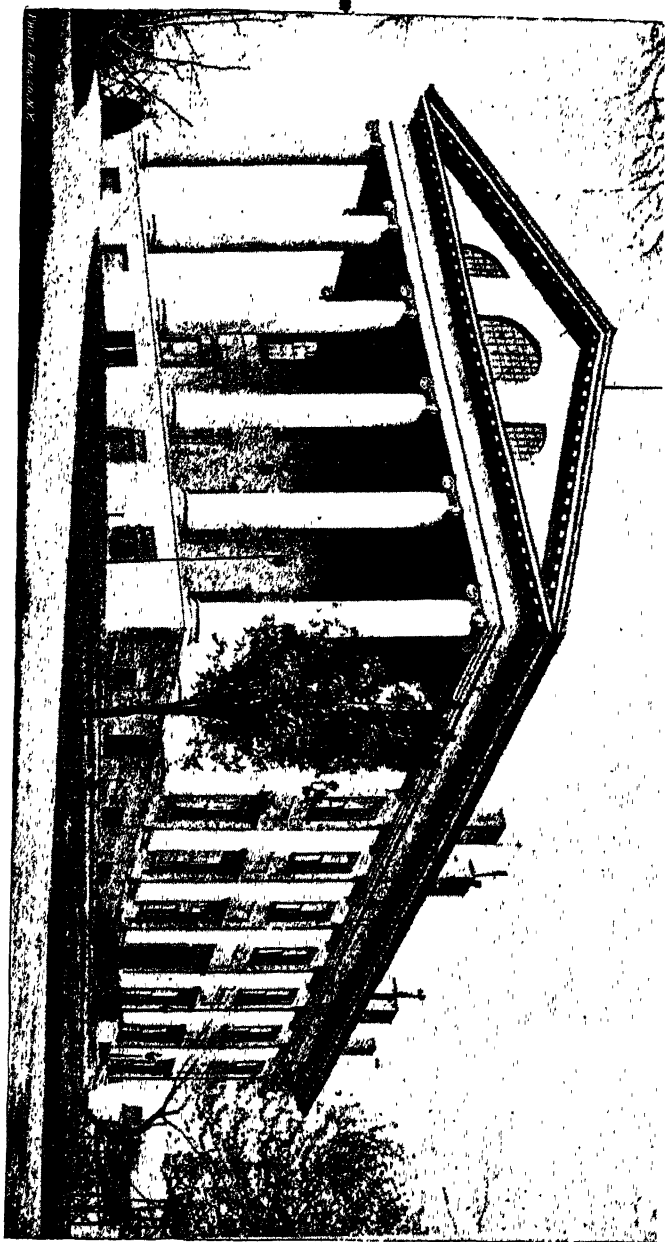
“**I** HAVE said ye are gods, and all of you are children of the Most High. But ye shall die like men, and fall like one of the princes.”

Jefferson Davis is dead. A prince has fallen—a true prince in all that most ennobles our manhood. To die in the purple of power and state, to fall in the rush of battle, where cannons are roaring and bayonets are flashing, to sink in the arms of victory, to end in the glare and dazzle of proud achievements—chieftain and soldier as he was—these things were not for him.

After long years of toil and anxiety, of strife and bitterness, of struggle and failure, of hatred and insult and slander, of poverty and misfortune, of weariness, pain and suffering, having finished his course he now rests from his labors—rests in peace. He has passed from earth, enduring unto the end.

“O! let him pass. He hates him
That would upon the rack of this tough world
Stretch him out longer.”

Whatever was great in his public life—and there was much—whatever was memorable in his actions,



CONFEDERATE CAPITOL, RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.

as soldier, scholar, orator, statesman, patriot, these things I relegate to history. I desire only to utter a few simple words in loving remembrance of the chief I honored, of the man I admired, of the dead friend whom I loved. What manner of man was this for whom ten millions of people are in grief and tears this day? No man ever lived upon whom the glare of public attention beat more fiercely, no man ever lived more sharply criticised, more unjustly slandered, more sternly censured, more strongly condemned, more bitterly hated, more wrongly maligned, and, though slandered by enemies, betrayed by false friends, carped at by ignorant fools, no man ever lived who could more fearlessly, like a great man who long preceded him, "leave the vindication of his fair fame to the next ages and to men's charitable speeches." Standing here to-day by his open grave, and, in all probability, not very far from my own, I declare to you that he was the honestest, truest, gentlest, bravest, tenderest, manliest man I ever knew: and what more could I say than that? My public life was long since over, my ambition went down with the banner of the South, and, like it, never rose again. I have had abundant time in all these quiet years, and it has been my favorite occupation, to review the occurrences of that time, and recall over the history of that tremendous struggle, to remem-

ber with love and admiration, the great men who bore their part in its events.

I have often thought what was it that the Southern people had to be most proud of in all the proud things of their record. Not the achievements of our arms. No man is more proud of them than I; no man rejoices more in Manassas, Chancellorsville and in Richmond; but all nations have had their victories. There is something, I think, better than that, and it was this, that through all the bitterness of that time, and throughout all the heat of that fierce contest, Jefferson Davis and Robert E. Lee never spoke a word, never wrote a line that the whole neutral world did not accept as the very indisputable truth. You all remember that Mr. Davis did not send a message to Congress, in which he portrayed the condition and causes of things, that all the world did not know it to be true. You know, Mr. Chairman, and you remember, you old grey jackets; yes, you all remember, that when General Lee, in his quiet, modest, reverent way, would telegraph to Mr. Davis, at Richmond, that God had mercifully blessed our arms, not all the lying bulletins that shingled over half the world could make any one believe that there had been a Federal victory. Aye, truth was the guiding star of both of them, and that is a grand thing to remember; upon that my memory rests more proudly

than upon anything else. It is a monument better than marble, more durable than brass. Teach it to your children, that they may be proud to remember Jefferson Davis.

The more you knew him, the nearer you came to him, the more you saw and heard him, the greater he grew.

He has been growing greater and greater for twenty-five years; he will be greater one hundred years hence than he is to-day. Such wonderful and accurate information I never saw. He seemed to me to have traversed the whole course of science and of nature and of art. Whatever was the topic of conversation, from making a horseshoe to interpreting the Constitution, from adjusting a jack-plane to building a railroad, he not only seemed to know all about it, but could tell you the most approved method of doing it all. Some people have an idea, and not a few, I expect, that Mr. Davis was a cold, severe, austere, unfeeling man. There never was a more untrue opinion. No man ever had a better right to know than I. For sixteen months I had the honor to be at the head of the Law Department of the Government, and every sentence of a military court that went to Mr. Davis was referred to me for examination and report. I do not think I am a very cruel man, but I declare to you it was the most difficult thing in the world to keep Mr. Davis up to

the measure of justice. He wanted to pardon everybody, and if ever a wife, or mother, or a sister got into his presence, it took but a little while for their tears to wash out the records.

Hear what General Taylor wrote of him—General Dick Taylor, who knew him even better than I did, and who was himself,

“The knightliest of the knightly race
That since the days of old
Have kept the lamp of chivalry
Alight in hearts of gold.”

“In the month of March, 1875, my devoted wife was released from suffering. Smitten by the calamity, I stood by her coffin as it was closed, to look for the last time upon features that death had respected and restored to their girlish beauty. Mr. Davis came reverently to my side and stooped reverently to touch the fair brow, when the tenderness of his heart overcame him and he burst into tears. His example completely unnerved me for the time, but was of service in the end. For many succeeding days he came to me and was as gentle as a young mother with her suffering infant. Memory will ever recall Jefferson Davis as he stood with me by that coffin.”

I do not know, but I profess to you that I thoroughly believe that he could never read the story of “Little Nell” or the death of Colonel New-

come without his eyes being bedimmed with tears. Once he was indisposed in Richmond, so sick that the physician confined him to the bed. To relieve the monotony, his wife was reading to him one morning some story—I do not remember what. He was so quiet that Mrs. Davis thought he was asleep, but did not stop for fear of awaking him. She got to that portion of the book where the villain of the story got the heroine into his power, and was coming it pretty strong over her, when suddenly she heard him exclaim: “The infernal villain!” and looking around, the President was sitting up in bed with both fists clenched. Well, this is a little thing; do you respect him less for it? It showed that he was a man, not a cold image set up on a pedestal for us to admire, a man with the faults and weaknesses of human nature, but a man with the great virtues of a great nature. I never saw a man more simple in his habits of life. He surrounded himself with no barriers of forms and ceremonies. The humblest soldier in the ranks, the plainest citizen in the Confederacy, could have as easy access to him as the members of his Cabinet, when such demands on his time were consistent with the demands of the public service. No man ever lived who more thoroughly despised the mere show and tinsel of state and power, and the trappings of office.

Mr. Davis was at the head of one of the grandest armies the world ever saw in a time when "laws were silent in the midst of arms," and I give you my word I never saw him attended by a guard or even by an orderly. His domestic servants and his office messengers were all that he needed, and all that he would have. I say he was never attended by a guard; he was once, and I shall never forget the pleasure with which he told me of it. When General Lee was encamped on the banks of the Chickahominy, near Richmond, Mr. Davis was in the habit every afternoon, after the business of his office was over, of riding out to his headquarters. Upon these visits he always went on horseback, and generally alone. Upon one occasion he was detained later than usual, and night had fallen before he left General Lee's tent. As he rode along he heard a horse approaching rapidly, and presently a cheery young voice cried out, "Good evening," and as he turned to salute, a young lad rode up to his side—a mere boy of sixteen or seventeen years of age, but he wore the grey jacket, and had his rifle on his shoulder and his revolver in his belt. "Good evening, is your name Davis?" "Yes." "Jefferson Davis?" "Yes." "I thought so. Now, don't you think you are doing very wrong to be riding around in the dark by yourself?" Mr. Davis said he was within our lines, and had nothing to fear from

Confederate soldiers. "It ain't right," said the boy, "for there are bad men in our army as well as in all armies." Mr. Davis, in his kind and gentle way, entered into conversation with him, and they rode on five or six miles together, until they reached the fortifications of the city, when the boy drew up and said: "Well, I'll turn back now. Good evening," and rode away into the darkness. The brave lad thought the President was in danger, and he made himself his body-guard, determined to see him through; and he would have died for him there upon that lonely road with as much bravery and cheerfulness as thousands of his comrades were dying every day for the cause Mr. Davis represented.

Ah, his people loved him, and have met together to-day to show it to the world. I once witnessed a scene which showed how the people loved him. In May, 1867, after two years of the most brutal treatment, the most brutal imprisonment the world ever saw, outside of Siberia, unrelieved by the slightest touch of kindness or generosity, Mr. Davis was brought to trial before the Federal Court in Richmond. I chanced to be there, and promised Mrs. Davis, as soon as I had any intimation of what the court was going to do, to come and report. I sat in the court when Chief Justice Chase announced that the prisoner was released. I never knew how I

got out of that court-house, or through the crowd that lined the streets, but I found myself in Mrs. Davis' room and reported. In a little while I looked out of a window and saw that the streets were lined with thousands and thousands of the people of Richmond, and scarcely passage was there even for the carriage in which Mr. Davis rode at a funeral gait; and as he rode every head was bared, not a sound was heard, except now and then a long sigh, and so he ascended to his wife's chamber. That room was crowded with friends, male and female. As Mr. Davis entered they rushed to him and threw their arms around him. They embraced each other, old soldiers, men of tried daring, cried like infants. Dear old Dr. Minnegerode lifted up his hands, with big tears rolling down his cheeks, and the assembled company knelt down, while he offered up a short thanksgiving to God for having restored to us our revered chieftain.

Now, what more can I say? I have endeavored to give you these little personal traits of Mr. Davis in order that you might know him better. I have said he was a prince. He was far better than that. He was a high-souled, true-hearted Christian gentleman. And if our poor humanity has any higher form than that, I know not what it is. His great and active intellect never exercised itself with questioning the being of God or the truth of His reve-

lations to man. He never thought it wise or smart to scoff at mysteries which he could not understand. He never was daring enough to measure infinite power and goodness by the poor, narrow gauge of a limited, crippled human intellect. Where he understood he admired, worshipped, adored. Where he could not understand, he rested unquestioningly upon a faith that was as the faith of a little child—a faith that never wavered, and that made him look always undoubtingly, fearlessly through life, through death, to life again.

“MY DEAD HERO.”

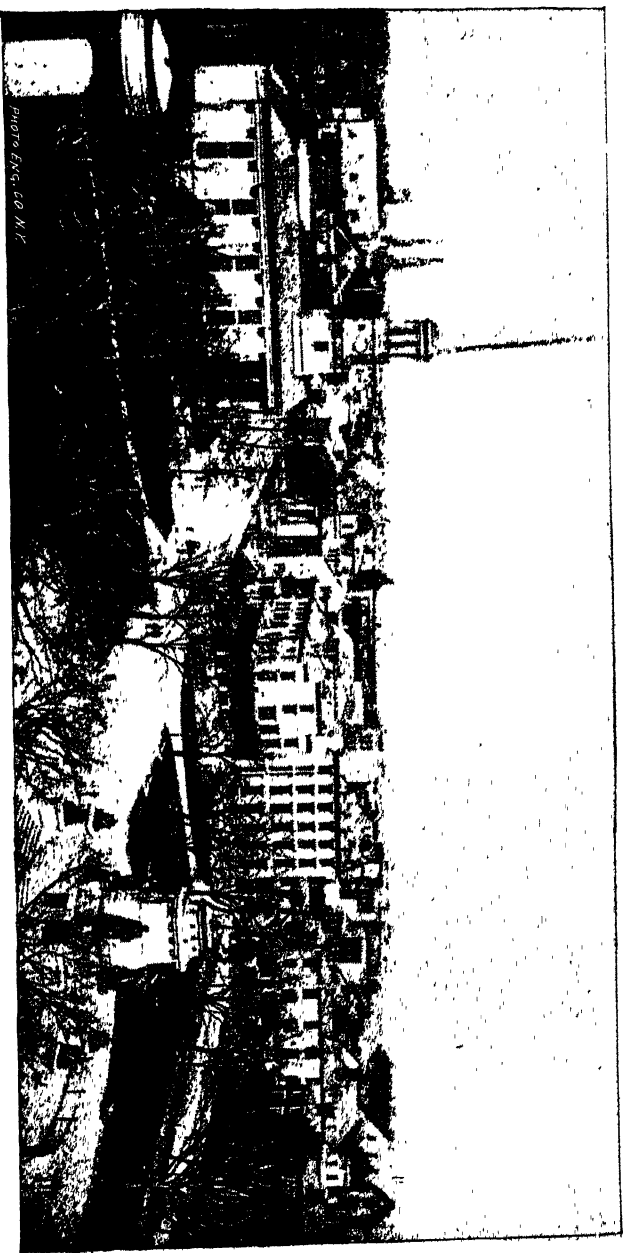
BY CHARLES MINNIGERODE, D.D.,

Mr. Davis' Pastor during the War.

THAT is the plaintive name given to him in a personal letter to me by the one who knew him best and loved him most—his noble, stricken widow. And millions have responded in a loud and solemn echo, “*Our Dead Hero.*”

I do not know that History, in any time or country, has witnessed such deep-toned, universal feeling, such a spontaneous upheaving of the deepest sorrow and sympathy of the heart, and, as if standing at his grave, from every quarter of the South, people poured out their lament, their admiration, loyalty and love in such irrepressible manifestations.

In the great epochs and events of History there ever rises one man, who seems to be pointed out by Providence as the leader in the struggle, and in whom the conflict is represented and, as it were, incarnated. A Cromwell, William of Orange, our own peerless Washington—not one of them were the originators, the cause of events. Circumstances, the necessities of the times, brought them to the surface, and put them in the place for which Providence had called them and fitted them. If I have understood



SAINT PAUL'S CHURCH.
Where Mr. Davis attended.

WASHINGTON'S STATUE.
Under which Mr. Davis delivered his Inaugural Address.

Mr. Davis' position at all, he gloried in the Revolution of the Colonies in 1776 as the struggle for the rights and liberties which belonged to them as their natural claims which the home-country denied to them. The secession of the Southern States was in defence of their constitutional rights, which were threatened by the aggressive and unconstitutional policy of the Government. That Government was a union of the separate Colonies as sovereign States, which delegated certain powers to the General Government as the central agent of the sovereign States. The debate about their mutual relation was long, and the two views of a centralized nation and a union of sovereign States existed from the beginning. But there would have been no United States at all if the States' rights had not been established by the Constitution. It is the fundamental and cardinal bond of the different States, which, only on these terms, at last ratified and accepted the Constitution. The right of States to withdraw when they deemed themselves wronged by measures of the Central Government was claimed more than once by Northern States, while there was an equilibrium in strength and power of the two sections. But the bond of union, with the glorious recollections and struggles of the common country, prevented action. It was only when the North became overwhelming in power, and its population growing from year to

year, that separation or withdrawal became a possibility. Compromises upon compromises staved off the danger, but did not secure the minority of the States against the aggressive policy of the North. Noble men in the North and South labored for years to heal the breach, and Jefferson Davis was among the foremost to labor for the Union and urge the policy of patience, forbearance and hope, dreading separation as the most unhappy event. But in vain. The strife went on; the breach widened. And at last the Southern States felt themselves forced to meet what to them appeared as secession on the part of the North from the fundamental and cardinal features of the Constitution, by their constitutional right to withdraw (they did not think it right to disobey or rebel while part and parcel of the United States Government); when delay would have eventually resulted in the subjugation of the South to mere majority, and the surrender of all their liberties guaranteed by the Constitution, reducing the sovereign States to mere provinces—then it was not revolution or rebellion, but the resort to their constitutional right of secession, which was chosen; and life, property and honor were pledged in support of their action.

These were the views of the Southern States, and shared to this day—at least as far as the constitutional question is concerned—by many in the North.

In the very beginning of the trouble I had a long and earnest letter from a dear friend and distinguished constitutional lawyer in the North, acknowledging that we were in the right indeed, but that they were bound to fight us, even in self-defence,—“we cannot do without the South, cannot allow it to become a separate State.” The feeling for his section made him consent to do what he held to be constitutionally wrong. And many like him have allowed their sectional allegiance to override their legal scruples.

Whatever may be thought of these views, and however they may be affected by the failure of the Confederacy, it was on their part a struggle for life and liberty, and the right of self-defence when their liberties were threatened.

Jefferson Davis held these views conscientiously and consistently. When his State seceded, he followed the call of the sovereign State, to which he owed his first allegiance.

I have ventured to make these statements, because they are the key to his whole life and his every action. He was one of the most consistent and conscientious of men—“a duty man,” as he was in the habit of calling others whom he trusted and esteemed, and whom he gauged by that—and nothing could turn him from what he considered to be his duty. He was as unselfish as it falls to the best

of men to be; he had "no axe to grind," and would have spurned himself for seeking his self-interest or his own glory. He lived and died a true hero in the maintenance of the position into which Providence—"the *vox populi*," alike as what was (to him) "the *vox Dei*"—called him. That call came to him loudly and unanimously from the whole South; and I think all admit that he was the only one who could have conducted the terrible task that was appointed him. He never sought: he was sought. It was his genius, his talents, his character, that raised him from place to place, from honor to honor, and singled him out as the one man the South could trust with the responsibility of Chief of the Southern Confederacy.

Jefferson Davis was the rarest combination of talents and excellency in almost every department: military, political, legal, administrative, moral and, I boldly add, religious.

Military: who earned his spurs and reached celebrity in the wars of his country; by nature perhaps more ambitious in that line than any other, and who, I am sure, would gladly have been in the saddle, and commanded his armies, had not higher duties and his respect for his glorious generals restrained him.

Political: as shown by the influence he gained in every position, and his sagacity, which amounted to

true statesmanship, clear in his views, comprehensive, and yet fully at home in details.

Legal: a mind thoroughly trained in the law, and one of the best expounders of the Constitution—the basis on which he stood in all his actions.

Administrative: to a degree which roused the admiration of the world and even his enemies, and which enabled him to hold together the different views and preferences of people, to create order where was at first only enthusiasm, to employ as his counselors the best talent, and with their help to bind together all the different elements of his wide field, to bring into shape all that was unformed, to take a country unprepared, without regular training, without finances, without the materials of war, shut out from all external help, and conduct and sustain its affairs through four long years of war, suffering, difficulties and wants, when everything had first to be created by his energetic and clear-headed co-operation and direction.

Moral: The glory, I think, of the Confederacy was the order and decency with which everything was conducted, and the example set by its chief. There were more Christian men at the head of the different departments, more soldiers of Christ in officers and men than I have ever known: "Christ was in the camp." I know more of Mr. Davis in this respect than perhaps any other man. I knew more

of his inner life, and saw him intimately in all possible situations: always true, there was not a false fibre in him; always pure, his whole being loathing an impure thought, anything low or corrupting; and when he became a communicant of the Church, he verified in his person, in word and deed, as far as I could judge, that he was "pure in heart," and lived conscientiously in the sight of God. All his habits bore the stamp of that.

And thus I will not say more of him as a religious man. I do not claim to have had much share in the development of his Christian character. I hope I was a help to him as he was to me.

I would not be misunderstood. Though I believe I knew more of this than anybody, except his wife, and though I loved and honored him—a noble, unselfish, guileless character—of course he had his faults: who has not? and made mistakes: who does not? But the man's self-control was wonderful, and the high aim that guided him saved him from the perils of those in such prominent positions, involved as he was in cruel warfare, affected by its harrowing and ever-changing situations.

I would not be astonished if he had been "a good hater," such as Dr. Johnson "liked." All strong men have strong feelings. But it was more against the wrong-doing of men, than their persons. There was a generosity in him and a large-hearted disposition which was ready to forgive.

With all his calmness and sagacity, such was his want of guile, that he was perhaps liable to fall under the influence of injudicious, perhaps even false friends, at least for a time. Like all of us, he had his prejudices and his preferences; but if he had faults like these, they were the result of his unsophisticated, guileless nature, which looked for the good in people rather than the evil. His gentleness was charming, and in a thousand ways he showed his sympathy with the poor and needy. The war had not hardened him. I have occasionally been led to intercede for a prisoner of war, and he always took the side of mercy. I have known ladies—mothers from the North—to intercede in behalf of their sons, and leave him with blessings and tears of gratitude.

I have heard him speak of his old friends of West Point, on either side, with the deepest interest, and always with dignity and doing justice to his enemies in the conflict impartially and even heartily. He was a true gentleman and soldier.

That any man should dare, at this time, when the true history of his conduct towards the prisoners of war is made known and documentarily proved—should dare to repeat the extravagant and sensational outcries of his vindictive maligners, and be low enough still to make capital of it for political, and South hating purposes, and that not only before mobs, but in the Congress of the United States, is

almost incredible. The investigation of this subject is a dangerous thing for his defamers, be they who they may.

His unselfishness was unsurpassed. Like a second Sir Philip Sidney, whenever offers of pecuniary help were made to him—much as he really needed it—he declined them courteously and advised that they be given to his poor soldiers and people.

The events of his life are so closely connected with the events of the war, and have been spoken of and written of so often that I pass them. My connection with him was chiefly that of his pastor, and I will not prolong this article by retailing what I have said elsewhere. To many it would not be very interesting, perhaps. But all I have said of him, and his character is the result of my knowledge of him, through my personal, intimate intercourse during the war, during his imprisonment and since.

It was worth seeing a man like him pass through the changing scenes of his eventful life, and watch the calm dignity, the firm determination, resolution to do his duty and trust in God and in the righteousness of his cause.

I remember the last meeting with him before the failure of our cause. I had dined with him in company with Mr. Halcomb and a member of the Virginia Legislature (I do not remember his name now), and after dinner we retired to his little ante-cham-

ber, speaking of various things, when General Lee came in, the soldier, the gentleman, the honored friend—just from the army before Petersburg. Calm and dignified as ever, he looked sad and thoughtful, and the conversation soon turned on our condition. We all knew that it was as alarming as could be. Our friend from the Legislature said to him, "Cheer up, general. We have done a good work for you to-day. The Legislature has passed an order to raise an additional number of 15,000 men for you." General Lee bowed his head meekly: "Yes, passing resolutions is kindly meant, but getting the men is another thing. Yes," he continued, with flashing eyes, "if I had 15,000 fresh additional troops, things would look very different." Mr. Davis knew how true were the fears of his general. It was sad to see these two men with their terrible responsibilities upon them and the hopeless outlook. Sad at heart, we left them to consult in lonely conference, I suppose about the possible necessity of evacuating Richmond.

The 2d of April followed soon after this. Perhaps a strictly correct account may not be improper. It was Sunday, a beautiful Sunday like that of the first Manassas, and the air seemed full of something like a foreboding of good or bad. All expected a battle, and I know that wagons were held in readiness for transportation of commissary stores, ammu-

nition, etc. The beautiful church of St. Paul, in its chaste simplicity and symmetry, was filled to the utmost, as always during the war. Mr. Davis, who never failed to be in his pew unless when sick or absent from the city, was there, devoutly following the services of the church. It was the regular day for the Holy Communion. Nothing had occurred to disturb the congregation, though anxiety was in many a heart. As the ante-communion service was read and the people were on their knees, I saw the sexton go to Mr. Davis' pew and hand him what proved to be a telegram. I could not but see it. Mr. Davis took it quietly, not to disturb the congregation, put on his overcoat and walked out. On communion occasions I was wont to make a short address from the chancel. While doing so, the sexton came in repeatedly and called out this one and that one, all connected with the government and military service. Of course the congregation became very restless and I tried to finish my address as soon as I could, without adding to the threatening panic. But when the sexton came to the chancel-railing and spoke to Rev. Mr. Kepler, who assisted me, they began to stir, and I closed as quickly as possible. Then Mr. Kepler told me the provost-marshal wanted to see me in the vestry-room. I went out and found Major Isaac H. Carrington, who informed me that General Lee's lines

had been broken before Petersburg, that he was in retreat, and Richmond must be evacuated. As nothing would occur till the evening, he asked my advice whether the alarm should be rung at once or in the afternoon. We determined to wait till 3 o'clock, and I returned to the chancel. As I entered I found the congregation streaming out of the church, and I sprang forward and called out, "Stop! stop! there is no necessity for your leaving the church;" and most of them (all who had not left before I got back) returned. Then I recalled my appointment for service that night, told the people that we had met with disaster before Petersburg, and a meeting of the citizens would be called by the alarm-bell at 3 o'clock in the Capitol Square; that there was no occasion for them to leave at once, and requested the communicants to stay to the celebration. About 250 or 300 remained, and some felt as if they were kneeling there with the halter around their necks. The panic was so great.

That evening Mr. Davis left Richmond. A week later, after the battle of Appomattox, General Lee surrendered, and whilst General Johnston was still in the field and Kirby Smith with his army on the Mississippi, the Confederacy was virtually at an end.

By the request of the publishers the incidents of my intercourse with Mr. Davis—although they have

already appeared in some newspapers—are here inserted to make the article complete. *

I cannot describe my meeting with Mr. Davis in his cell. He knew nothing of my coming, and it was difficult to control ourselves.

Mr. Davis' room (he had been removed from the casemate, and the infamous outrage of putting him in chains) was an end room on the second floor, with a passage and window on each side of the room, and an ante-room in front separated by an open grated door—a sentinel on each passage and before the grated door of the ante-room. Six eyes were always upon him day and night; all alone, no one to see, no one to speak to!

I must hurry on. You may yourselves make out what our conversation must have been.

The noble man showed the effect of the confinement; but his spirit could not be subdued, and no indignity—angry as it made him at the time—could humiliate him.

I was his pastor, and of course our conversation was influenced by that and there could be no holding back between us. I had come to sympathize and comfort and pray with him.

QUESTION OF COMMUNION.

At last the question of the Holy Communion came up. I really do not remember whether he or I

first mentioned it. He was very anxious to take it. He was a purely pious man, and felt the need and value of the means of grace. But there was one difficulty. Could he take it in the proper spirit—in the frame of a forgiving mind, after all the ill treatment he had been subjected to? He was too upright and conscientious a Christian man "to eat and drink *unworthily*"—*i.e.*, not in the proper spirit, and, as far as lay in him, in peace with God and man.

I left him to settle that question between himself and his own conscience and what he understood God's law to be.

In the afternoon General Miles took me to him again. I had spoken to him about the communion and he promised to make preparation for me.

I found Mr. Davis with his mind made up. Knowing the honesty of the man, and that there would be, could be, "no shamming," nor mere "superstitious belief in the ordinance, I was delighted when I found him ready to commune. He had laid the bridle upon his very natural feeling and was ready to pray "Father, forgive them."

A NOTABLE COMMUNION.

Then came the communion—he and I alone, but with God.

It was one of those cases where the Rubric cannot be binding.

It was night. The fortress was so still that you could hear a pin fall. General Miles, with his back to us leaning against the fireplace in the ante-room; his head in his hands not moving; the sentinels ordered to stand still, and they stood like statues.

I cannot conceive of a more solemn communion scene. But it was telling upon both of us; I trust for lasting good.

Whenever I could I went down to see him, if only for an hour or two; and when his wife was admitted to see him it was plain that their communings were with God.

Time passed; not a sign of any humiliating giving way to the manner in which he was treated; he was above that. He suffered, but was willing to suffer in the cause of the people who had given him their confidence and who still loved and admired and wept for the man that so nobly represented the cause which in their hearts they considered right and constitutional.

A USELESS APPEAL TO STANTON.

His health began to be affected. The officers of the fortress all felt that he ought to have the liberty of the fort, not only because that could in no way facilitate any attempt to escape, but because they knew he did not wish to escape. He wanted to be tried and defend and justify his course. I happened

to be in Washington for a few hours at that time, and as I had been told by Rev. Dr. Hall more than once that Mr. Stanton spoke of me very kindly, he encouraged me to see him about any matter I thought proper in Mr. Davis' case.

I went to see Mr. Stanton. He had recently lost his son and had been deeply distressed—softened one would think; I hoped so. I was admitted.

A bow and nothing more.

I began by expressing my thanks to him for allowing me to visit Mr. Davis, and that as I was in town, I thought it would not be uninteresting to him to hear a report about Mr. Davis.

Not a word in reply.

I gradually approached the subject of Mr. Davis' health, and that without the least danger of any kind as to his safe imprisonment he might enjoy some privileges, especially the liberty of the fort, or there was danger of his health failing.

The silence was broken.

"It makes no difference what the state of the health of Jeff Davis is. His trial will soon come on, no doubt. Time enough till that settles it."

It settled it in my leaving the presence of that man.

BAILED.

But the time came for his release. The way he conducted himself just showed the man, whom no

distress could put down nor a glimpse of hope could unduly excite. He had seen too much and had placed his all in higher hands than man's.

We brought him to the Spotswood and then to the custom-house. There the trial was to take place. We were in a carriage, the people, and especially the colored people, testifying their sympathy. Mr. Davis was greatly touched by this.

All know that the proceedings in court were very brief.

Mr. Davis stood erect, looking steadily upon the judge, but without either defiance or fear. He was bailed, and the first man to go on his bond was Horace Greeley.

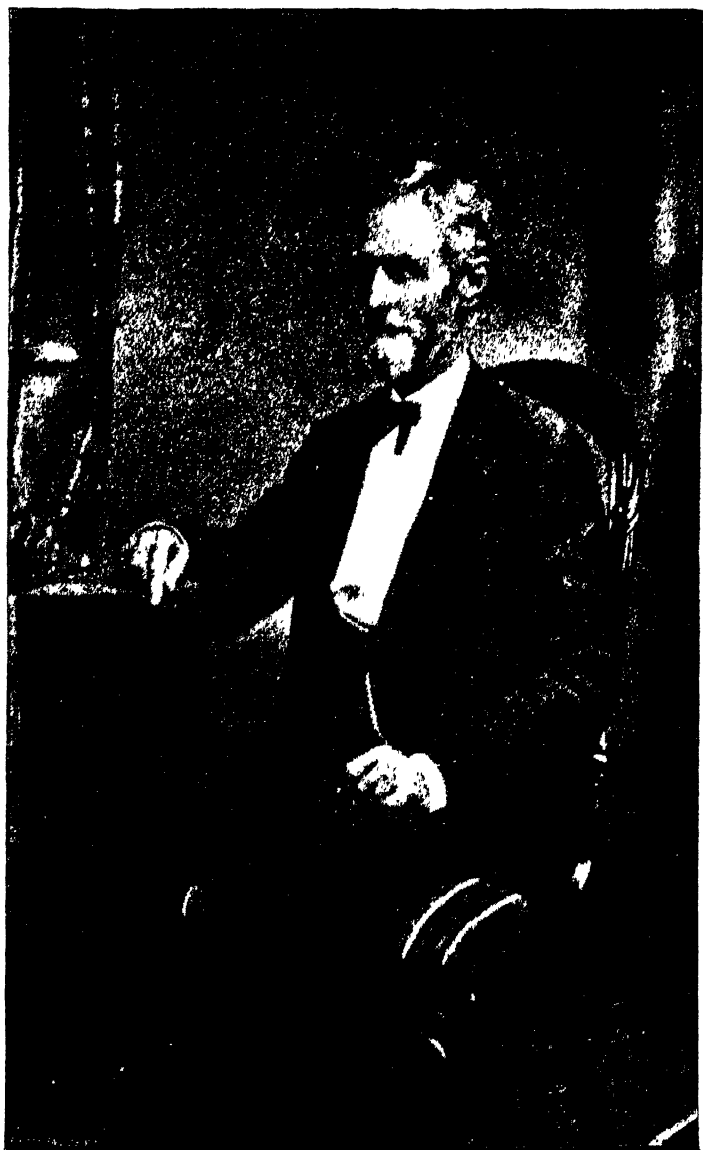
Our carriage passed with difficulty through the crowd of rejoicing negroes with their tender affection, climbing up on the carriage, shaking and kissing his hand, and calling out, "God bless Mars Davis." But we got safely to the Spotswood.

We found Mrs. Davis awaiting us, and the Hon. George Davis, Attorney-General of the last Cabinet, and a few others.

Mr. George Davis and I just fell into each other's arms with tears in our eyes.

THANKSGIVING.

But Mr. Davis turned to me: "Mr. Minnigerode, you have been with me in my sufferings, and com-



JEFFERSON DAVIS.

(Taken just after his release from prison.)

forted and strengthened me with your prayers, is it not right that we now once more should kneel down together and return thanks?"

There was not a dry eye in the room.

Mrs. Davis led the way into the adjoining room, more private; and there, in the deeply-felt prayer and thanksgiving, closed the story of Jefferson Davis' prison life.

His end has come and silence reigns over his grave. But I cannot close without referring to Mr. Davis' home life, just in a few words, for delicate regard for the feelings of the living, forbids me to draw the veil from that sacred spot. It was a bright, happy home, in the midst of our trials and dangers. He shone there in his best light, his gentle, courteous, loving character, sustained by the truest wife in all his trials and sorrows, sharing them and bearing them with a constancy and loving bravery, such as is the glorious privilege of womanhood. Wherever the memory of the "dead hero" is revived in the hearts of his people, there stands beside him, and will ever be loved and honored that noble woman, *the wife of Jefferson Davis*.

AN AMERICAN TO BE PROUD OF.

BY COL. CHARLES MARSHALL,
Member of General R. E. Lee's Staff.

THE last time I saw Mr. Davis was at a memorial meeting in Richmond in honor of his distinguished associate, Robert E. Lee, and to-night is the first opportunity I have had of giving voice to my undying respect and veneration for him. I wish to say something to defend him from the assaults made upon him, and to vindicate his right to the place he holds in the hearts of the Southern people, and which he will hold as long as a Southern heart beats.

The course of the Federal Government toward Mr. Davis has caused him to become the representative of the people of the Confederate States, and of those who held their views, in a much broader sense than he might otherwise have been. The people of the South, while agreeing in the main in assigning to Mr. Davis the foremost place among Confederate statesmen, and without dissent assigning to him the first rank as a patriot, a pure and disinterested leader and a fearless representative of their principles, differed in their opinion as to the general policy of the Confederate Government under his administration. But the sight of Mr. Davis in chains, and

pursued with all the inventions of envy, hatred and malice, and all uncharitableness effaced these differences, and the Southern people accepted him with one consent as the representative of their cause.

Thus it came to pass that the policy of the Federal Government more than anything else helped to keep in the memory of the people the exciting subjects connected with the war, and to minister to the fierce and vindictive passions that the war had kindled. The Northern people came to regard Mr. Davis most unjustly as a political sinner above all other sinners, and to the people of the South he became more fully than he had been during the war, and more fully, perhaps, than he would have been under different circumstances after the war, the representative of Southern views, of Southern opinion and of Southern regret.

On the one hand, the imprisonment of Mr. Davis, the threat of an ignominious death, the false charges made against him, the vile calumnies heaped upon him, turned upon him the full force of Northern prejudice and passion. On the other hand, his sufferings, his persecution, and above all his high and unshaken courage, turned toward him the ardent sympathy and love of his generous fellow-citizens of the South.

As we stand to-day beside his open grave it cannot be inappropriate to consider for a moment the title of Mr. Davis to the place that he holds in the

hearts and minds of the Southern people, and in passing to inquire whether the judgment against him pronounced by almost all the people of the North is warranted by the facts.

From the beginning of those unhappy days of blood and strife it has been the custom of Northern speakers and writers to represent the people of the South as having been led astray by their political leaders, and to have undertaken to destroy the old Union and to create an independent government for themselves under some sort of compulsion, and to speak of Mr. Davis as the leader. Nothing could be further from the truth. If ever there was a spontaneous movement of any people, that of the Southern people became such a movement when the proclamation of President Lincoln, of April 16, 1861, presented the real issue to their astonished view. That proclamation and the hostile measures toward the South which quickly followed it forced the most reluctant to admit to themselves what they had long refused to believe—that the real issue between the people of the South and those into whose hands the control of federal power had fallen involved the continued existence of constitutional government for the States of the South, indeed, for all the States, and the maintenance of rights older than the Constitution, older than the Union, and higher and more sacred than either the Union or the Constitution.

In such an emergency and with such vital interests at stake, they greatly mistake the character of the Southern people who suppose that they needed to be led or driven to meet the advancing storm of battle as it rolled down upon them. It is safe to say that up to the middle of April, 1862, the greater part of the preparations for war had been made by the States, or by the spontaneous action of the people themselves. It will thus be seen that so far is it from the truth that Mr. Davis was in any sense the author or leader of the secession movement, he was selected by the people as best fitted by his ability, his experience, his fidelity to principle, his tried courage and his exalted character to lead a movement of the people in a time of imminent public danger.

It is as the trusted leader in the cause I have described that Mr. Davis possessed and deserved, in the midst of the most arduous labors, the most perplexing cares, the greatest dangers, the sorest trials, the love and confidence of the great body of the Southern people, including the most eminent commanders of their armies, and it is as such a leader in such a cause that he has this day gone to his grave followed by the undying gratitude and veneration of all for whom he endured and dared so much. There is nothing in his life and history to impair his title to that gratitude and veneration. If it be treason to

prefer constitutional liberty and those rights which are as the breath of life to men of our race to territorial greatness and material wealth, then Mr. Davis was a traitor, and so, please God, may every American be whenever that constitutional liberty and those ancient rights shall be again put in jeopardy by enemies at home or abroad. In his life and public services before the war there is everything to make us proud of our dead leader.

If devotion to the public service, stainless integrity, great capacity for affairs and spotless purity of life can entitle a public man to respect and esteem, the career of Mr. Davis while connected with the government of the United States, whether as a soldier or statesman, is an example which no friend of his country would like to have neglected or forgotten.

I have called your attention to one or two only of the reasons why we reverence the memory of Mr. Davis. With his death all prejudice should pass away—in his grave should be buried all animosities, and by the side of that grave all men should take a vow that in the service of the Government and the Union they will bring cheerfully and gladly, as far as lies in their power, the fidelity, the truth, the faith, the courage and the endurance of him whose name we are here to-night to honor. Who is there that is not proud to be the countryman of such a man, who was faithful to the last?"

ADDRESS AND TRIBUTE.*

BY GENERAL FITZHUGH LEE,
Governor of Virginia.

WHEN the messenger of Death, flying with electric wing from the "Crescent City" to Virginia's capital, brought to us his recent sad tidings, the hand of mourning touched the heart-strings of our people, and they are still vibrating with genuine grief to the accompanying voice of the mother Commonwealth—"How hath the mighty fallen."

A PICTURE OF OUR SORROW.

Aye, a shadow has been cast over our plains and valleys; our rivers roll troubled to the sea; the covering cloak of gloom has so'erspread our towns and cities; sorrow's cloud has tipped our mountain-tops. Virginia weeps for Jefferson Davis! How appropriate is her lamentation! Bound as she has been to constitutional government from the early

* In response to our request that he prepare an article specially for this book, General Lee writes that he regrets, on account of numerous engagements, that it would be impossible for him to prepare anything in time, but he kindly sends us the address, with some changes and additions, which he delivered in the Academy of Music, Richmond, Va., on December 21st, 1889, at a meeting held to induce Mrs. Davis to select Richmond as the final burial-place of Mr. Davis.

formation of the republic by the sword of Washington, the pen of Jefferson, the voice of Henry, the wisdom of Mason, and the efforts of Madison, in and out of the Federal Convention that constructed the Constitution, and mixed with the very marrow of her bones is the knowledge that in constructing that instrument in Philadelphia, in a body presided over by one of her sons, and in its ratification by her afterwards, there was no denial of her right to withdraw from the Union then formed when she should decide to do so; and believing, too, in that sentence of the Declaration of Independence, drafted by another son, that it is the right of the people "to alter or abolish any form of government" that becomes, in their opinion, destructive to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," and "institute a new government," Virginia was in thorough accord with the constitutional construction of which Mr. Davis was so conspicuous a defender.

It was easy then in those days of '61, for Virginia to exclaim, "Whither thou goest I will go, and where thou lodgest I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God!"

WE WERE HIS PEOPLE.

To-night this splendid assemblage, in gathering to pay homage to his memory, speaks in no uncertain tones to the country that our people to the end were

his people, and that the God who looks down from His throne of mercy beyond the blue dome above, and binds up the broken hearts of the sorrowing wife and children, is the same God to whom we bow in humble submission to this exercise of His divine will.

WHY SHE HONORS HIM.

Do you ask me if Virginia honors Davis? Ask her if she admires courage in a soldier, patriotism in a representative, conscientiousness in a Cabinet officer, integrity in a senator, fearless fidelity in a ruler, and unaffected piety in all that constitutes a Christian gentleman!

If Kentucky produced this hero, we do not forget that she was the daughter of Virginia. If Mississippi was his adopted State, we remember she is Virginia's sister, chained to her by the loving links of a mighty past, bound by the holy memories of the present, and united heart to heart in the great future unrolling before us.

WITHOUT BOUNDS.

As Dr. Hoge so eloquently expressed it on our memorial day, "there should be no geographical boundaries to the qualities which constitute noble manhood." "In seven-fold glory Hope spans the arch of Heaven, and weaves chaplets for the tomb," says another. Let that same Hope leap geographi-

cal limits, and teach the American people to admire an American who measured up to the full height of all that constitutes a noble man.

HIS SERVICES TO THE COUNTRY.

Cannot the North, South, East, and West remember him when, as an officer of dragoons, his life was freely exposed for his country in the Indian wars? Is not the heart of the whole republic big enough to throb with pride when the picture is presented of his charging at the head of his Mississippians, and planting, amid a storm of shot and shell, the Stars and Stripes on the grand plaza of Monterey? Cannot his fame be trumpeted as an inheritance to all sections when he is portrayed bursting with fiery fury through the Mexican Lancers at Buena Vista, carrying proudly to victory the star-spangled banner, when he reddened the burning sands of old Mexico with his blood?

Does not all this, to use Mr. Davis' very words in referring to the battles of the Revolution, "form a monument to the common glory of our common country?"

Did not his splendid administration of the portfolio of war in Franklin Pierce's Cabinet redound to the credit and renown of the United States?

Was not his advocacy and introduction of new systems of tactics, iron gun-carriages, rifle-muskets

and pistols, as well as the "Minnie ball," and the strengthening of the defences on the sea-coast and frontier, productive of benefit to the whole republic?

SECTIONAL HATE SHOULD PERISH.

Perish, then, the sectional hate in the narrow mind of the mover of the resolution that he alone should be excluded from the benefits of the Mexican pension act, for well could Mr. Davis reply to him as Uncle Toby said to the fly, "Go, little wretch, there is room in the world for you and I."

Away, too, forever, with the pitiful prejudice in the heart of the man who ordered his name to be chiselled from the stone which commemorated his successful efforts in erecting a bridge across the Potomac above Washington. What matters it now to the people of the South, if, after all he did to promote the glory of the United States, that there is not magnanimity enough left to conform to the usual custom of putting at half-mast the flag over the department of the government he did so much to adorn, so long as the flag of their affection floats so high above such action, and is so richly draped in the habiliments of mourning at his death?

PASSION DISPELS REASON.

I know when the passions of men are inflamed reason departs; I know amid the clash of arms the laws are silent; I know when blood is spilt human

hyenas roar ; but does all this prevent a civilized world from shuddering at the recital of the horrors of the inquisition or the terrors of the French Revolution ?

I pray that the curtain of oblivion may be rung down to prevent future ages, when looking upon the great four-year drama of the past, from seeing the blood-stain upon the shield of a great government, placed there in the nineteenth century by the hands of a few men, some of whom, if reports are true, have already been visited by the power of an avenging God. But so long as the sun rolls on in flaming splendor, bringing to light the innumerable mysteries of life ; so long as the moon gilds the grassy slope and the wild ravine ; so long as there is a restless sea, and the stars of heaven guide the traveler on his way, so long will the finer feelings of noble women and brave men quiver with shame when the finger of past history points to the murder of Wirtz ; the suspension of an innocent woman in mid-air, when the rope was closing around the neck of Mrs. Surratt ; and to that memorable 23d of May, 1865, when the cold, rough, rattling iron shackles were placed upon the limbs of Jefferson Davis.

MR. DAVIS' IMPRISONMENT.

The sea of oblivion cannot wash out that scene in the underground casemate at Fortress Monroe,

nor can the ears shut out the voice as he exclaimed, "My God! You cannot have been sent to bind me! The war is over. I have no longer any country but America, and it is for the honor of America that I plead against this degradation. Kill me, kill me, rather than inflict on my people through me this insult." Sorry am I for the soldier who had to obey his orders, but may God forgive the man who issued them. I never can!

ANOTHER SCENE.

But let us change the scene. It is the next day, and Washington, the capital city of the United States, is in holiday attire. Two hundred thousand armed men are marching in review before the Chief Magistrate of the republic. Conquering banners are fluttering in the sunlight of peace; bayonets no longer bristle; the rifle's barrel is empty; the point of the sword is turned to the scabbard; the hearts of bronzed and brave veterans beat with happiness at the thought of the old mother at the family fireside, whose lips were already trembling to greet the soldier son's safe return from the war; peace and joy reign in Washington! Go to your homes, Oh, soldiers of the Union; there is an undivided country stretching from lake to gulf, from ocean to ocean. Tell your people of the brave men who were foemen worthy of your steel upon the blood-stained fields of

conflict, who fought and lost without sacrificing their own honor or your self-respect. But whisper it low that the revenge of Government has been settled upon the one man who at that hour lay guarded by sentinels within his prison doors and by soldiers on the watch-towers without, but whose courage was so lofty that the harsh clank of the chain broke against it in vain.

There were many in the ranks of those heavy battalions even at that time who would have averted such treatment to a prisoner of war if they could have done so.

CHARGED WITH HERESY AND TREASON.

But once again, let us change the scene. Stand forth for trial, Jefferson Davis. Upon your shoulder alone shall be placed a violated Constitution, the heresy of secession, and the ruby garment of treason. Let the victim be brought forth and let him have the form of a trial, and then let him die the death of a traitor. And lo! there he stands, clothed in the full robes of his Confederate faith, for no one knows better than he where the powers of the General Government should end and the reserved rights of the States begin. But the trial must proceed, for an hundred thousand dollars of blood-money had been offered for his head, and posterity must be taught that treason is odious and punishable with death. The party in power in the United States Senate and

House of Representatives were eager and impatient, and on the 25th day of September, 1865, called, by resolution, on the President, to know what was the matter. The reports of the Secretary of War and the Attorney-General were submitted, stating that while Virginia was the proper place to hold the court, it was not possible then to hold a peaceable United States court there, and Chief-Justice Chase said he would not hold court in a district under martial law.

AN UNWILLINGNESS TO PROSECUTE.

Later on, on the 10th of April, 1866, the Judiciary Committee of the House thought there was no reason why the trial should not be at once proceeded with, and on the 8th of May, 1866, a grand jury of the United States at Norfolk—Judge Underwood presiding—found an indictment for treason. On the 5th of June, at the session of the court held there, Mr. Davis's counsel begged that he be tried without delay, but the Government, it is said, was not ready. A year afterwards he was admitted to bail, and in December, 1868, a *nolle prosequi* was entered.

NO LAW TO CONVICT.

Why this unwillingness to prosecute? Ah, my countrymen, would I could say it proceeded from a forgiving Christian spirit in the bosom of those in power, but the stern cold facts tell us it was because

the Government did not dare to test the case before a court of justice, for there is not a single line in the Constitution of the United States which prohibits the withdrawal of a State from the American Union, and there were still enough jurists learned in the law and constitutional lawyers profound in the construction of the Government left in the land to say so. And yet Mr. Davis never was a secessionist *per se*, but resigned his seat in the Senate reluctantly, hoping to the last that peace, not war, would be the country's fate. Indeed in his first message to the Confederate Congress he spoke of secession as a necessity, not a choice.

THE GOVERNOR'S PERORATION.

Such is the man. Ladies and gentlemen, the capital city of the Confederacy remembers this evening. For four years he was a familiar figure on our streets, in his executive office, and on horseback as he rode around the lines of fire then circling the city.

When the ship of the new republic was launched he was called to the command and was with her "rocked in the cradle of the deep." Storms of war burst upon her deck before her machinery was even put in motion; but through the thunder's roar, when the cordage was rent, when the breakers were dashing against her, when despair was visible upon the faces of some of the crew, and when she began to settle and sink amid the lurid flashing of the light-

ning, the captain was seen standing calm, heroic, resolute, grand in all the glory of a man, grasping with a firm hand the helm as she sank down, down, in the sea of eternity.

Within the bosom of Virginia repose the ashes of great men whose lips and lives have taught us to love the Commonwealth.

She proudly numbers the graves of Presidents of the Republic. The Father of his country lies buried where the majestic Potomac sweeps in graceful curve upon the shores of Mt. Vernon.

The grave of the distinguished author of the "Declaration of Independence" is found where the Little Mountain rears its proud head from the beautiful plains of Albemarle. The Sage of Montpelier, "the father of the Constitution," is resting quietly at its old homestead, while the remains of two others lie in beautiful Hollywood, near this city, where the waters of the James musically rolling from rock to rock are forever murmuring an eternal requiem.

Virginia, holding in her loving embrace the sacred graves of five Presidents of the United States, opens wide her arms, and asks that she may be permitted to guard the last resting-place of the President of the Confederate States.

Here let the soldier sleep whose sword flashes no longer in the forefront of battle.

Here let the orator be buried upon whose lips

audiences were once suspended magically as if by golden chains.

Here let the statesman rest, watched over and guarded by the city that ever received his loving attention.

Here let the chieftain be brought and buried in May, when a monument is to be unveiled to one of his army commanders, when Nature spreads her carpet of green, when in the aisles of the orchard the blossoms are drifting and "the tulip's pale stalk in the garden is lifting a goblet of gems to the sun." And here too let us erect a monument that will stand in lofty and lasting attestation to tell our children's children of our love for the memory of Jefferson Davis.



Mallory.

Benjamin.

Walker.

Davis.

Lee.

Reagan.

Mcmminger.

Stephens.

Toombs.

JEFFERSON DAVIS WITH LEE AND HIS CABINET.

PHOTO ENO & CO. N.Y.

REMINISCENCES

BY UNITED STATES SENATOR REAGAN,

Member of the Davis Cabinet.

I HAVE had a personal acquaintance with Mr. Davis for thirty-two years. I have known him in the domestic circle as the most genial and lovable man I ever knew. I have been with him around the council board and witnessed the great care and ability with which he considered great public questions. I have been with him on the battle-field, and have seen the calm courage with which he faced the chances of death. I have been with him in the hours of victory and of triumph, and never saw him unduly elated. I have been with him in defeat and disaster, and never saw him unduly depressed. The people he served respected him for his virtues and integrity. They admired him for his ability and devotion to duty and to them. They revered him for the grandeur and nobility of his character. And they mourn his death with unfeigned sorrow.

The public had the impression that Mr. Davis was an austere and arbitrary man, when just the reverse was the case. He had two characters—one for public affairs and one for his personal and private rela-

tions. He was not hasty at forming conclusions, and was ever ready to receive suggestions from his friends and political advisers. I remember well the first Cabinet meeting I attended. Mr. Davis then informed his advisers that he wanted us to be as frank with him as he would be with us. In the preparation of his messages to Congress he invited the fullest and freest discussion of the subjects treated. I remember well one of his favorite remarks, and that was, "If a paper can't stand the criticism of its friends, it will be in a bad way when it gets into the hands of its enemies." I have always remembered that remark, because it has frequently been my guide in matters of legislation.

In the organization of the various departments under the Confederacy, Mr. Davis, at one of the Cabinet meetings, informed us that we would be called upon to select the men whom we needed to assist us, and he would appoint them. But he impressed upon us the fact that we would be held responsible for the conduct and efficiency of the appointees. Mr. Davis was a civil service reformer in a certain sense. He was firm in his conclusions and patient in his investigations. In his domestic life he was amiable and gentle, but in official life he knew no word but duty. I remember very well our last formal Cabinet meeting. It was after we had left Richmond, and were traveling through the

southern portion of North Carolina. It was just near the border of the two States, North and South Carolina. It was under a big pine-tree that we stopped to take some lunch. Mr. Trenholm, the Secretary of the Treasury, was absent. He had been taken sick at Charlotte, and after trying to keep up with us for about twenty miles he gave out and tendered his resignation. The resignation of Mr. Trenholm was discussed, and it was finally accepted, and I was selected to take charge of his office in conjunction with that of Postmaster-General. I remember on that occasion Mr. Davis said, when I requested to be relieved from that additional duty: "You can look after that without much trouble. We have concluded that there is not much for the Secretary of the Treasury to do, and there is but little money left for him to steal." That was in April, 1865.

Some time after that George Davis, the Attorney-General, asked Mr. Davis' advice about retiring from the Cabinet. The Attorney-General said he wanted to stand by the Confederacy, but his family and his property were at Wilmington, and he was in doubt as to where his duty called him. "By the side of your family," promptly responded Mr. Davis. After the Attorney-General left us there were only four members of the Cabinet left to continue the journey to Washington, Ga., which was our destination. We

put up at Abbeville, S. C., for the night, because we were informed that a lot of Yankee cavalry were in Washington, Ga. At that point Benjamin said he proposed to leave the country and get as far away from the United States as possible. Mr. Davis asked him how he proposed to get down to the coast. "Oh," replied Benjamin, "there is a distinguished Frenchman whose name and initials are the same as mine, and as I can talk a little French I propose to pass myself off as the French Benjamin."

While passing through South Carolina I was particularly struck with Mr. Davis' generosity. We were passing a little cabin on the road, and we stopped to get a drink of water. A woman, poorly clad, came out to serve us. She recognized Mr. Davis, and informed him that her only son was named after him. It was a very warm day, and the cool water was very refreshing. Mr. Davis took from his pocket the last piece of coin he possessed and gave it to the woman and told her to give it to his namesake. At our next stopping-place we compared our cash accounts, and Mr. Davis had a few Confederate notes, which was every cent of money possessed in this world.

Mr. Davis was one of the few men who measured the full force of the war. He from the first contended that it was likely to last a number of years instead of a few months, as many persons predicted.

It was at first proposed to enlist an army of two or three hundred thousand men for six months, for by that time it was supposed that the war would be over. Mr. Davis promptly disposed of that suggestion by declaring that it would take at least a year to organize an efficient army, as soldiers could not be made in a few days. He said it would be wiser to establish a smaller army—one that we could afford to arm and equip. From the first he maintained that it would be a long and bloody war, but many Southern men differed with him, and the result was we were obliged to pass that terrible act of conscription to keep our men in the service.

There is another question that I wish to touch upon in this connection. I have frequently referred to the question of his disabilities, and we have discussed the subject from various standpoints. Invariably Mr. Davis declared that he could not conscientiously ask to have his disabilities removed, for he could not induce himself to believe that he had done wrong. He was firm in his convictions on that point, and nothing could move him.

Mr. Davis was greatly misjudged in many ways. He was the most devout Christian I ever knew, and the most self-sacrificing man. When his plantation was in danger of being seized and the property destroyed, he was urged by friends to send a force of men to protect it. "The President of the Confeder-

acy," he responded, "cannot afford to use public means to preserve private interests, and I cannot employ men to take care of my property." And so when his hill property in Hinds County was threatened, and all his books and papers were in danger of destruction, he again resisted all persuasions of friends to have them protected.

The memory of his services, of his virtues, and of his vicarious sufferings demand this alike from the Christian sentiment and from the manhood of those he served so faithfully. And it is matter of special gratification that the general tone of the greater part of the press of the country, North and South, have treated kindly the memory of this illustrious man.

When General Grant suffered in affliction, the people of the South as well as North gave him their sincere sympathy. When he died the people of the South, as well as of the North, mourned his death. The same feeling of respect for genius, for greatness and for worth, and the same feeling of Christian charity for the dead, and of sympathy for the bereaved who survive, has shown itself North as well as South for Mr. Davis.

This is as it should be, and will have its influence in restoring that more perfect fraternity of feeling which is so necessary and so important to the welfare and happiness of the whole country.

It is fitting in this connection that I should add

the following dispatch and letter, published in the *Washington Star* of December 12, 1889, showing Mr. Davis' participation in this feeling of charity and fraternity :

A CHARACTERISTIC LETTER.

When General Grant was dying at Mount McGregor the *Boston Globe* instructed its New Orleans correspondent to interview Jefferson Davis. Mr. Davis was not seen personally, but a few days later he penned the following letter :

"DEAR SIR—Your request in behalf of a Boston journalist for me to prepare a criticism of Gen. Grant's military career cannot be complied with for the following reasons :

"1. Gen. Grant is dying.

"2. Though he invaded our country, it was with an open hand, and, as far as I know, he abetted neither arson nor pillage, and has since the war, I believe, showed no malignity to Confederates either of the military or civil service.

"Therefore, instead of seeking to disturb the quiet of his closing hours, I would, if it were in my power, contribute to the peace of his mind and the comfort of his body.

[Signed]

"JEFFERSON DAVIS."

The people of the Southern States have manifested their deep sorrow for the death of Mr. Davis by messages of condolence, by resolutions of public meetings, by the action of municipal governments, by proclamations of mayors of cities and Governors of States, by resolutions of legislative assemblages, by draping public and private buildings in mourning,

through the columns of the newspapers, by appropriate religious services throughout the South on the day of his funeral, and by the suspension of all business on the day of his funeral.

Such honors have never before been shown to the leader of a lost cause, and few of the successful heroes of the world have ever received such honors as have been paid to the memory of Mr. Davis. The hero and leader of a lost cause, after one of the most stupendous struggles known to history, denied the right of citizenship, powerless to confer benefits on others, he still enjoyed the unbounded respect and confidence and love and gratitude of the people he served with so much ability and fidelity and courage. And while in law an exile among the people who loved him so much, he bore imprisonment, and chains, and deprivation of political rights, and the bitter denunciation of his enemies, with a manly patience and Christian fortitude never before shown by mortal man under such circumstances except in the case of General Robert E. Lee. But his trials and sufferings were greater than those which fell upon our great general. Hannibal, the great Carthaginian general, and Napoleon, the conqueror of Europe, when defeat and disaster fell upon them, complained much of their misfortunes. But Jefferson Davis has borne his misfortunes in dignified and uncomplaining silence. It may be permitted to his friends to say

that in every position he filled in life, his fidelity commanded respect and his ability compelled admiration; whether as a young officer of the United States army, as a successful planter, as a student of the sciences during the years of his retirement from the public service, as a member of the United States House of Representatives, as a colonel in the Mexican War whose genius and courage won the victory of Buena Vista, as Secretary of War in perfecting the organization of the army and otherwise improving the service, in directing the surveys for the Pacific Railroad, in aiding in the extension of the wings of the national Capitol and in the construction of the Smithsonian Institution and constructing the water-works of the national capital, and in the improvement of the public grounds of that city; or as Senator of the United States, where he showed himself the peer of our greatest statesmen and debaters, or as President of the Confederate States, where he did all that human skill and courage could do to sustain the cause in whose service he was engaged. The glories of all these achievements, however, it seems to me, were surpassed by the patience and fortitude with which he met the disastrous results of defeat.

As illustrative of Mr. Davis' self-denial, of his sympathy for the poor and afflicted, and for the wounded and disabled soldiers who suffered in a

common cause with him, I give an extract from a dispatch sent by Henry W. Grady, editor of the *Atlanta Constitution*, in answer to a dispatch sent to him from the city of New York :

To the Editor of the *World* :

“ATLANTA, GA., Dec. 6.—I thank you heartily for your dispatch. Three or four times in the past ten years, touched by Mr. Davis’ known poverty, we have started to make a fund for him, and once had a considerable amount subscribed without his knowledge. Each time he gratefully but firmly declined, saying that so many widows and orphans of our soldiers and so many disabled veterans themselves were poor and in need of the necessities of life, that all generous offerings had best be directed to them and to their betterment. He has grown steadily poorer, and I fear leaves his family nothing.”

This is not a proper occasion for the discussion of the question of the righteousness of the cause which he served with such fidelity and ability, and for which he has suffered so much. That must be deferred to other occasions and probably to other times. But his friends may safely leave his fame to the unimpassioned verdict to be rendered by the historian of the future.

ADDRESS.

BY GOVERNOR J. B. GORDON.

*STATE OF GEORGIA, EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT.

ATLANTA, GA., January 22, 1890.

R. H. WOODWARD & Co., BALTIMORE, MD.

Gentlemen:—Your letter received. The preparation of an article for your “Reminiscences of Jefferson Davis” would require more time than it is possible for me now to devote to it. It would, indeed, be a labor of love, if I were able to accomplish it, but my time is so completely pre-occupied that I cannot attempt it.

Very truly yours,

J. B. GORDON.

WITHOUT any time for preparation, or one moment's consecutive thought, you must allow me to speak as the spirit of the occasion may prompt.

To me, as to you, this is one of the saddest, and yet one of the sweetest and proudest occasions of all my life. Saddest, because it is the occasion upon which we have carried to his last resting-place the great chieftain whom we loved, followed and honored. Sweetest, because we have laid him to rest after “life's fitful fever,” with all the honors we could bestow, embalmed in the esteem and bound-

*In response to our invitation to Governor Gordon to prepare something specially for the book, he sends us the above letter, and encloses the speech which he delivered in New Orleans on December 6, 1889.—*Publ.*

less affections of a great and grateful people. Proudest to me, because it was my good fortune to participate in giving to that grand man, dead as he was, the tribute of my respect and love; and now the privilege of taking you all to my heart and saying, as he would have said with the last lisp of his tongue, God bless you, my fellow sufferers.

It was my great privilege to know Mr. Davis well, although, as stated on another occasion, I saw him but twice in that eventful period from 1861 to the autumn of 1865. I saw him on the battle-field of Manassas, as he rode in triumph, with the stars and bars of the Confederacy floating in the white smoke of the battle, and with the shouts of his victorious legions ringing in his ears.

The next time I saw him was in prison at Fortress Monroe. It is no exaggeration to say that he rose to grander height as prisoner of State, as self-poised and unbending he bore his misfortunes, and

WORE HIS SHACKLES FOR ALL HIS PEOPLE.

I have followed his course and marked his career from that hour to this with an unfaltering faith that he would neither lower this high standard nor betray the holy trust which he carried in his person. I never doubted for one moment how he would live or how he would die, and I have not been disappointed.

To us, whatever it may be to mankind, it is a

glorious heritage that this Southland has produced so grand a vicarious sufferer. Here is a man upon whom the gaze of Christendom was concentrated, and upon whom criticism has expended all its arrows, and yet no blemish is found in his private character.

It was fitting that around his bier and his body, sacred to us, should have been wrapped the flag that went down with his fall from power. But it was also fitting that above his dead body the stars and stripes of the Republic, for the honor and glory of which his blood was shed, should also have floated.

Could his cold lips speak his injunction would be to us be true to your Confederate memories; be true to the past, but be true to the future of the Union and the Republic as well.

The flag of the Republic, which is our flag in all the ages to come, was made dearer because Jefferson Davis fought in its defense. It is a glorious thought to me, as doubtless to you, that there is not a star upon its blue field that has not been made brighter by Southern courage and Southern patriotism. That there is not one of its red stripes that is not made deeper and richer by Southern blood. That there is not one of its white lines that has not been made purer, whiter and holier by Southern character in all public offices.

Now, my countrymen, I come to the debt we owe the living. Mr. Davis is dead. The grief is ours,

full and sacred. His fame belongs not only to the South, but to his country and to Christendom. Ours it is to cherish. Ours the still higher privilege of taking care of that memory by taking care of those who were

IMPOVERISHED IN OUR CAUSE.

I have been told since I came to New Orleans that his widow, following his illustrious example, declines to accept such tributes as we may choose to offer.

My brothers, the reply I make is, that we did not ask the consent of Jefferson Davis or of his family, when we put the burden upon him that led to shackles for our sakes, nor will we consult any one now, when we choose to pay the tribute due to him and to his children, out of our pockets. If it be thought best to pay it in a particular channel, all right, but calling God to witness the purity of motive and consecration which we feel in this duty, we intend, because of our love for him as our representative; because of our love for those who have shared his fate; because of our love for our own honor, we intend to see to it that his wife and children do not suffer want.

The outside world may not appreciate it, but, so far as you and I are concerned, we feel that not one dollar of property is ours so long as his wife and his

child need our assistance. This we intend to render because Southern manhood demands it as a tribute to the man who suffered for us. [Great applause.] I shall not insult you by asking you if you are ready.

IMPRISONMENT OF JEFFERSON DAVIS.*

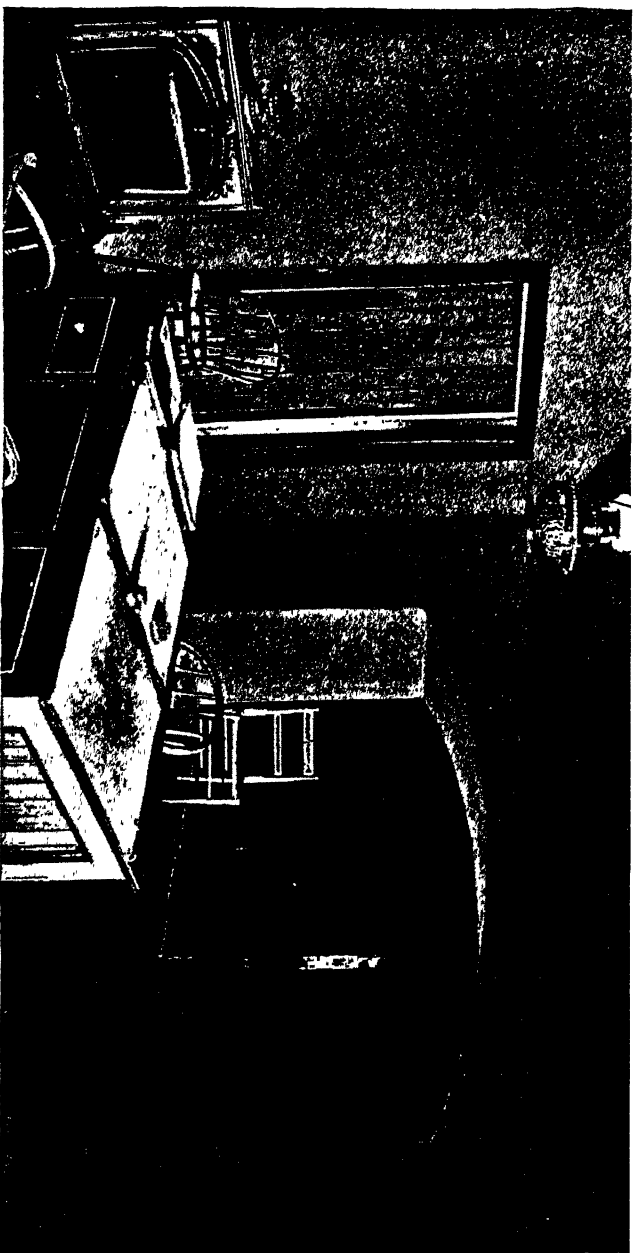
BY HON. S. TEAKLE WALLIS,

Member of Baltimore Bar.

THE theme of this little volume,† in itself and without words, is at once a sermon and a history. It tells of a change in the political institutions of a mighty nation more rapid and more thorough than any other which the annals of men record. It points to the melancholy spectacle of a government, founded on consent and consecrated to freedom, converted by the willing hands of a majority of the people whose birthright it was, into a despotism controlled by popular passion and sectional interests. It signalizes, by a conspicuous and incontestable example, the substitution of a scheme of arbitrary violence, for a system based on written constitutions and ruling and punishing only through its laws. More sad, a thousand-fold, than all, it proclaims to us—whether as cause or effect it is unnecessary here to discuss—the decadence of that high and manly spirit, that generous and wholesome sense of right, that love of justice and fair-play,

* This article, written by Mr. Wallis soon after the release of Mr. Davis, has been kindly furnished for this volume.—[PUBS.].

† *Prison Life of Jefferson Davis*, by John J. Craven, M.D.



CELL IN WHICH MR. DAVIS WAS FIRST CONFINED, FORTRESS MONROE, VIRGINIA.

which animated and exalted our once noble institutions, through the first stage of their development, as with the inspiration of a great and living soul. The children are yet clinging round our knees, who were born before "State prisoners" were imagined as a possibility upon our soil, and the generation who preceded them—scarce half-grown even now—were taught the stories of the Doges' Palace, the Tower and the Bastille, of Olmütz and St. Helena and Ham, as a warning against the wickedness of kings and lords, and a lesson of thankfulness to the good God, who had made a republic their birth-place. And yet, to-day, after having for five years seen with approval every fortress in the North stuffed full of men and women, dragged from their homes, at midnight or at mid-day, without warrant or authority or even form of law; after having witnessed the infliction upon large classes of their neighbors and friends, of all the contumely and outrage that brutality suggested to capricious and unbridled power, as a penalty for the exercise of freedom of opinion; the masses of the Northern people can behold, not only without shame, but with rejoicing, the long imprisonment and barbarous personal ill treatment of one of their most prominent and distinguished fellow-citizens, in notorious violation of the most rudimental of the principles, on which they go on vaunting, day after day, that their

government reposes. And this too, not in the heat of conflict, when the best of men go sometimes mad with zeal or passion, but in the midst of profound and established peace, when those who were lately in arms against them are not only vanquished but crushed, and nothing stands in the way of perfect harmony and reconstruction but the incapacity or unwillingness of the victors to be either generous or just.

Nor in the political antecedents or personal character or conduct of the chief victim, upon whom the unmanly vengeance of the Northern people is thus wreaked, is there anything to excuse, or even furnish a reasonable pretext for so relentless a persecution. There is no public man now living in the United States who has gone through the political conflicts of the last twenty years with a more stainless name. As a soldier, a senator, a Cabinet minister of the old Union, gallant, able, active and efficient always, and developing those positive and somewhat aggressive traits of character, which provoke and stimulate antagonism and resentment, he never found an enemy so reckless as to question his patriotism or asperse his purity. Even now, shorn as he is of power and influence, the vanquished and captive chief of a ruined and, of course, unpopular cause, with all the personal and official animosities and criminations which belong to such a position

crowding round him, there is yet to be heard among his constituents the first whisper of imputation upon his loyalty to the people who chose him as their leader, or his integrity in the administration of his office according to his judgment. Of those particular political opinions which are now held to be his crime, he not only made no concealment, while he was in the service of the United States, but was their open, avowed, conspicuous champion. He was elected and appointed to places of honor and responsibility, with the full knowledge, on the part of both Government and people, that he was the uncompromising advocate of States rights, in the broad Southern understanding of that term, and that, as he wrote to Mr. Bostick in the well-known letter of May 14th, 1858, the honor and safety of the Southern people, their respect for their ancestors, and their regard for their posterity would require them to "meet, at whatever sacrifice," any issue in which the maintenance of those rights might be involved.* The resolutions introduced by him into the Senate of the United States in February or March, 1860, and in which his political creed on the vexed question of State sovereignty was set forth, did no more than place permanently upon record, the familiar and oft defended doctrines and principles of his whole public life. He was therefore as well known

* See McCluskey's Pol. Text Book, 747.

to be a secessionist at Charleston, in 1860, when General Butler voted fifty times to make him a candidate for the Presidency, as he now is, at Fortress Monroe, where General Butler would gibbet him, without trial, to-day, for the inconceivable crime of secession. Of his entire and honorable freedom from every imputation that could justly make a gentleman ashamed—unless the wickedness, incomprehensible to General Butler, of risking his life and fortune in defence of his most cherished convictions, be supposed to belong to that class—there can be no evidence more conclusive than the attempts which have been made under the auspices of the high officials of the Federal Government, to bring his name and person into unjust contempt, and to attract to him, by false and infamous charges, the vindictive hatred of the populace.

The reader will recall the wretched and indecent fabrications transmitted by the Associated Press, from Washington, under the inspiration of Mr. Secretary Stanton, at the time of the capture of Mr. Davis, whereby the foolish and credulous were instructed that "Jeff." was making his way to the Mississippi, with a wagon-load of gold which he had seized as his private plunder, and that when taken prisoner he was disguised "in his wife's crinoline," and pretended to be a woman. Of course, the authors of so vulgar and paltry a defamation well

knew that it would impose on no one who understood the character of Mr. Davis, or had observed his public or private career, and that it would turn to nothing in the course of time, along with the thousand other official slanders which had hissed and died during the war. But they knew, equally well, that it would tend to hinder, for a while, among the masses of the people, that respectful sympathy which spontaneously opens itself to the misfortunes of a brave and fallen foe, and that it would contribute its share towards preparing them for the wholly un-American system of persecution which the parties in question had already devised for the torment of their victim.

And here, it may properly be observed, that there was one thing more than any other and perhaps than all others put together, in which the Cabinet organized by Mr. Lincoln displayed especial and remarkable sagacity. Indeed, in summing up their career as an administration, we might perhaps be justified in saying that it was at the foundation of their whole success, and stood them, throughout, instead of those high qualities of statesmanship, which such a crisis as the Confederate War would have developed in any nation less devoid of really great men than the Northern section of the United States. We refer to that perfect comprehension of the passions, prejudices, susceptibilities, vices, virtues,

knowledge and ignorance of the people upon whom they had to practice. They knew every quiver of the popular pulse, and what it signified. They could weigh out, to a grain, the small quantity of truth to which the public appetite was equal, and they perfectly understood and measured the preternatural extent to which the popular digestion could assimilate falsehood. They were masters of every artifice that could mystify or mislead, and of every trick that could excite hope, or confidence, or rage. They knew every common-place and clap-trap that would affect the popular imagination or temper, as familiarly and as accurately as a stage manager is acquainted with the oldest of his theatrical properties. Understanding their part thus well, they played to it, with wonderful tact and effect. They filled their armies, established their financial system, controlled the press and silenced opposition by the same universal system of ingenious and bold imposture. I have before me an editorial article of Mr. Raymond, of the *New York Times*, in which he testifies that on the night after the battle of Bull Run, he prepared an accurate and candid statement of the federal disaster, and left it at the office of the *Telegraph*, to be transmitted to the journal which he conducted, but that the censor of the War Department, to his surprise and without his knowledge, caused his report to be suppressed,

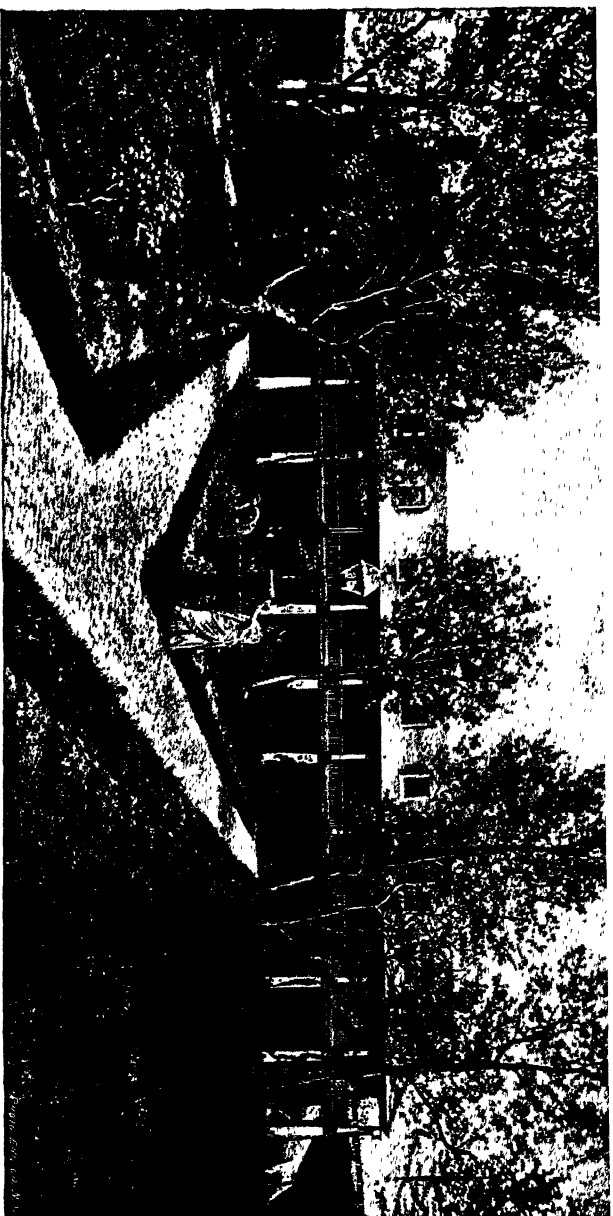
and forwarded in its place the well-known telegram, in which the triumph of the federal arms, at all points, was announced in startling capitals to the delighted North. The equally notorious despatch of Mr. Stanton to Governor Curtin, after the battle of Fredericksburg, is but one out of a thousand evidences that the Carnot—as Mr. Seward called him—of the Lincoln Cabinet, was as notable an adept as his predecessor, in that ancient art, which was practiced with less impunity in the days of Ananias and Sapphira.

It was not to be expected that the War Department of the United States, thus taught by long success the value of judicious falsehood, should content itself with seeking merely to bring into contempt the head of the fallen Confederate Government. The war, in itself so violently antagonistic to the whole spirit and principles of the Constitution of the United States, could not, of course, be conducted without unconstitutional means and appliances. Among the most iniquitous of the contrivances resorted to was the anomalous, inquisitorial tribunal, called the Bureau of Military Justice. A few years ago no man would have dared to suggest such an engine of persecution to the most unscrupulous of political organizations in this country. If established, it would have collapsed in a week, under the scorn and indignation of a people yet uneducated by phil-

anthropy in violence and usurpation. Nevertheless, at the close of the war, it exercised almost unlimited power for evil. It was the centre of all the schemes of hidden wickedness and mischief which consumed so many millions of secret service money and raised up and debauched such an army of spies and informers throughout the land. It had grown to monopolize the getting up of persecutions, the organization of military commissions, the fabrication of evidence and the subornation of witnesses. Guided by the constitutional doctrines of Solicitor Whiting, the legal and military ethics of Dr. Lieber, and the systematized and ingenious malignity and invention of Judge Advocate General Holt, it could only have been surpassed, had Jeffreys, Vidocq and Haynau been revived to sit in judgment together. Had its plans not been thwarted, by the interposition of President Johnson, when the Supreme Court, under the most disreputable political influences, postponed, for a whole year, the promulgation of its opinion upon the constitutionality of Military Commissions, it would have opened a general campaign of judicial murder, beside which the Bloody Assizes of King James' Chief Justice would have lost their hitherto pre-eminent infamy. Under the inspiration of this Bureau, with the sympathetic assistance of Mr. Secretary Stanton, the well known proclamation was issued, in which Mr. Davis was charged with having

been accessory to the assassination of President Lincoln. It was a painful feature of that abominable outrage, that the confidence of President Johnson should have been abused by his official advisers to the extent of inducing him, in the first moment of his accession, to put his name to such a paper. To consider even for a moment, here, whether the parties by whom the calumny was made to take an official shape had any grounds for suspecting it to be true, which the bitterest honorable enemy of Mr. Davis would not have scorned to examine, would be an insult to our readers, not less than an indignity to the gallant gentleman against whose life and honor the poisoned shaft was aimed. It is safe to say that not one of the conspirators at the War Department ever harbored, for an instant, a sincere belief in the truth of the charge, either before or after it was made. If it had been honestly started under the passionate influences of the troubled hour in which it saw the light, it would have been manfully disavowed when the excitement was over, and especially after the disgraceful and utter failure of the attempt to maintain it, with other injurious accusations, before the military inquisitions which decreed the murder of Mrs. Surratt and Captain Wirz. But it had done its work in filling the minds of the ignorant with prejudice and stimulating the hatred and fanaticism of party, and to have admitted its

falsehood would have been to create a just reaction in favor of the victim. It was therefore allowed to stand without qualification as it was uttered, until the publication of the confidential correspondence between Mr. Holt and his agent Conover, disclosed not merely the perjury which had been suborned, but the deliberate and disgusting circumstances of the purchase. Then, for the first time, the head of the Bureau of Military Justice found himself forced into an attitude of defence, and was compelled to vindicate his integrity in the newspapers by a weak attempt to shift the blame upon the unsuspecting credulousness of his nature. It is now probably too late for him to escape the retributive justice of public and historical opinion, by pretending to punish the perjury-broker, whose hirelings he paid and used. Posterity will contemplate these incidents and others like them in the history of the war with inexpressible astonishment, that the gigantic hopes and wonderful resources of such a nation as this should have been entrusted, in the vital moment of its destiny, to minds so little and souls so mean. Nor will they, we are sorry to believe, forget that for rulers like these and for their doings, the responsibility, under a Republican form of Government, is upon the people who endure such rule. The impartial times to come will hardly understand how a nation, which not only permitted, but encouraged its



CARROLL HALL, FORTRESS MONROE, VIRGINIA.

(Where Mr. Davis was transferred from cell in which he was first confined.)

government to declare medicines and surgical instruments contraband of war, and to destroy by fire and sword the habitations and food of non-combatants, as well as the fruits of the earth and the implements of tillage, should afterwards have clamored for the blood of captive enemies, because they did not feed their prisoners out of their own starvation and heal them in their succorless hospitals. And when a final and accurate development shall have been made of the facts connected with the exchange of prisoners between the belligerents, and it shall have been demonstrated, as even now it is perfectly understood, that all the nameless horrors which are recorded of the prison-houses upon both sides, were the result of a deliberate and inexorable policy of non-exchange on the part of the United States, founded on an equally deliberate calculation of their ability to furnish a greater mass of humanity than the Confederacy could afford, for starvation and the shambles, men will wonder how it was that a people, passing for civilized and Christian, should have consigned Jefferson Davis to a cell, while they tolerated Edwin M. Stanton as a Cabinet minister.

I have referred to these apparently extraneous matters, for the purpose of showing, upon what foundations the prodigal slanders were rested, by which the American people were induced to acquiesce in what we have already described as the

un-American system of persecution to which Mr. Davis has been surrendered. One by one they have been demolished or tacitly abandoned, and it is now conceded upon all sides, that the only ground upon which the late President of the Confederate States has been or can be further restrained of his liberty, under any color of right, is the fact of his having been engaged in levying war against the United States. The act which these latter words describe is treason within the language of the 3d section of 3d article of the Federal Constitution, and upon the applicability of that section to the case of Mr. Davis, depends, of course, the right to hold and try him for the crime which it defines. But before proceeding to the few observations upon that point, to which our space and the nature of this article confines us, we cannot avoid renewing the inquiry, why is it that Mr. Davis has been singled out for imputed treason, from the millions whom the Supreme Court of the United States has solemnly declared to be as guilty as he. "All persons," says Mr. Justice Grier, in delivering the opinion of that tribunal, in the Prize cases,* "residing within this territory, whose property may be used to increase the revenues of the hostile power, are liable to be treated as enemies, though not foreigners. They have cast off their allegiance and made war on the Govern-

*2 Black, 674.

ment and are none the less enemies because they are traitors." Lawyers and publicists will of course judge for themselves in regard to the soundness of the doctrine thus announced, but it conveys, at all events, the deliberate judgment of the highest judicial authority under the Constitution. How is it, then, that one man out of all these millions of "traitors" and "enemies" is sought to be made their scape-goat? Nay, the Supreme Court have gone further than the language we have quoted. They have determined in the same cases, by the mouth of the same judge,* that the people of the South "in organizing this rebellion," "*acted as States, (sic)* claiming to be sovereign over all persons and property within their respective limits, and asserting a right to absolve their citizens from their allegiance to the Federal Government. Several of these States," adds Judge Grier, "have combined to form a new Confederacy, claiming to be acknowledged by the world as a sovereign State." How is it, then, that Mr. Davis alone is to be held as the representative for punishment, not only of the millions of individual men by whom "the rebellion" was conducted, but also of the States whose corporate capacity and action the Supreme Court thus recognizes, and of the Confederacy, to which these States entrusted, as their representative, the bel-

* 2 Black, 763.

ligerent powers and resources of the sovereignty which they respectively asserted? It is simply impossible that any reasonable answer can be given to these inquiries. That Mr. Davis had anything more to do with originating the Southern movement than hundreds of other prominent and able men, cannot be asserted with any respect for the truth. No Southern member of the Senate in 1861 was more anxious and ready than he for a compromise and pacific solution of the questions which were inflaming the public mind. No man retired from the Senate with more unfeigned and sorrowful reluctance, or left behind him a more respectful appreciation of his honesty, sincerity, dignity and manhood. His valedictory moistened the eyes of those who were most hostile to his political movements and opinions, and produced a sensation which no man, who witnessed the scene, will ever forget. He was elevated to the Presidential chair of the new-formed Confederacy, not as the representative of extreme opinions or bitter feelings, but because of the respect in which his consistency, his honor, his single-heartedness, his courage and ability were held by the whole Southern people. With what perplexities and trials he had to struggle, yet with what earnestness and success he managed, above all things, to prevent the action of his government and the conduct of its armies from being controlled by the vindictive rancor which

the circumstances rendered so natural and so difficult to restrain, all who knew anything of the internal struggles of the Confederacy can testify. The same history which canonizes the successful determination of Lamartine, at the Hotel de Ville, to prevent the rising republic of 1848 from lifting the red flag anew, which had been drenched in the blood of the people, will place side by side with it the moral heroism of Jefferson Davis, in forbidding the black flag to be unfurled by any of the soldiers of the Confederate States against the enemies who were menacing their homes, institutions and freedom.

Nor was it alone in the belligerent relations of the Confederacy that Mr. Davis was the representative of the spirit of moderation. In a contest, in which everything (and especially upon the weaker side) depended upon executive energy, concentration and promptness, he shrank from grasping a single power which was not confided to him by the Constitution. While the Federal Government of the United States, looking only to success, and regardless of the means by which it might be assured, went trampling to the right and left, over every Constitutional guaranty, over individual liberty and State authority alike, Mr. Davis persistently confined himself within the limits constitutionally assigned to him, determined, whatever might betide, that the Confederacy should at least not suffer at his hands the evils of

executive usurpation. There are those among the best friends of Mr Davis, who believe, with sadness, that in this he was perhaps more nice than wise, and that the circumstances would have justified him in temporarily opposing to the vigor of the despotism into which the Government of the United States had been converted by Mr. Lincoln, a corresponding vigor, purchased at the same cost to the Southern people. This, of course, resolves itself into a question which we shall not discuss, between regarding Mr. Davis as the chief of a mere revolution, or as the head of an organized and constitutional government.

There is another particular, too, in which the administration of Mr. Davis has been exposed to the censure of both friends and foes, among his own constituents, which seems to render doubly heinous his selection as a victim from among the whole people whom he served. We refer to that peculiar gentleness and kindness of heart, which made it impossible for him to deal, in the spirit of his otherwise just and resolute character, with the thousand cases of individual and official delinquency, defect or misconduct which required his action. How much, in such a contest as the Confederate War, depends upon the inflexible maintenance of discipline and the relentless enforcement of official obligation, in every branch of the public service, civil as well as military, the experience of both parties to the strug-

gle has sufficiently demonstrated. Whether they are in the right or not, who maintain that the sternness of Mr. Davis was not equal to the demands of his position in that regard, it is certainly true, that the instincts of his nature were in constant struggle with the harsher requirements of duty, and that the influence of his personal kindness was felt, not only among the soldiers and people of the Confederacy, but whenever he was able to mitigate, as to its enemies, the dread severity of war.

Except, then, that he was the official chief and representative of the Confederate Government and people; that by his ability, statesmanship and moderation, and the admirable official papers which came from his hand, he at once gave to his cause a position of honor and respect before the world and its rulers, and elevated the American name among all the nations; that his constancy and patriotism shared in every sacrifice and animated every effort of the struggle; that his dignity and courage gave consolation even to despair, and have ennobled defeat and captivity—except in these, there is no reason why he should not breathe the air to-day, as much a freeman as any other man who lifted the Confederate flag or fought beneath it. It were a sad commentary, at the best, on civilization and Christianity, and especially upon the vaunted influence of political liberty and Republican institutions, that a

war of political opinion—a war not waged for the subversion of society or government, but in vindication, upon both sides, of principles which they respectively assumed to be the basis of the constitutional system that had united them so long—should not end upon the battle-field, but should lead the vanquished to the dungeon and the scaffold. To have settled by brute force a question of constitutional right and self-government would seem reproach enough, in itself, to the citizens of a Republic which was founded on consent, and whose very origin made sacred and indefeasible the right of mankind to abrogate old governments and set up new. But that the victors, in such a strife, not content with accepting their own superiority in numbers and material resources as conclusive upon a matter of reason and right, should select from the millions of their fellow-citizens who have laid down their arms, the most conspicuous and honored of their public servants, to atone by his personal sufferings for the sinful opinions of his people, would seem like closing the volume of human progress, and dispelling forever the dreams of the enthusiasts who believe that freedom and self-government improve and enlighten men. With what humiliation do we turn from such a picture to the noble spectacle of the Provisional Government of the French Republic of 1848, on the immortal occasion to which we

have alluded. What a lesson in the grand words of Lamartine, when he proclaimed to his people in the first flush of their triumph, that it became them to make it "a victory and not a vengeance!" What an example in the abolition of the death-penalty for political offences, as the first act of a government yet struggling with the infuriated passions of those who had created it, upon the arena still slippery with their own and their brothers' blood!

But assuming that all these teachings and examples, and all the better instincts of men and nations are to be as naught, and that the South is to suffer, in the person of Mr. Davis, for the crime of its treason—if treason it were—let us consider for a moment how such a determination gets rid of the difficulty, which Mr. Burke found so insurmountable, of framing an indictment against a people. It may be premised, we suppose, without contradiction, that the idea of settling the question of the right of secession, by a judicial decision in the premises, is a simple and empty pretext. No one imagines that the Supreme Court would dare to pronounce in favor of that right, if the opinion of every judge on the bench was conscientiously and deliberately upon that side. The people of the North would not tolerate such a decision, nor abide by it if it were given, for, as we have said, the question is claimed, upon all hands, to have been settled forever by the result of

the war. Nay, the Supreme Court itself, in 1862, in the Prize cases,* after using the language which we have quoted above, as to the assumption of the seceding States to absolve their citizens from allegiance to the Federal Government and form a new Confederacy, declares in express terms that "their right to do so is now being decided by wager of battle." The wager has long since been won, and the Supreme Court, with the rest of the winners, has possession of the bloody stakes. To imagine that the judges of that tribunal could now hold otherwise than that the "right" in dispute had been "decided," would be sheer fatuity. The question is no longer open. The conclusion is already foregone. The trial, conviction and execution of every surviving soldier of the Confederate armies would not strengthen it a jot or a tittle. Their universal acquittal, with Mr. Davis at their head, would not shake it, for an instant, in the popular mind and determination of the North. To moot the question before the courts is therefore but to enact a judicial farce—none the less a farce because death is hid under the motley. Still, if the form of a hearing is to be gone through, the form of a defence is presupposed as part of the drama, and it becomes those who think that bayonets are not pure reason, to suggest what reason they have to the contrary.

* 2 Black, 673.

The Supreme Court, as we have shown, has settled the question of both fact and law, that the Southern States "*acted as States*" in "organizing the rebellion." This was not merely the recital of a historical incident by the Court, but was absolutely necessary as an element in the maintenance of the doctrine which the Prize cases established. It was contended by the counsel of some of the claimants, citizens of Virginia, that they were not alleged or proven to be "traitors:" that insurrection was the crime of individuals and that the relation of citizens to the Government of the United States was purely an individual one; that the ordinances of secession, being unconstitutional and invalid, could not sever the allegiance of the citizen from the United States, or make him an enemy, and expose his property to capture and confiscation, if he was not, by his own individual act, in rebellion or hostility. There was but one possible escape, in the interest of the Government, from this argument, and that was, to declare that the States went out "as States," in their corporate capacity, and that such State action, of itself, and without their personal participation, made every man, woman and child within the State limits an "enemy," in law, whether friend or enemy in fact. How a legal "nullity" could work such a legal result, is among the unexplained mysteries of belligerent jurisprudence—but still it was so de-

cided, and the fact, legal and actual, that the States corporately, and not the individuals who composed them, "organized the rebellion," and formed the new Confederacy, was not only admitted, but set up, affirmatively, by the counsel of the United States, and by the court itself, as part of the case of this Government. Carried honestly out to its legitimate consequences, under the law of nations, this decision disposes of the whole "treason" pretence. If an act of war, committed by a State, makes its citizens enemies, *ipso facto*, without reference to any conduct of their own, it must follow, of logical necessity, that all belligerent acts, done by the citizen, are the acts of the State and not of the individual, and that they entail on the latter only the responsibility which attaches to enemies in arms, *flagrante bello*, and ceases when the war is over. They are, in the language of Burke, "offences of war," which are "obliterated by peace."

But, be this as it may, it is, at all events, impossible to dispute one logical result of the decision in question, viz.: that if State action and authority can exonerate the individual citizen who has obeyed them, from the crime of treason to the United States in the act of such obedience, neither Mr. Davis nor any other Southern citizen or soldier can lawfully be charged with that offence. To those who recognize the broad Southern doctrine of the

right of secession, as expounded and defended by Dr. Bledsoe in a remarkable work, entitled, "Is Davis a Traitor?" the case, of course, presents no difficulty in this aspect. The exercise of a right cannot involve a crime, and upon that theory the several State ordinances dissolved, at once, the relation and responsibility of the citizen to the general Government. Under the modified doctrine, maintained with so much ability by Mr. Bayard, of Delaware, the case is equally clear—for assuming, with him, the right of any of the States to withdraw from the constitutional compact, as sovereigns, whenever in their judgment its terms are infringed, coupled with the equal right of the other States to make war on those seceding, if they deem the secession to be causeless—it is still a question of war between sovereigns, involving belligerent rights and their consequences, but merging all responsibility of the individual citizen on either side. Nor is it easy to perceive how a different practical result can be arrived at under the doctrine of Mr. Buchanan's message to the Congress of December, 1860. That message, although since denounced with unexampled bitterness, undoubtedly represented at the time the opinion of nearly all the leaders of the Democratic party North, who were not secessionists avowed, and on the faith of it they pledged themselves, as every one remembers, to interpose their

bodies, in the most heroic manner, between the coercionists on their own soil and their cherished brethren of the South. That they apostatized from their convictions and falsified their pledges as never a great party was known to do before; that they not only did not attempt to resist the advancing armies of abolitionism and coercion, but applied, in crowds, at once, for captaincies, colonelcies, major-generalships and particularly paymasterships, as they had been wont to rush for places in the post-offices and the custom-houses, in the bygone and beloved days of "rotation" and "the spoils," is well known to all who are acquainted with the annals of political cowardice, bad faith and prostitution. But, as we have said, before the Dickinsons, the Bancrofts, the Butlers, and such like had been taught the inestimable value (in currency) of "the life of the nation," they agreed with Mr. Buchanan, that even if there was no constitutional right to secede, there was no constitutional right to coerce a State seceding. This being admitted, and the States having resisted, "as States," the exercise of an unconstitutional power, it would seem necessarily to follow, that their authority in such resistance was a legal protection and security to their citizens—unless it can be shown that a State can repel an armed assault upon its rights, without the aid of its people, and that they commit a crime in aiding it to

resist a forcible breach of the Constitution. It was upon this, among other grounds, that the Legislature of Maryland, in 1861, asserted the right of the State, if she saw fit, to prevent the passage of Federal troops across her soil, on their march to coerce and invade the South. The right to coerce being denied, under the Constitution, it was assumed to follow, that the assemblage and movement of troops for the purpose of coercion was a palpable violation of the Constitution, in furtherance of which the Federal Government could not claim the right of transit, which belonged to it only in aid and pursuance of its constitutional functions and powers.

And this leads to a view of the immediate question under discussion, which we have never seen presented, although it appears to be obvious, and would certainly seem to dispose of the charge of treason, so far as concerns Mr. Davis and all others in like case with him. It has the great advantage, too, of being connected, in no way, with the exciting questions of secession and coercion, and of involving no decision as to the right or wrong of the action which the seceding States deemed themselves justified in adopting.

Whatever may be said as to State rights and State sovereignty, in the Southern or Democratic sense of those terms, no one entitled to be heard will deny, we presume, that the States are, in some

respects, sovereign, and have rights, of some sort, attached to their sovereignty. That the rights they thus possess are as incapable of violation, without a violation of the Constitution, and as fully entitled to protection and vindication, as the rights delegated to the general Government, is of course equally indisputable. Let it be assumed, for the sake of the argument, that some clear and conceded constitutional right of a State, or of all the States, is invaded or about to be invaded by the Federal power—that some unquestionable attribute of State sovereignty is about to be assailed, in a manner which will be incontestably in derogation of the Constitution. In many of such cases, a judicial solution of the difficulty may be practicable. There are others, of course—and especially when the scheme of usurpation is instant and forcible—in which delay puts an end to the possibility of defence or remedy. Assume, for instance, that a usurping President, under the direction of a usurping Congress or despising the remonstrances of a faithful one, is about to overthrow a State Government, by force of arms, and appropriate its territory to his own or the Federal uses, in acknowledged violation and contempt of the fundamental law. Let it be a case in which liberty is sought to be crushed as well as right. Can there be any dispute as to the duty and right of the State Government, to resist such an aggression, by force if

it can—to marshal its troops, and defend its soil and the freedom of its people, by all the means within its reach? Can the right and duty of the sister States to join in such resistance be denied? And by right and duty, we mean, not in a revolutionary nor a merely moral sense, but under the Constitution, in order to resist its overthrow and maintain its inviolability? Surely none but the most besotted of consolidationists can say nay to these inquiries. In the twenty-eighth number of the *Federalist*, General Hamilton himself lays it down as “an axiom in our political system, that the State Governments, within all possible contingencies, afford complete security against invasions of the public liberty by the national authority. . . . Possessing all the organs of civil power and the confidence of the people, they can at once adopt a regular plan of opposition, in which they can combine all the resources of the community. They can readily communicate with each other, in the different States, and unite their common forces for the protection of their common liberty.” Mr. Madison expands the same idea over the whole of the forty-sixth number, in which he endeavors to allay all apprehensions of danger from the Federal power, by showing that “its schemes of usurpation will be readily defeated by the State Governments, which will be supported by the people.” Indeed, he denounces with indigna-

tion those who "insult the free and gallant citizens of America" by the suspicion that they would hesitate about thus defending their liberties. Assuming, then, that there are cases, few or many, in which the Federal Government may trench, with violence, upon the acknowledged rights and sovereignty of the States, and that the States have the right to resist its aggressions by force—which they must have, unless we are slaves—who is to determine when and whether such an occasion has arisen? Not the Federal Government, of course, for that would reduce the right of resistance to an absurdity. The Supreme Court, in the well-known case of *Martin vs. Mott*,* involving the exercise of the military powers of the Federal Executive in certain contingencies of invasion or insurrection, determined, that from the nature of the powers and the objects to be accomplished, the officer entrusted with the authority is the sole and exclusive judge whether the exigency has arisen. In the parallel case of *Luther vs. Borden*† the court has added "that the ordinary proceedings in courts of justice would be utterly unfit for the crisis." By inevitable parity of reason, the States, in the cases I have assumed, and in a like crisis, must be the judges of their exigency also, and so being, the exercise of their judgment and their commands to their citizens, in that exercise,

* 12 Wheaton, 19.

† 7 How. 44.

must be a shield to the citizens who obey. In the case of *Mitchell vs. Harmony** the Supreme Court decided, that where a superior has a lawful discretion and exercises it, the inferior whom he commands is justified in his obedience, and cannot be held responsible, though a wrong to third parties may result from it, and though the superior "may have abused his power, or acted through improper motives." This doctrine, which is founded on reason as well as authority, seems to place the conclusion above controversy, that where one of the States of the Union, in the exercise of its undoubted right to resist a Federal usurpation, sees fit to determine that a case for such resistance has arisen, the citizen who acts under the State authority, and is punishable under its laws if he refuses so to act, is not responsible to the Federal tribunals, though the State may have exercised its discretion unwisely, or 'prematurely, or even wrongfully, in the premises. Whether the State has "abused its power, or acted through improper motives," is a matter for the State and the Union to settle, but the citizen is shielded, let it be settled as it may.

I have suggested these points (from among the many which present themselves) with the necessary brevity, and rather for the mere sake of truth and right, than from any hope that such things will be

* 13 Howard, 137.

heeded. When a judge of the highest tribunal of the United States, like Mr. Justice Grier, in delivering its opinion upon the gravest case ever presented to its consideration, is so lost to the decencies of his position as to sneer at an objection to Executive action, on the ground of its unconstitutionality, and to print the word "*unconstitutional*!!!" in italics and with three notes of admiration, in order to make his contempt typographically conspicuous,* it is, we fear, but wasted time, to appeal to any principle of the Constitution, however solemn, which stands between fanaticism or vindictiveness and the victim for whom they rage.

But were Mr. Davis ever so much the "traitor" that the Holts and Butlers call him, he would still have some rights—the right to a speedy and impartial trial under the provisions of the Constitution which he is accused of having violated—the right to be bailed, if the Government declines to try him. Need we quote anew the language of the fifth and sixth Amendments to the Constitution, unhappily too well remembered through the land, from the contempt with which the usurpations of the war went trampling daily over them? When the sixth article declares that in "all criminal prosecutions, the accused shall enjoy the right to a speedy and impartial trial," does it mean that he shall be mocked, for

* 2 Black, 663.

eighteen weary months of insolent and harassing outrage and delay, by every subterfuge that official prevarication can devise or party clamor can encourage? Does it mean that he shall be bandied from military commissions to judges and grand juries; that Underwoods and Chandlers and Chases shall hold him prisoner at their will, and try him or not, as their caprice or malice may suggest? Does it signify that Republican Conventions shall determine upon the disposition to be made of him, and that Radical orators shall insist on his being held, that they may make a standing clap-trap of his life and his gibbet? Does it mean that the civil authorities are not to try him, because the military authorities have him in custody, and are not to deliver him from that custody on *habeas corpus*, lest they should then have to try him? Does the Constitution of the United States intend that the President shall have the power to hand the prisoner over to the civil authority—in other words, to pass him from his own military hand to his civil hand—and yet not have the power to see that the civil authority, of which he is the head, discharges its duty or releases its prisoner? Time was, when to ask these questions were an insult. It is, now, perhaps only to provoke an official smile at the weakness which still talks about the Constitution!

We read in the very highest English authority

upon criminal law and practice* that "The principal ground for bailing, upon *habeas corpus*, and indeed the evil the writ was intended to remedy, is the neglect of the accuser to prosecute in due time. *Even in case of high treason, where the party has been committed upon the warrant of the Secretary of State, after a year has elapsed without his prosecution, the court will discharge him, upon adequate security being given for his appearance.*" As early as the close of the Revolution of 1776, Mr. Henry Laurens, then a prisoner in the Tower, was able to satisfy one of the British peers who visited him, that the writ of *habeas corpus* was already more speedily and thoroughly remedial in the colonies than in the mother country. And yet there are those who think that we have improved on the institutions of that generation and the wisdom and patriotism of the men who made them.

There is but one more topic which the imprisonment of Mr. Davis suggests, and upon that I touch with the reluctance which comes from utter disgust and shame. We refer, of course, to the personal indignities which have attended it—indignities at which the gorge of every decent, dispassionate man in the wide world must rise, and the obloquy of which must rest more heavily forever on the nation which has tolerated them, than even on the ruffians in office, who had the baseness to direct their perpe-

* 1 Chitty's Criminal Law, 131.

tration. There is something in the very idea of an old and honored citizen—once a Cabinet officer of the nation, and unsurpassed in the ability with which his duties were discharged—a man of eloquence and thought—a Senator and statesman—a soldier whose body is scarred with honorable wounds suffered in the service of his country—a pure and upright public servant, whose lips were never sullied by falsehood and whose hands are clean of corruption—there is something, I say, in the mere idea that such a man—wasted by disease and physically broken by disaster—should be manacled and fettered, with barbarous violence, in a fortress of this Republic—which must call the blush to every American cheek, that conscious disgrace can redden. But even shame must give way to indignation and scorn, when it is remembered that the infamy was perpetrated by the order of the very department over which the victim once presided with so much usefulness and honor; that it was commanded in utter wantonness, merely to lacerate and sting a sensitive, proud spirit, and that a general of the armies of the Union was the gratified instrument of its infliction. It recalls the last days of the Roman Republic, when the tongue of a Cicero, captive and murdered, was pierced by the spiteful bodkin of a strumpet. And even this outrage of the manacles apart—the story of daily and nightly torments, and

hourly petty persecutions—of needless hardships and discomforts, and gratuitous insults—has something in it which makes belief almost impossible, without a contempt for our race. Then, too, the mean *espionage*, and paltry overlooking—the swarm of impertinent men and women let loose by his jailor on his feeble walks and domestic privacy—the sick man driven to his cell by the insufferable peering of rude and vulgar eyes—what a spectacle these things present of the magnanimity of a great nation! And when at last the prisoner is allowed the common decencies of a country jail and is permitted to share the society of his wife and children, what a clamor over the land it causes—some cursing the indulgence—some magnifying the generosity of the Government! The Associated Press anticipates the wishes of the War Department and the taste of its constituents, by exaggerating the “luxuries” of “Jeff.’s” new and commodious quarters, and by telling how “grateful” he is for the “clemency” which has been extended him. The readers of its despatches—ninety out of an hundred of them—are quite sure that it is indeed a case for gratitude, and that the “traitor” ought to bless his stars that, after having committed the awful crime of entertaining and fighting for the constitutional opinions of himself and his fathers, he was not drawn and quartered for it, in Faneuil Hall, after morning prayer, on Lord’s day following his arrest.

REMINISCENCE.

BY GENERAL JOSEPH WHEELER,
Member of Congress from Alabama.

MY commission as lieutenant of cavalry in the United States Army was signed by Mr. Lincoln; but my warrant as a cadet at the Military Academy, and all my commissions in the Confederate Army, were signed by Mr. Davis. My first recollection of this remarkable man recalls him as a visitor, either in the character of Secretary of War or of United States Senator, to the Military Academy at West Point while I was a cadet. Particularly do I remember his visit in the autumn of 1858. He was then comparatively young, but little more than fifty years of age, his tall and erect figure and soldierly bearing giving him the appearance of a much younger man. His military reputation won at Buena Vista was still fresh, and added much to attract to him the youthful cadets, most of whom were familiar with the stirring events which had made him famous.

My first meeting with Mr. Davis during the war was during his visit to the army at Murfreesboro' in December, 1862. I was stationed in command of the outposts, crowded close up to the enemy, and

General Bragg invited me to headquarters and to a dinner, at which the corps and division commanders were to dine with the President. I was quite young at the time, barely twenty-six years of age, and I enjoyed most heartily the uninterrupted flow of wit and repartee which characterized gatherings composed of such men as Davis, Breckenridge, Polk, Hardee and Bragg.

The battle of Murfreesboro' took place immediately after this event, and I was so fortunate as to succeed in winning the approval of my commander and with it the commission of Major-General. It was not until then General Bragg told me that Mr. Davis, during his visit, had earnestly insisted upon then giving me the grade of Major-General and placing me in command of the Department of the Gulf; this was, however, opposed by Bragg, who urged that I would be of more value in the field. It was probably fortunate for me that I did not receive the appointment and transfer, for it would have deprived me of much active service, which I preferred to the more quiet duties of a Department commander.

I did not see Mr. Davis again until the dying days of the Confederacy, at Charlotte, North Carolina. It was two weeks after the fearful struggle of Appomattox. General Johnston had withdrawn his army to Greensboro', and was negotiating a surren-

der with his Federal opponent, General Sherman. Mr. Davis sent for me to assist in arranging his plans and to determine his movements at that critical period. I found him, I think, it was the morning of April 28th, giving directions to his Cabinet with a precision which, by no means indicated that the Government of which he was the head had virtually ceased to exist. He realized that he could not remain at Charlotte; and his desire was to keep at least some semblance of Government together as long as possible. He wished as large a force of cavalry as he could obtain for his escort, and directed that a depot be established at Cokesboro', South Carolina, where he intended to remain until driven from that place by the enemy.

Mr. Davis seemed surprised when informed of the condition of the army, that the soldiers quite generally regarded the war as over, and thought that their obligations to the Confederacy were discharged. He also appeared greatly disappointed when I informed him of the movements of Federal cavalry, which would threaten the proposed depot at Cokesboro'; and after some discussion, I was directed to organize a force and join him without delay. I returned to Greensboro', hastily complied with his directions, and started by rapid march to join him. The conditions became so greatly altered for the worse that the President was compelled to change

his plans, and I was directed to disband the force of gallant men who had pledged themselves to defend him or to die in the effort to accomplish it.

I next met Mr. Davis at Augusta, Georgia. He had been taken prisoner in Southern Georgia, and I had been arrested upon the supposed charge of not having surrendered with General Johnston's army. We went to Savannah on a small steamboat, thence to Hilton Head, where we boarded the transport "Clyde," and, conveyed by the frigate "Tuscarora," we sailed for Fortress Monroe.

Our party included Mr. and Mrs. Davis, their daughter, a very young girl in short dresses, and Miss Winnie, a baby in arms; also Miss Howell, a sister of Mrs. Davis, Mr. Reagan, Senator and Mrs. C. C. Clay, Alexander Stephens, Colonel Preston Johnston, Colonels Lubboch and Burton Harrison, of Mr. Davis' staff, and my three staff officers—Colonel Marcellus Hudson, Captain Rawle and Lieutenant Ryan.

We formed a very pleasant group, and considering all things, enjoyed the trip more than might have been expected. Mr. Davis' noble courage never forsook him for a moment; he was perfectly calm, and seemed to have no regard for himself or his fate. He fully appreciated the sad condition of the people of the Confederacy, and much that he said showed how clearly his penetrating mind peered into

the future. He talked of the war, of our successes and defeats, of the difficulties against which we had contended, of the courage and devotion of our soldiers; and to some extent he spoke of the officers who had become prominent on both sides during the eventful period in which he had been so important a figure.

I saw two possible chances for his escape, both of which I made known to him, but he expressed himself as not desiring to make the attempt. It was evident that he felt his relief from responsibility, and amid all his trials and troubles he evidently enjoyed the pleasure of having a few days which he could so entirely devote to his family. He walked the deck with his baby Winnie in his arms, and frequently allowed me the same privilege, which I was always delighted to accept. We were at sea several days, the "Tuscarora" always being near us.

Mr. Stephens and myself occupied the same state-room. He was less cheerful than Mr. Davis, and seemed very much more apprehensive regarding our fate. I tried to reassure him, and reminded him of his Savannah speech and of his extensive acquaintance with men who held prominent positions in the Government; but my arguments were without effect, and he expressed himself as convinced that his confinement would be very long, if not perpetual. I said: "Why, Mr. Stephens, if you expect such

treatment, what about Mr. Davis?" His only reply was: "My young friend, do not speak of it."

On reaching Fortress Monroe we found the more radical press of the country, backed by an excited people, loudly demanding blood; but even this did not move Mr. Davis in the slightest. While he seemed ready for anything, he appeared to fear nothing. We saw a fine steamboat, with probably a thousand flags and streamers flying from the masts, spars and rigging; and on inquiring, we were informed that General Halleck was on board, his mission being to dispose of the prisoners.

Orders were received on the next day. Mr. Davis and Mr. Clay were sent ashore to the fort. Captain Farley, of the "Tuscarora," was ordered to transport Mr. Stephens and Mr. Reagan to Fort Warren. Colonel Preston Johnson, my staff officers and myself were sent by Captain Parker, of the steamer "Maumee," to Fort Delaware.

I met Mr. Davis in New Orleans some two or three years later, and again saw more of him during the period he was a citizen of Memphis, where he was earnestly engaged in an effort to recuperate his broken fortunes. In private conversations with him I learned to appreciate the difficulties which surrounded Mr. Davis during a trying period, which would have crushed many a brave spirit. This great man was undaunted to the last, solving every

problem, surmounting obstacle after obstacle, and braving difficulties before which a less noble spirit would have succumbed.

Probably no man in this country has ever been so thoroughly misrepresented and misunderstood as Mr. Davis. Nearly every utterance of his has been misinterpreted or misconstrued. It has been charged that he lived too much in the past, and took too little part in the great strides of this progressive, material age; but the more thoughtful will concur in the view that his peculiar position fully justified his action. He was the special custodian of the history of events, which constitute the most important period of our national existence, and it might well be contended that his life should have been consecrated to the cause of which he was the leader.

Mr. Davis was too thorough a student of the events of both modern and ancient times to doubt the verdict of the calm historian. He knew that when passions have subsided and when the lines of sectionalism are obliterated, the unbiassed pen of history will record his deeds and his true worth will be appreciated by posterity. This has been the case with all great civil conflicts. History tells of the brave and chivalrous deeds of the heroes of both sides in such struggles, and in their admiration for types of true nobility, people will not stop to inquire who were finally the victors and who the van-

quished. In reading the heroic deeds performed during the War of the Roses, is our admiration influenced by the thought of whether the hero fought with the victorious hosts of York or beneath the crimson banner of Lancaster? Certainly the glory of the gallant men who so bravely struggled in the Vendée is not tarnished by the fact that the overwhelming power of the French Republic finally crushed them to the dust. The same is true of the fruitless efforts of Marco Bozarris to establish freedom in Greece, and of the valiant Poles to maintain the integrity and independence of their Government and the freedom of their native land.

ADDRESS

BY MAJOR CHARLES S. STRINGFELLOW.

Delivered December 21st, in the Academy of Music, Richmond, Va.

IN the historic capital of Lombardy there is a monument, modest in proportions, but yet of exquisite beauty and design. A solid block of white marble rests upon a base to which lead some five or six steps. Upon this block, of life-size, is the statue of a man in senatorial robes, and kneeling at its base is the figure of a woman supporting herself with one arm resting on the block at the feet of the statue and with the other outstretched, with pen in hand, writing upon the marble the single word "Cavour." The idea, as I interpret it, is simply this: When Italy writes the name of her great son she need add no epitaph to tell the world who and what he was.

And quite as little need have I to address to this vast assemblage any labored argument in behalf of the object which has called it together. It is enough for you to know that you have met to give point and emphasis to the wish, the earnest, heartfelt desire, not merely of the citizens of Richmond, but of the whole people of this good old Commonwealth, that the mortal remains of Jefferson Davis may find their final resting-place here in our beautiful city, so indel-

ibly linked with his name and his fame. I need prefix no title to that name, for all men know, and while they cherish the memory of the great and the good who adorn the annals of the world, will know that he was the first and only President of that Confederacy which, in its heroic struggle to perpetuate constitutional liberty and preserve constitutional law, excited the wonder and compelled the admiration of mankind; and which, though like a meteor it rose upon the sight of the nations and like a meteor fell, has left behind it a blaze of light which will never go out in utter darkness until mankind shall cease to honor courage, love justice, and respect that unselfish devotion to duty which, in defence of honest opinions honestly entertained, is willing to risk and lose fortune, life, and all save honor.

· WAS A GALLANT SOLDIER.

That Jefferson Davis was a gallant soldier even his bitterest opponent has never dared deny. When a member of the Congress of the United States he resigned his high and honorable office to accept the command of the First Mississippi Volunteers, to which he had been called by his neighbors and friends, who best knew those great qualities of head and heart which even then pointed him out as one born to rule. As colonel of that regiment he distinguished himself at Monterey and at Buena Vista by

his instinctive military perceptions and superb courage on the field, more than any other man contributed to win the victory which shed such renown on American arms. Tendered the promotion he had so nobly won with his sword, he refused to accept it because he doubted the power of the President to appoint to office in the volunteer troops which the States had raised. In 1847, as in 1861, regardless of self, he was mindful of and obedient to law, and above all to that law which, as embodied in the Constitution, was then, as now, the bond of our great Union.

IN THE CABINET AND SENATE.

As a Cabinet officer he discharged the duties incident to that position with such fidelity and ability as to win universal applause. Calm, dispassionate and self-reliant, he was a wise counselor, and, sinking all private interests in his love for the public weal, left behind a reputation for administrative capacity and incorruptible integrity second to none. But he was not content to be an adviser only, and originated reforms of great and far-reaching importance, the value of which is still felt and acknowledged.

A laborious student, with a memory almost phenomenal, and a profound knowledge of the history and institutions of his country, he was one of the acknowledged leaders and ablest debaters in the Senate when that body was graced by such men as Ben-

ton, Cass, Webster, Clay and Calhoun. Clear in his perceptions and firm in his convictions, by force of his imperial will, incorruptible honor and great abilities, he maintained his opinions with a power of logic, a perfect command of language and a determined purpose which ever made him an ally to be courted and an opponent to be feared. He was ardently attached to the Union of our fathers, and loved its flag, which he himself had borne to victory, and he looked to the dissolution of that Union as the direst of all calamities save the destruction of individual freedom and those great principles of constitutional law upon which that union was founded. He consented to sever its bonds only when convinced that in no other way could these principles be preserved—only when satisfied that they had been deliberately disregarded, and that the best interests of social and individual liberty demanded that the Southern States should revoke those powers they had conferred upon the General Government, which, as he believed, had been perverted to the threatened ruin of the States by whom they had been granted. No man had a more profound appreciation of the tremendous consequences which secession involved or more bitterly regretted its necessity.

GOOD, PURE, ABLE, BRAVE.

One of the best and purest, and, all things considered, the ablest exponents and embodiments of the

life and soul of southern society in all of its developments and relations, though when war was imminent he preferred to risk his life on the field in defence of the cause he had espoused, he was called to the Presidency of the Southern Confederacy by the almost unanimous voice of his fellow-citizens. The office sought him, not he the office, for Jefferson Davis

“Never sold the truth to serve the hour,
Nor paltered with the eternal God for power.”

Never was man placed in more trying circumstances, never did man undertake a more herculean task nor sustain himself with greater dignity, more lofty courage, and unbending determination, or more unfaltering devotion in prosperity and adversity to the great interests committed to his charge.

NOT PERFECT, BUT PURE.

Against the spotless purity of our illustrious Chief-tain slander itself has never dared to breathe one single word. To say that he made no mistakes would be to claim for him that infallibility which is accorded to none. Men may differ as to the wisdom or expediency of some of the measures he proposed and some which he carried out, but no man denies to-day that his motives were pure, his aims high, his convictions honest, and his every energy of mind and body freely given to his country and her cause.

An ardent patriot, he loved this southern land, for which he risked and lost so much, and for whose people he suffered so greatly,

“ With love far brought
From out the storied Past, and used
Within the Present, but transfused
Thro’ future time by the power of thought.”

But, my fellow-citizens, brave as he was on the battle-field, wise as he was in Cabinet council, superb as he was on the Senate floor, and grandly as he towered above all others as the chosen head and undaunted leader of the Southern Confederacy, there was one character in which he shone with a light more resplendent still—in the majesty which like a halo encompasses around the honest, true and fearless Christian man.

“ O, good gray head which all men knew ;
O, voice from which their omens all men drew,
O, iron nerve to true occasion true ;
O, fall’n at length that tower of strength
Which stood four-square to all the winds that blew.”

THIS THE SPOT.

What more suitable spot could be selected for that resting-place than this, the permanent capital of the Southern Confederacy, forever linked as it is with the name of its great President, and with its hopes and fears, its victories and defeats, its brilliant rise and its honorable fall? And who would more sacredly guard his tomb than the citizens of this capital

of Old Virginia, in whose battle-scarred bosom lie countless thousands of those heroic soldiers whose march from Big Bethel to Appomattox is blazed in glory? Richmond was the gateway and citadel of the Southern Confederacy, and its burning houses and homes its grand funeral pyre; here its honored President lived and moved, and had his being in the most eventful years of his long and eventful life. Here still stands the church in which he worshipped the God whom alone he feared, and where he sat when he first learned that the southern cause was irretrievably lost. On yonder hill, in that mansion historic now and forever safe, I trust, from the vandal hand of ill-timed economy, with the noble wife who still lives to mourn her irreparable loss and in whose sacred sorrow every one here present claims a share, he knew the purest joys and the deepest sorrows earth can bring. There a son, the pride and the hope of his heart, met an untimely end, and from that house was borne to his little grave in our City of the Dead which loving hands still tend. There was born to him a daughter, whose bruised heart now bleeds in a foreign land, to watch over his declining years and soothe with tenderest hand the infirmities of age.

LEFT A PRECIOUS LEGACY.

His grand life's work is done, but his name, his fame, and his example remain to us a precious leg-

acy, and though they will forever remain embalmed in the grand mausoleum of a great people's heart, it is fitting that some appropriate monument should be reared by that people to tell posterity where rests all that the grave can claim of their soldier, statesman, patriot chief.

THERE REST HILL, STUART, PICKETT AND PEGRAM.

The gallant Hill lies under the grand old oaks at Hollywood; there the knightly Stuart sleeps, whose waving plume his dashing troopers followed in many a desperate charge, while right and left in the forefront of battle flashed his glittering sword. There brave Pickett rests, the leader of that heroic brigade whose unparalleled courage would alone make the name of Gettysburg immortal, and there the winter winds chant their funeral-dirge over the grave of Richmond's boy hero, the stainless Pegram, in all save age and rank the peer of the noblest, while all around that ivy-covered granite-pile which we have reared in their honor are the little grass-grown hillocks which tell where thousands upon thousands of the unknown dead who followed the Confederate flag with courage and fortitude almost sublime rest in their soldier graves.

Surely, if the dead could speak to us from the unseen world it would be in the midst of such associations and in the company of such kindred spirits

he would ask to lie. Stonewall Jackson's statue already stands in our public square, and before another year has closed the figure of our peerless Lee shall from its granite pedestal look down on us. See to it, my fellow-citizens, that here, too, shall rise some appropriate shaft in honor of our and their great chief.

HISTORIC INFLUENCES.

In asking that his final interment may be here we honor ourselves no less than him, for this desire springs from the noblest sentiments of the human heart. Perhaps I overestimate the influence which historic monuments and the associations which cluster around the graves of the mighty dead exert over a people's character and development. Nevertheless that magnificent invocation of Demosthenes to the disembodied spirits of those who fell at Marathon still stirs a fever in the veins of men. The Acropolis, which crowned with the trophies of her arms was once the object of her veneration, is still the pride of Athens, and something of the awe with which the Roman in the days of his pride and power regarded the Capitoline Rock has come down through all the intervening ages even to the present day.

RICHMOND MUST HAVE THE REMAINS.

Enter the grand old Cathedral at Glasgow by the stone steps which in the lapse of centuries the tread

of human feet has almost worn away and take off your hat before the torn, time-eaten flag hanging against its walls which the Twenty-sixth Cameronian Regiment carried to victory at Malplacquet, Oudinot and Ramillies; look upon the splendid monument to old John Knox which crowns the cemetery height in rear of the Cathedral, then stop a moment before the window of his house in Edinburgh, and wander through old St. Giles, which echoed to his voice, and stand by the iron plate sunk in the pavement of the street, once its yard, which marks his grave not far from the little heart of brass which tells you where the centre of the Tolbooth was; wonder at the beauty of those superb monuments to the memory of Scott and Burns and Hume; go through the historic halls of Holyrood and Stirling Castle, visit the field of Bannockburn and call up the scenes enacted there when Robert the Bruce planted his standard by the rough stone at your feet; and then, when you go to Melrose, drop a sprig of heather on that beneath which his great heart was buried, and I think you will better understand the Scotchman's love for his native land. It is a land of monuments and memories, and out from its storied past comes an influence and an inspiration whose value and importance money cannot measure. I pity the man who does not feel his heart throb with a somewhat nobler feeling as he looks upon the magnificent monuments

which a grateful country has erected under the grand old dome of St. Paul's to commemorate the deeds of Nelson and Wellington and perpetuate the memories of Trafalgar and Waterloo. Cold indeed must be he, and dead to all the highest, holiest impulses of our nature, who can walk unmoved through the long aisles of England's great burial-place for the soldiers and statesmen, the poets and philosophers, the men of thought and the men of action who have shed such imperishable glory on her name, who cannot to some extent at least sympathize with the memorable exclamation of one of her greatest heroes as he went into battle—Victory or Westminster Abbey! Yes, my fellow-citizens, Richmond must have the remains of our noble Chieftain, and here we must rear some suitable monument to tell to our children's children the story of his heroic life. Let no such word as fail be found in the lexicon of manhood any more than in that of youth when lofty motives, intelligent action and concerted efforts are cheered by woman's presence and approval. In those days that so sorely tried the souls of her men, the women of Virginia displayed courage as true, patriotism as pure, and will as undaunted as the Spartan mother who, with tearless eye, bidding good-bye to her only son as she sent him to the field, pointed to his shield with the simple words: This or upon this!

Many of them, with their fair daughters, yet sur-

vive to bless our hearts and homes. To them I make no appeal, for their hearts ever beat in unison with all that is true, all that is beautiful and all that is good.

Let us, then, take such steps as may be necessary to show, not in words only, but in act and deed as well, the sincerity of our desire to be trusted with watch and ward over our honored dead as he sleeps, crowned with the reverence and the love of his people.

“So sleep the brave who sink to rest,
By all their country’s wishes blest;
By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung.
There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
To deck the turf that wraps their clay;
And Freedom shall awhile repair
To dwell, a weeping hermit, there.”

FUNERAL ORATION.*

BY COL. CHARLES C. JONES, JR., LL.D.,

President of the Confederate Survivors' Association.

WHEN Wilkie was in the Escorial studying those famous pictures which have so long attracted the notice of all lovers of art, an old Jeronymite said to him: "I have sat daily in sight of those paintings for nearly four-score years. During that time all who were more aged than myself have passed away. My contemporaries are gone. Many younger than myself are in their graves; and still the figures upon those canvases remain unchanged. I look at them until I sometimes think they are the realities, and we but the shadows."

The battle scenes which the heroes of the South have painted; the memories which Confederate valor, loyalty and endurance have bequeathed; the blessed recollections which the pious labors, the saintly ministrations and the more than Spartan inspiration of the women of the Revolution have embalmed—these will dignify for all time the annals of the civilized world; but the actors in that

* Pronounced in the Opera House in Augusta, Ga., December 11th, 1889, upon the occasion of the Memorial Services in honor of President Jefferson Davis.

memorable crisis, they—the shadows—will pass away. Johnston—the Bayard of the South,—Jackson—our military meteor streaming upward and onward in an unbroken track of light, and ascending to the skies in the zenith of his fame,—Lee—the most stainless of earthly commanders and, except in fortune, the greatest—and multitudes of their companions in arms have already gone

“To where beyond these voices there is peace.”

But yesterday Jefferson Davis—the commander of them all—the most distinguished representative of a cause which electrified the civilized world by the grandeur of its sacrifices, the dignity and rectitude of its aims, the nobility of its pursuit, and the magnitude and brilliancy of the deeds performed in its support—entered into rest. The President of the dead Confederacy lies in state in the metropolis of the South, and every Southern Commonwealth is clothed in the habiliments of mourning. At this moment, throughout the wide borders of this Southern land, there is not a village or a hamlet which bears not the tokens of sorrow. By common consent, the entire region consecrates this hour to the observance of funeral ceremonies in honor of our departed chief. General and heart-felt grief pervades the whole territory once claimed by the Confederacy. Was sorrow so spontaneous, so genuine, so unselfish, so universal, ever known in the history

of community and nation,—sorrow at the departure of one who long ago refrained from a participation in public affairs, who had no pecuniary or political legacies to bequeath, and whose supreme blessings were utterly devoid of utilitarian advantage? This spectacle, grand, pathetic and unique, is not incapable of explanation or devoid of special significance.

Within that coffin in New Orleans in silent majesty reposes all that was mortal of him whom impartial history will designate as one of the most remarkable men of the nineteenth century. Around his bier in profound respect and loving veneration are assembled the trustworthy representatives of the South. Encircling that venerable and uncrowned head are memories of valor, of knightly courtesy, of intellectual, moral and political pre-eminence, of high endeavor, and of heroic martyrdom. In that dignified form—so calm, so cold in the embrace of death—we recognized the highest type of the Southern gentleman. In his person, carriage, cultivated address and superior endowments, we hailed the culmination of our patriarchal civilization. In him was personified all that was highest, truest, grandest, alike in the hour of triumph and in the day of defeat. He was the chosen head and the prime exponent of the aspirations and the heroism of the Southern Confederacy. As such his people looked up to and rallied around him in the period of proud

endeavor, and as such they still saluted him amid the gloom of disappointment. As we approach that revered form and render signal tribute at the grave of our dead President, every recollection of a glorious past is revived, and our souls are filled with memories over which the "iniquity of oblivion" should never be allowed blindly to "scatter her poppy." It is a great privilege, my friends, to render honor to this illustrious man. Ours be the mission to guard well his memory—accepting it in the present and commending it to the future as redolent of manhood most exalted, of virtues varied and most admirable.

Although no Federal flag be displayed at half-mast, or Union guns deliver the funeral salute customary upon the demise of an ex-Secretary of War, we may regard with composure the littleness of the attempted slight, and pity the timidity, the narrow-mindedness and the malevolence of the powers that be. The great soul of the dead chief has passed into a higher, a purer sphere uncontaminated by sectional hatred, wholly purged of all dross engendered by contemptible human animosity.

It were impossible, my friends, within the limits of this hour to even allude to the leading events and mighty occurrences in the life and career of him whose obsequies we are now solemnizing. Born of Georgia parents in bountiful Kentucky, while yet an

infant his home was transferred to Mississippi, where his childhood and youth were spent in a community remarkable for the lofty, honorable, hospitable and courteous bearing of its men, and the chastity, polish and loveliness of its women. In such an atmosphere he acquired at the outset those gallant, urbane, refined, elevated and commanding traits which characterized him through the whole course of his prominent and checkered career.

Leaving Transylvania College in 1824, he entered the United States Military Academy at West Point. Upon his graduation in 1828 he was assigned to the First Infantry, and saw his earliest active service in the Black Hawk War. On June 30, 1835, he resigned his commission as first lieutenant of dragoons; and, having married a daughter of Colonel Zachary Taylor—afterwards President of this Republic—established his home near Vicksburg, where, pursuing the avocation of a cotton planter, for some eight years he led a retired life, devoted to earnest thought and intelligent study. Entering the political arena in 1843, in the midst of an exciting gubernatorial canvass, he rapidly acquired such popularity as a public speaker and as a political leader, that two years afterwards he was complimented with a seat in the Lower House of the National Congress. During this service, and in debates upon prominent issues, he bore a leading part; never once wavering

in his devotion to the Union of our fathers, but, on the contrary, with loyal lip and ready hand endeavoring to promote the "common glory of our common country."

In June, 1846, he resigned his seat in Congress to accept the colonelcy of the First Regiment of Mississippi Rifles, to which position he had been unanimously elected. Joining his command at New Orleans, he proceeded at once to reinforce General Taylor on the Rio Grande and, during our war with Mexico, conducted himself with a courage and soldierly skill which reflected honor upon American arms, enriched the history of that important period, and won for him, from the chief executive of the nation, promotion to the grade of brigadier-general.

Well do you remember the conspicuous gallantry of Colonel Davis when, at Monterey, he stormed Fort Leneria without bayonets, and, amid a hurricane of shot and shell, led his regiment as far as the Grand Plaza. At Buena Vista, too, he attracted the notice of, and evoked hearty plaudits from, the entire army of invasion. It was there, by his celebrated V-shaped formation, that, unsupported, with his regiment he utterly routed a charging brigade of Mexican Lancers, thrilling the nation by the brilliancy and the intrepidity of the movement, and eliciting from the commanding general commendation couched in the most complimentary terms. It was then, my

countrymen, that he received a severe wound from the effects of which he suffered to the day of his death. Yes, my friends, for more than forty years Jefferson Davis bore upon his person the marks of a painful and well-nigh mortal hurt encountered in supporting the flag of his country.

Entering the United States Senate in 1847, he became chairman of the committee on military affairs, and exerted an influence second to none in the discussion and settlement of the important questions which then agitated the legislative mind.

Upon the election of General Pierce as President of the United States, Senator Davis accepted from his hands the portfolio of war; and I am persuaded that I indulge in no extravagant statement when I affirm that his administration of the affairs of that important bureau was more efficient, noteworthy and satisfactory than that of any Cabinet officer who preceded or has followed him in that position. This I believe to be the consentient verdict alike of friend and enemy.

Resuming his seat in the Senate Chamber in 1857, he was recognized as the Democratic leader of the Thirty-sixth Congress. This distinguished honor he maintained, with consummate ability, during a period of unusual anxiety and profound responsibility, until the secession of Mississippi in January, 1861, when he withdrew from the national councils and returned

home, where a commission as commander-in-chief of the Army of Mississippi awaited him.

In this exciting political service no smell of fire touched the hem of his garment. No truculent spirit contaminated the manhood of his soul. No utilitarian methods dwarfed the dignity of his acts, or questionable policy impaired the honesty of his utterances. With no uncertain voice he denounced all partisans who purposed an obliteration of the landmarks of the fathers. The doctrine of popular sovereignty he utterly repudiated. Carefully distinguishing "between the independence which the States had achieved at great cost," and the Union which had been compassed by an expenditure of "little time, little money, and no blood," he eloquently and effectively maintained the State-rights theory which had taken such firm root in the constitutional thought of the Southern people. Although the admitted champion of his section, he professed and exhibited an abounding love for the Union, and avowed a willingness to make any sacrifice, consistent with the preservation of constitutional liberty, to avert the impending struggle. Mr. Davis was no political iconoclast—no disunionist in the vulgar acceptance of that term.

In the first volume of his "Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government," he has presented in a masterly manner his views upon the weighty ques-

tion of the reserved rights of the States, and has submitted to the world an argument which, in my judgment, has not yet been answered save by the arbitrament of the sword, clearly demonstrating that the "Southern States had rightfully the power to withdraw from a union into which they had, as sovereign communities, voluntarily entered; that the denial of that right was a violation of the letter and spirit of the compact between the States; and that the war waged by the Federal Government against the seceding States was in disregard of the limitations of the Constitution, and destructive of the principles of the Declaration of Independence."

I have no desire, my countrymen, in this presence and on this occasion, to discuss issues which have been, at least for the present, settled at the cannon's mouth; and yet, in justice to the illustrious dead, who, by ribald tongue has been denounced as a "rebel" and a "traitor," in defence of you—brave women and gallant men of the South—who followed the fortunes of the Confederacy and who are now gathered together to pay homage at the shrine of him who occupied the chief seat of honor in the day of our nation's hope and peril, I cannot refrain from saying, in all truth and soberness, that the States never having surrendered their sovereignty, "it is a palpable absurdity to apply to them, and to their citizens when obeying their mandates, the

terms rebellion and treason: that the Confederate States, so far from making war against, or seeking to destroy the United States, so soon as they had an official organ, strove earnestly, by peaceful recognition, to equitably adjust all questions growing out of the separation from their late associates," and that the "arraignment of the men who participated in the formation of the Confederacy and who bore arms in its defence as the instigators of a controversy leading to disunion," is wholly unjustifiable.

For many years prior to the Civil War the Honorable Jefferson Davis was one of the most commanding figures in the public eye. His services in the Mexican War had won for him military distinction, while his intellect, his oratory, his statesmanship and his ability in dealing with questions of moment in the Senate of the United States, and in conducting the affairs of the bureau of war, were admitted by his opponents and applauded by his friends.

In his esteem constitutional liberty was dearer than life. Possessing in an extraordinary degree those moral traits which are intensified under the test of heroic trial, he lived to show to the world "the matchless and unconquerable grandeur of Southern character."

"In mind, manners and heart he was a type of that old race of Southern gentleman whom these

bustling times are fast crowding out of our civilization." With him fidelity, chivalry, honor and patriotism were realities, not words—entities, not abstractions. To the South, and the cause which it represented, he remained faithful even unto death.

On February 9, 1861, in his personal absence, and without any solicitation on his part, Mr. Davis was, by the Provisional Congress assembled at Montgomery, Alabama, chosen President of the Confederate States. This foremost office in the gift of the South he continued to hold until the disastrous conclusion of the Confederate struggle for independence. It is historically true that if his inclination had been consulted, President Davis would have preferred high military command to the station of chief executive of the nation.

Summoning to his aid such heads of departments as appeared most suitable, and proclaiming in his inaugural address that necessity, not choice, had compelled the secession of the Southern States; that the true policy of the South—an agricultural community—was peace; and that the constituent parts, but not the system of the Government, had been changed, he bent his every energy to the creation and the confirmation of the Republic newly born into the sisterhood of nations. Herculean was the effort, involving, as it did, the entire organization of the Confederacy, the accumulation of sup-

plies, the consummation of Governmental plans and the enlistment, equipment and mobilization of armies at a formative period when that union of seceding commonwealths was little more than a political name. Volunteers there were of exalted spirit and capable of the highest endeavor, but the problem was how to arm them for efficient service. In the language of the venerable historian of Louisiana: "If Minerva, with wisdom, courage, justice and right, was on the side of the Southern champion, it was Minerva not only without any armor, but even without the necessary garments to protect her against the inclemencies of the weather; whilst on the other side stood Mars in full panoply, Ceres with her inexhaustible cornucopia, Jupiter with his thunderbolts, Neptune with his trident, Mercury with his winged feet and emblematic rod, Plutus with his hounds and Vulcan with his forge and hammer."

It is even now a marvel, transcending comprehension, that the Confederate States were able so rapidly to place in the field large bodies of troops. Equally astounding is it that a government, born in a day and erected in the midst of a population almost wholly agricultural, could so quickly summon to its support the entire manhood of the land, establish machine-shops and foundries, compass the importation and manufacture of quartermaster stores

and munitions of war, accumulate commissary and other supplies at convenient points, erect and man heavy batteries, furnish field artillery, place muskets and sabres in the hands of expectant soldiery, and organize the various departments requisite for the efficient administration of public affairs; and all this in the face of an impending war of gigantic proportions. That President Davis, in the consummation of this complex and most difficult business, evinced a patriotism, an energy, a capacity and a devotion worthy of the highest commendation, will be freely admitted.

And what, my friends, shall I say of his conduct as Chief Magistrate of the Confederacy during the more than four long and bloody years which marked the duration of our heroic struggle in defence of vested rights and in behalf of a separate national existence? Time would fail me to enumerate even the salient points of his overshadowing intervention in, and controlling guidance of, the operations—civil and military—appurtenant to that eventful epoch. He was the central sun of our system, around which all lesser luminaries revolved in subordinated orbits. He was the guardian of our national honor and the conservator of the public weal. Amid trials the most oppressive, and disasters the most appalling, he never forfeited the confidence of his people, but under all circumstances retained

their loves and their allegiance. His messages, State papers and public utterances were models alike of statesmanship and of scholarly diction. His constant effort was to maintain, upon the highest plane, the purposes and acts of the government. Every suggestion was discountenanced which was not in harmony with the dictates of the most approved international ethics and the principles of civilized warfare. In communing with citizens and soldiers he inculcated sentiments exalted in their character, and counseled every sacrifice necessary for the accomplishment of the vital purpose in view. His energy in the discharge of the multifarious, perplexing and important duties which devolved upon him, never flagged. His sacrifice of self was conspicuous. His spotless integrity, tenacity of convictions, courage in maintaining his opinions, his enlightened conscience, his resolute temper and his clear conception of right and honor in every relation were potent factors in the solution of the tremendous problems claiming his attention. His resolution—formed after the most careful consideration—was followed with a relentless fidelity. Some men thought him dictatorial; but an iron will, inflexible nerve and the bravest assumption of personal responsibility were demanded by the occasion. For the guidance of the time and the control of events there were no precedents. Action, imme-

diate, decisive, was the watchword of the hour. "They that stand high have many blasts to shake them," and the marvel is that he was able to endure the tremendous pressure, and to bear the burthens incident to the position he occupied and consequent upon the perils which environed his beleaguered nation. Some there were who questioned the propriety of certain appointments to and removals from important commands,—criticised his plans, and denied the advisability of some of the public measures which he favored; but no one ever doubted either the sincerity of his convictions or his absolute devotion to the best interests of people and government as he comprehended them. Difficult beyond expression was the execution of the momentous trust committed to his keeping. To say that he perpetrated no mistakes, would be to proclaim him more than mortal. In the light of past events, and in expression of the general verdict, this we will venture to affirm: that with the resources at command, and in view of the desperate odds encountered, President Davis and the Southern people achieved wonders, and accomplished all that the purest patriotism, the most unswerving valor, the loftiest aspirations and the most patient endurance could have compassed.

"Till the future dares
Forget the past,

the fame of both shall be

“An echo and a light unto eternity.”

With the surrender of the armies of Generals Lee and Johnston, and upon the disintegration of the Confederate Government at Washington, Georgia, the end came. While attempting to reach the trans-Mississippi Department, and cherishing the hope that, with the assistance of Generals E. Kirby Smith and J. B. Magruder and the forces under their command, he would there be able to prolong the struggle, President Davis was captured by a detachment of Federal cavalry. Subjected to petty pillage and to annoyances inconsistent with the usages of civilized warfare, he was conveyed under guard to Fortress Monroe where, charged with being an accomplice in the assassination of President Lincoln, and accused of treason, separated from family and companions, heavy fetters riveted upon him, he was immured in a stone casemate. “Bitter tears have been shed by the gentle, and stern reproaches” have been uttered by the “magnanimous on account of the needless torture” to which he was then subjected. For two long years did this illustrious prisoner endure this unmerited disgrace,—this unwarranted and oppressive confinement. Could you, my friends, at this moment, with uncovered heads approach the coffin which encloses the mortal remains of our dead President, and reverently lift the

shroud which enfolds his precious body, you would even now discover, on those pale and shrunken limbs, the abrasions caused by Federal gyves. Behold, my countrymen, what he suffered as the representative of the South! Behold the martyrdom he then endured for the alleged sins of his people. He was indeed "a nation's prisoner."

Bravely did he bear himself during this season of privation, of loneliness, of insult, and of attempted degradation, protracted until satiated by their own cruelty and baffled in their rage, the prison doors were opened, and the Federal authorities were forced to acknowledge that the charge of complicity in the assassination of President Lincoln was a lie; and that Jefferson Davis—President of the Confederate States—was not a traitor.

If anything were needed to consecrate his memory in the affection and the gratitude of the Southern people, it is surely supplied in this vicarious suffering, and in the nobleness of spirit with which it was endured.

Time and again since his liberation have the shafts of falsehood, of hatred, of detraction, and of jealousy, been directed against him; but, successfully parried, they have returned to wound the hands which launched them.

In his quiet home at Beauvoir, ennobled by the presence of the live-oak—that monarch of the South-

ern forest—beautified by the queenly magnolia-grandiflora, redolent of the perfumes of a semi-tropical region, fanned by the soft breezes from the Gulf, and cheered by exhibitions of respect, affection and veneration most sincere, President Davis passed the evening of his eventful life. Since the hush of that great storm which convulsed this land, he has borne himself with a dignity and a composure, with a fidelity to Confederate traditions, with a just observance of the proprieties of the situation, and with an exalted manhood worthy of all admiration.

Conspicuous for his gallantry and ability as a military leader—prominent as a Federal Secretary of War—as a Senator and statesman renowned in the political annals of these United States—illustrious for all time as the President of a nation which, although maintaining its existence for only a brief space, bequeathed glorious names, notable events and proud memories, which will survive the flood of years—most active, intelligent and successful in vindicating the aims, the impulses, the rights and the conduct of the Southern people during their phenomenal struggle for independence—his reputation abides, unclouded by defeat, unimpaired by the mutations of fortune and the shadows of disappointment.

Surely no token of affection can be too profuse—no mark of respect too emphatic—no rendition of

honor too conspicuous—no funeral tribute too imposing for this dead chieftain of the South. Dead, did I say ?

“To live in hearts we leave behind
Is not to die.”

Even now his name is upon every Southern lip, and his memory enshrined in every Southern heart.

Even now, all through this brave Southland, funeral bells are tolling his requiem. The bravest and the knightliest are reverently bearing his precious body to the tomb. Benedictions, invoked by lips touched with a live coal from off the altar, are descending like the dew of Hermon. Pious drops bedew the cheeks of noble women, and the heads of stalwart men are bowed in grief. The hour is holy, and the occasion most privileged.

In bidding farewell to our President, we rejoice that, by a kind Providence, it was granted unto him to spend in our midst

“His twelve long hours
Bright to the edge of darkness ; then the calm
Repose of twilight—and a crown of stars.”

We rejoice that he was permitted to render back his great spirit into the hands of the God who gave it, surrounded by devoted friends, accompanied by the loves of Southern hearts, and amid the comforts of the metropolis of the South. We rejoice that, having attained unto the full measure of human

life and enjoyed the highest honors which Southern hands could offer—all mundane cares overpast—he has, as we confidently believe, serenely entered into that Upper Realm where there are “trees of unfading loveliness, pavements of emerald, canopies of brightest radiance, gardens of deep and tranquil security, palaces of proud and stately decoration, and a city of lofty pinnacles through which there unceasingly flows the river of gladness, and where jubilee is ever rung with the concord of seraphic voices.”

SOME RECOLLECTIONS OF PRESIDENT DAVIS.

BY MAJOR THOMAS W. HALL.

IT was the fortune of the writer to be in the little town of Washington, Georgia, when President Jefferson Davis arrived, a few days before his capture, in May, 1865. It was during Mr. Davis' brief stay in Washington that the last semblance of organization of the Confederate Government was formally abandoned, and the cavalry force which had accompanied Mr. Davis in his journey from North Carolina, after the surrender of Johnston's army, was finally disbanded. One or two incidents which occurred at the time, within the writer's personal knowledge and observation, and which illustrate Mr. Davis' dignified bearing at this trying and critical period in his life and career, may seem to be worth narrating and recording. There were not more than two or three persons in Washington who knew of Mr. Davis' approach, until his actual arrival. Such was the difficulty in obtaining news from any quarter, that on the very morning of his arrival, a group of distinguished Confederates, including one or two Senators, might have been heard speculating as to Mr. Davis' possible whereabouts,

and discussing the chances of his having been able to make his way in safety to the Mississippi River, and across to the Trans-Mississippi Department. A few hours later Mr. Davis rode into the town, with a small escort, including some members of his Cabinet and personal staff, and several general officers. He was received and entertained during his brief stay, which lasted only until the next morning, beneath the hospitable roof of Dr. Robertson, a citizen of Washington, and cashier of the bank at that place. Although every one, and none better than Mr. Davis, knew that the end of the long struggle had come, his manner was as calm and composed as if he were still occupying the President's house in Richmond, guarded and defended by the heroic legions of Lee. He was still the President, and respected as such, as much as in the plenitude of his power and the most hopeful days of the Confederacy. And as such, he bore himself with tranquil dignity. One of the incidents referred to occurred shortly after his arrival, while he and the principal members of his party were seated at dinner. Some of the officers present who were graduates of West Point, began to discuss their individual future plans. Realizing that the close of the war would end their military career at home, they spoke of seeking professional employment abroad—in Mexico, Brazil, Egypt—plans which some of them subsequently carried

into execution. Mr. Davis, who had been listening in silence, presently remarked : "Gentlemen, it will be time enough for you to be thinking of seeking a foreign service when you are sure that your own country has no need of your services at home." The subject was not renewed in Mr. Davis' presence.

Later on, the question of the best course for Mr. Davis to pursue, to avoid capture and the risk of the indignities to which he might be exposed if taken prisoner, was discussed by some of his closest and most devoted associates and friends. It was stated that Mr. Davis' own idea had been to continue his journey westward, with a cavalry escort, and, if possible, try to reach the Trans-Mississippi Department. The writer, who had just returned from a tour of military duty, which had taken him to Macon, Georgia, at which point he was compelled to abandon all effort to reach Columbus and Selma, places already in the possession of the Federals, was able to furnish information which showed the impossibility of the President, with an escort either large or small, being able to pass in safety through a country occupied by the Union forces, who were then rapidly advancing eastward and spreading themselves through the interior of Georgia. There was but one way and avenue of escape which seemed to be open. That was for Mr. Davis, with a small party—the smaller the better—to proceed directly

southward to Florida, and thence escape from the coast by boat to Cuba. This plan was thought entirely feasible, but upon being submitted to and even urged upon Mr. Davis, he rejected it, saying in substance, that no circumstances had arisen which could induce him to abandon his people, and seek his own personal safety in flight. That evening the resolution was arrived at in a council of general officers, presided over by General Breckinridge, then Secretary of War, that it was inadvisable to attempt to keep together the small cavalry force, two or three thousand strong, which had accompanied Mr. Davis, and was then encamped a few miles from Washington; and that it was due to the men themselves that they should be disbanded and suffered to take their arms and horses, and make their way, as they best could, to their families and homes. The same day, a Cabinet meeting—the last Cabinet meeting of the Confederate Government—was held in the room occupied by Mr. Davis in Dr. Robertson's house. After the meeting adjourned, the writer saw a rough draft or minute of a resolution discharging the several heads of departments from the duty of further personal attendance upon the Executive. Whether such a resolution was actually passed, the writer does not know, but if so, such was the formal dissolution of the Confederate Government. The next morning, after an early breakfast, accompanied by a

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few friends, among them Judge (now Senator) Reagan, of Texas, then Postmaster-General of the Confederacy, Mr. Davis set out on horseback to follow and overtake Mrs. Davis, who, with a small party, had passed through Washington a few days before. The circumstances of Mr. Davis' subsequent capture, which followed a day or two afterward, have become matter of history, and also, it may be said, the subject of much misrepresentation.

MEMORIAL NOTICE OF PRESIDENT DAVIS.

PREPARED AND READ BY MAJOR THOMAS W. HALL,

At a memorial meeting of the citizens of Baltimore, held under the auspices of the
Society of the Army and Navy of the Confederate States, in the
State of Maryland, December 11, 1889.

MAJOR HALL said: "Since the last shot was fired in anger in the war between the States, the flowers of more than twenty springs have bloomed over the once naked graves of those who fell on either side in that great struggle. Surely, after the lapse of so many years, and in view of the now happily restored political and fraternal relations of all the States, we may speak to-day of Jefferson Davis, dead and in his tomb, to all the world, as we thought and felt of and toward him when living, without fear and without risk of incurring the censure which justly falls on those who lightly or rashly tread—

' Upon the smouldering fires,
By deceitful ashes scarce concealed,'

of recent civil strife.

"This is not the time or place for attempting any extended or elaborate review of the public career or personal character of Mr. Davis, nor should I feel equal to the task were such expected. The duty

which has been assigned to me this evening is the far less ambitious one of presenting in behalf of the Society of the Army and Navy of the Confederate States in Maryland, under whose auspices this meeting is held, a brief memorial notice of our dead leader as an expression of the feelings with which we have received the announcement of his death, and in testimony of the sacred regard in which we shall ever hold his memory. I will read, with your permission, what, at the request of a committee of the society, I have prepared :

“The Society of the Army and Navy of the Confederate States in Maryland have heard with feelings of deep emotion of the death of Jefferson Davis, once President of the Confederate States of America. Dying in the very fulness of years, long withdrawn from the activities of a public career, and debarred the privilege of serving his countrymen in any public station, the sorrow which the announcement of his death calls forth is that of respectful and affectionate sympathy for his bereaved and stricken family. Having reached the age of more than fourscore years, many of which were years of trial and trouble, only one that ‘hates him’—

‘Upon the rack of this rough world’—
would have stretched him longer.

“With the great events in which he was so great an actor his name has long since passed into history,

and to the impartial verdict of history, yet to be written, after the passions and prejudices of the generation in which he lived shall have passed away, we may confidently commit the guardianship of his fame.

“It is none the less the duty, however, of the generation which knew him, and of those who trusted, loved and honored him, to place on record as their contribution to that history some memorial of their estimate of his character and worth. As all human judgments are necessarily relative, and, both in the moral and physical world, things for the most part appear great or small by comparison, it is proper to resort to comparison in order to form an estimate of Mr. Davis’ proper place in the opinions of mankind. And the comparison which most naturally suggests itself, despite the dissimilarity of their fortunes, by reason of resemblances in character stronger than any contrast in circumstances, is between George Washington, the great and successful leader in the war of independence, and Jefferson Davis, the great though unsuccessful leader in the war of secession. In the spirit of the undertakings in which they engaged, and which led to such different issues; in the sincerity of conviction and singleness of purpose by which they were actuated, in the austere dignity of their personal presence and bearing, in the moral elevation of their characters, in

their solemn trust and reliance upon an overruling Providence, in their heroic constancy under adverse conditions and circumstances, their moderation in victory and fortitude in defeat, these two great men were singularly alike. Each was a leader in a great popular and sectional uprising against existing authority. Although success makes all the difference in law between a rebel and a patriot, in morals Jefferson Davis was no more of a rebel and no less a patriot than George Washington. The American colonies revolted against the authority of the mother country and of the British Government. The Southern States revolted—they did not call it rebellion—against the authority of the Federal Union and the government which it created. Washington, nurtured in the love of constitutional liberty and in the principles of Hampden and Sydney, joined his hand and fortunes with the patriots who held that taxation without representation was tyranny, and rebelled against the claim of royal prerogative.

“Jefferson Davis, educated in a school of constitutional construction, which was coeval with the constitution, and a firm believer in doctrines which he had been taught were those of Madison and Jefferson, joined his fortunes with those who held that the attempted coercion of the seceded States was federal usurpation. Those who dissent most strongly from Mr. Davis’ political opinions cannot call in

question the sincerity and fervor with which he held them. He was as honest and sincere in his conviction of the rightfulness and the duty of resistance to federal coercion of sovereign States as any patriot of 1776 who took up arms because the British Government sought to enforce the stamp act and imposed a tax upon tea. The fact that the revolt of the colonies in 1776 succeeded, and that the attempted secession of the Southern States in 1861 failed, cannot affect the moral judgment of mankind as to the character and motives of the men who took part in either movement.

“Washington defeated and despoiled of his rights as a British subject, ending his days at Mount Vernon as a disfranchised rebel, would have been the same Washington still. Although he would have had to bear all the obloquy which attends defeat, would have been stigmatized, doubtless, as the man responsible above others for all the bloodshed and suffering of the revolutionary struggle, and as owing his life and liberty, forfeited by the crime of rebellion, to royal clemency, his place would have been the same in the loving hearts and memories of the patriots whose cause he had championed, and of the veterans whom he had led to victory at Trenton and Yorktown, and whose sufferings he had shared at Valley Forge.

“If Lee and Jackson, rather than Davis, were the

military heroes of the Confederacy, it must be remembered that the responsibilities of the civil head of a State seeking to establish its existence by force of arms were not less trying than those of a general in the field; that those responsibilities were not of Mr. Davis' own seeking, but were thrust upon him, and that by education and preference a soldier, it would have been his choice to serve the Confederacy with his sword. Jefferson Davis will, therefore, live in the hearts and memories of the Southern people as another Washington, uncrowned by the laurel wreaths of victory and the rewards of civic honor which fell to the happier lot of the first. The inflexible consistency with which Mr. Davis bore himself from the close of the war until the last hour of his life recalls another comparison. Few persons, comparatively, to-day trouble themselves with the details or the merits of the strife of Roman factions, but the austere unbending figure of Cato occupies for all time a niche in the Pantheon of the world's greatest men. To Jefferson Davis, firm and unyielding to the last, bowing submissively to the just decrees of Providence, but bending to no censure or opinion of man, we may apply with equal truth and appositeness Lucan's famous line :

'Victrix causa deis placuit, sed victa Catoni.'

"It is especially appropriate that Marylanders should unite in a public tribute to the memory of

Mr. Davis, for to all Marylanders who espoused the Confederate cause, and thereby made themselves exiles from their homes, Mr. Davis was ever particularly sympathetic and kind, and they should mourn him not only as their leader, but as their friend."

MR. DAVIS' STATE PAPERS.

BY HON. HILARY A. HERBERT.

Member of Congress from California.

"* * Callidus juvena
Consule Planco."—HORAT.

"In my hot youth, when George the Third was King."—BYRON.

I WAS never in the immediate presence of Mr. Davis but once; so these reminiscences must consist principally of the impressions made by the President of the Confederacy upon a young soldier in the field. The recollections of one who saw and felt the power of the man from that stand-point may be helpful to him who would to-day picture accurately in his mind the President of the Confederacy as he moved amid the heroic forms that surrounded him from 1861 to 1865. It is not alone by the touch of the hand, the glance of the eye or the magnetic sound of the voice that a leader of men impresses his personality on those who environ him. His intellect quickens, his spirit infuses, his hand is felt in spite of physical distance almost as if he were visibly present. And most emphatically was this true of Mr. Davis.

His selection as Provisional President by the Congress which met at Montgomery February 4th,

1861, was ratified by the people of the new Government with wonderful unanimity. It was the common thought: "The man and the hour have met." The man had been educated as a soldier, acquired experience in early life in the army; then resigning, had by severe study in private life trained himself for the duties of statesmanship; had won fame in the Mexican War; had administered with distinguished success the War Department of the Government, and in the Senate of the United States as a defender of the rights of his section was "*primus inter pares*." When to all this it is added that Mr. Davis was a man of singular personal purity, it is easy to understand the pride and satisfaction with which the people of the Confederacy hailed him as their chief.

That about him which most impressed the writer of this brief and hurried memoir was the great ability of his State papers. To call attention to these is the chief purpose of this contribution. Extracts will also be given liberal enough, not only to exemplify the conspicuous literary excellence of these papers, but also to serve as a contemporaneous statement of the case of the Confederacy by its President. Mr. Davis' messages have never been published, as the writer understands, since the close of the war, and can, it is believed, only be found in collected form among the archives of the War Department at Washington.

If one would see from a Southern stand-point the reasons upon which the Confederacy grounded itself, and would look upon the progress of the war as the Confederates saw it, he should read these papers. A more elaborate exposition of the doctrine of States' rights, as then held in the South, is contained in the first volume of the "Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government." There is to be found what the writer deems the most masterly and thorough argument for secession ever made; but the messages present the question in shorter and more attractive form.

The style of Jefferson Davis is always clear, compact and nervous; his thoughts never fail to be admirably arranged, and the earnestness of deep conviction pervades all his writings; but these communications to the Confederate Congress were his masterpieces.

The eyes of the world were upon him. He was the head of a people struggling for recognition among the nations of the earth. By the people of all these nations his words would be read and pondered. If he would win their respect, he must not pervert the history of the past or misrepresent the present. The papers were equal to the occasion that called them forth. They were read and admired by the statesmen and savants of the world; they dignified the cause of the Confederacy abroad and were greeted at home with the liveliest satisfac-

tion. There, nothing contributed more to broaden and intensify the conviction already fixed in the minds of the majority, that, if fight they must, it was to be in a cause that was justified alike by the laws of man and of God.

In the message of April 29th, 1861, the case of the Confederate States is thus stated :

“During the war waged against Great Britain by her colonies on this continent, a common danger impelled them to a close alliance, and to the formation of a confederation, by the terms of which the colonies, styling themselves States, entered ‘*severally* into a firm league of friendship with each other for their common defence, the security of their liberties, and their mutual and general welfare, binding themselves to assist each other against all force offered to, or attacks made upon them or any of them, on account of religion, sovereignty, trade or any other pretence whatever.’

“In order to guard against any misconstruction of their compact, the several States made explicit declaration, in a distinct article, that ‘*each* State retains its sovereignty, freedom, independence, and every power, jurisdiction and right which is not by this confederation ‘*expressly delegated* to the United States in Congress assembled.’

“Under this contract of alliance, the war of the Revolution was successfully waged, and resulted

in the treaty of peace with Great Britain in 1783, by the terms of which the several States were, *each by name*, recognized to be independent.'

"The articles of confederation contained a clause whereby all alterations were prohibited unless confirmed by Legislatures of *every State*, after being agreed to by Congress; and in obedience to this provision under the resolution of Congress of the 21st of February, 1787, the several States appointed delegates who attended a Convention *for the sole and express purpose* of revising the articles of confederation, and reporting to Congress and the several Legislatures such alterations and provisions therein as shall, when agreed to in Congress *and confirmed by the States*, render the Federal Constitution adequate to the exigencies of government and the preservation of the Union.

"It was, by the delegates chosen, by the *several States* under the resolution just quoted, that the Constitution of the United States was framed in 1787, and submitted to the *several States* for ratification, as shown by the 7th article, which is in these words:

"The ratification of the *Conventions of nine States* shall be sufficient for the establishment of this Constitution BETWEEN *the States* so ratifying the same.'

"I have italicized several words in the quota-

tions just made for the purpose of attracting attention to the singular and marked caution with which the States endeavored in every possible form, to exclude the idea that the separate and independent sovereignty of each State was merged into one common government and nation, and the earnest desire they evinced to impress on the Constitution its true character—that of a *compact* BETWEEN independent States.

“The Constitution of 1787 having, however, omitted the clause already recited from the articles of Confederation, which provided in explicit terms, that each State *retained* its sovereignty and independence, some alarm was felt in the States when invited to ratify the Constitution, lest this omission should be construed into an abandonment of their cherished principle, and they refused to be satisfied until amendments were added to the Constitution, placing beyond any pretence of doubt, the reservation by the States of all their sovereign rights and powers—not expressly delegated to the United States by the Constitution.

“Strange indeed must it appear to the impartial observer, but it is none the less true, that all these carefully worded clauses proved unavailing to prevent the rise and growth in the Northern States of a political school which has persistently claimed that the government thus formed was not a compact

between States, but was in effect a national government set up *above* and *over* the States.

“An organization, created by the States to secure the blessings of liberty and independence, against *foreign* aggression, has been gradually perverted into a machine for their control in their domestic affairs: the *creature* has been exalted above its *creators*; the *principals* have been made subordinate to the agent appointed by themselves.

“The people of the Southern States, whose almost exclusive occupation was agriculture, early perceived a tendency in the Northern States to render the common government subservient to their purposes, by imposing burthens on commerce as a protection to their manufacturing and shipping interests.

“Long and angry controversy grew out of these attempts, often successful, to benefit one section of the country at the expense of the other.

“And the danger of disruption arising from this cause was enhanced by the fact that the Northern population was increasing by immigration and other causes in a greater ratio than the population of the South. By degrees as the Northern States gained preponderance in the National Congress, self-interest taught their people to yield ready assent to any plausible advocacy of their right as a majority to govern the minority without control: they learned to listen with impatience to the suggestion of any

constitutional impediment to the exercise of their will; and so utterly have the principles of the Constitution been corrupted in the Northern mind, that in the inaugural address delivered by President Lincoln in March last, he asserts as an axiom which he plainly deems to be undeniable, that the theory of the Constitution requires that in all cases the majority shall govern; and in another memorable instance, the same Chief Magistrate did not hesitate to liken the relations between a State and the United States to those which exist between a county and the State in which it is situated and by which it was created.

“This is the lamentable and fundamental error on which rests the policy that has culminated in his declaration of war against these Confederate States.

“In addition to the long-continued and deep-seated resentment felt by the Southern States at the persistent abuse of the powers they had delegated to the Congress, for the purpose of enriching the manufacturing and shipping classes of the North at the expense of the South, there has existed for nearly half a century another subject of discord, involving interests of such transcendent magnitude, as at all times to create the apprehension in the minds of many devoted lovers of the Union, that its permanence was impossible.

“When the several States delegated certain powers

to the United States Congress, a large portion of the laboring population consisted of African slaves imported into the colonies by the mother country.

“In twelve out of the thirteen States, negro slavery existed, and the right of property in slaves was protected by law.

“This property was recognized in the Constitution, and provision was made against its loss by the escape of the slave. The increase in the number of slaves by further importation from Africa was also secured by a clause forbidding Congress to prohibit the slave trade anterior to a certain date; and in no clause can there be found any delegation of power to the Congress authorizing it in any manner to legislate to the prejudice, detriment or discouragement of the owners of that species of property, or excluding it from the protection of the government.

“The climate and soil of the Northern States soon proved unpropitious to the continuance of slave labor, whilst the converse was the case at the South. Under the unrestricted free intercourse between the two sections, the Northern States consulted their own interest by selling their slaves to the South, and prohibiting slavery within their limits. The South were willing purchasers of a property suitable to their wants, and paid the price of the acquisition without harboring a suspicion that their quiet possession was to be disturbed by those who were in-

hibited, not only by want of constitutional authority, but by good faith as vendors, from disquieting a title emanating from themselves.

“As soon, however, as the Northern States that prohibited African slavery within their limits had reached a number sufficient to give their representation a controlling voice in the Congress, a persistent and organized system of hostile measures against the right of the owners of slaves in the Southern States was inaugurated, and gradually extended. A continuous series of measures was devised and prosecuted for the purpose of rendering insecure the tenure of property in slaves: fanatical organizations, supplied with money by voluntary subscriptions, were assiduously engaged in exciting among the slaves a spirit of discontent and revolt; means were furnished for their escape from their owners, and agents secretly employed to entice them to abscond; the constitutional provision for their rendition to their owners was first evaded, then openly denounced as a violation of conscientious obligation and religious duty; men were taught that it was a merit to elude, disobey, and violently oppose the execution of the laws enacted to secure the performance of the promises contained in the constitutional compact; owners of slaves were mobbed, and even murdered in open day, solely for applying to a magistrate for the arrest of a fugitive slave; the dogmas of these volun-

tary organizations soon obtained control of the legislatures of many of the Northern States, and laws were passed providing for the punishment by ruinous fines and long continued imprisonment in jails and penitentiaries, of citizens of the Southern States, who should dare to ask aid of the officers of the law for the recovery of their property.

“Emboldened by success, the theatre of agitation and aggression against the clearly expressed constitutional rights of the Southern States was transferred to the Congress; Senators and Representatives were sent to the common councils of the nation, whose chief title to this distinction consisted in the display of a spirit of ultra fanaticism, and whose business was, not ‘to promote the general welfare or ensure domestic tranquillity,’ but to awaken the bitterest hatred against the citizens of sister States by violent denunciations of their institutions; the transaction of public affairs was impeded by repeated efforts to usurp powers not delegated by the Constitution, for the purpose of impairing the security of property in slaves, and reducing the States which held slaves to a condition of inferiority. Finally, a great party was organized for the purpose of obtaining the administration of the government, with the avowed object of using its power for the total exclusion of the slave States from all participation in the benefit of the public domain, acquired

by all the States in common, whether by conquest or purchase; of surrounding them entirely by States in which slavery should be prohibited; of thus rendering the property in slaves so insecure as to be comparatively worthless, and thereby annihilating in effect property worth thousands of millions of dollars.

“This party, thus organized, succeeded in the month of November last in the election of its candidate for the Presidency of the United States.

“In the mean time, under the mild and genial climate of the Southern States and the increasing care and attention for the well-being and comfort of the laboring class, dictated alike by interest and humanity, the African slaves had augmented in number from 600,000, at the date of the adoption of the constitutional compact, to upwards of 4,000,000. In moral and social condition they had been elevated from brutal savages into docile, intelligent and civilized agricultural laborers, and supplied not only with bodily comforts, but with careful religious instruction.

“Under the supervision of a superior race, their labor had been so directed as not only to allow a gradual and marked amelioration of their condition, but to convert hundreds of thousands of square miles of wilderness into cultivated lands, covered with a prosperous people; towns and cities had

sprung into existence, and had rapidly increased in wealth and population under the social system of the South; the white population of the Southern slave-holding States had augmented from about 1,250,000 at the date of the adoption of the Constitution, to more than 8,500,000 in 1860; and the productions of the South in cotton, rice, sugar and tobacco, for the full development and continuance of which the labor of African slaves was and is indispensable, had swollen to an amount which formed nearly three-fourths of the exports of the whole United States, and had become absolutely necessary to the wants of civilized man.

“With interests of such overwhelming magnitude imperilled, the people of the Southern States were driven by the conduct of the North to the adoption of some course of action to avert the danger with which they were openly menaced.

“With this view, the Legislatures of the several States invited the people to select delegates to Conventions, to be held for the purpose of determining for themselves what measures were best adapted to meet so alarming a crisis in their history.

“Here it may be proper to observe that from a period as early as 1798 there had existed in *all* of the States of the Union a party, almost uninterruptedly in the majority, based upon the creed that each State was, in the last resort, the sole judge as

well of its wrongs as of the mode and measure of redress. Indeed, it is obvious that, under the law of nations, this principle is an axiom as applied to the relations of independent sovereign States, such as those which had united themselves under the constitutional compact. The Democratic Party of the United States repeated, in its successful canvass in 1856, the declaration made in numerous previous political contests, that it would 'faithfully abide by and uphold the principles laid down in the Kentucky and Virginia resolutions of 1798, and in the report of Mr. Madison to the Virginia Legislature in 1799, and that it adopts those principles as constituting one of the main foundations of its political creed.'

"The principles thus emphatically announced, embrace that to which I have already adverted,—the right of each to judge of and redress the wrongs of which it complains. These principles were maintained by overwhelming majorities of the people of all the States of the Union at different elections, especially in the elections of Mr. Jefferson in 1805, Mr. Madison in 1809 and Mr. Pierce in 1852.

"In the exercise of a right so ancient, so well established and so necessary for self-preservation, the people of the Confederate States in their conventions, determined that the wrongs which they had suffered, and the evils with which they were men-

aced, required that they should revoke the delegation of powers to the Federal Government which they had ratified in their several conventions. They consequently passed ordinances resuming all their rights as sovereign and independent States, and dissolved their connection with the other States of the Union."

This message was written after the fall of Fort Sumter. It will be curious to many modern readers to run over a portion of what Mr. Davis said about the firing of the first gun of the war. That gun had electrified the North. Thousands sprang to arms who had been hesitating. The "rebels had fired on the flag." The Secessionists had precipitated war while multitudes of patriotic citizens were still praying and planning and even hoping for the continuance of peace. This was the Northern view of the question, and it is the theory accepted in the current history of to-day. The Union prevailed in the contest that was then beginning. Her courts have construed the conduct and her historians have written the story of the war.

History as written hereafter, may not and probably will not, accept fully either the Federal or Confederate version. But one thing is beyond peradventure. The Confederates had been led to believe that Fort Sumter, commanding Charleston Harbor, was not to be victualled, that the United States forces there under Major Anderson were not to be placed

in a condition to continue the siege of the city. Nothing puts in so sharp a contrast the views then held North and South as Fort Sumter.* The attempt by the Federal Government to provision it was looked upon in the South as a first step in the parricidal crime of coercing a sovereign State.

President Davis in his message, after a narrative ending with the fall of Sumter, says :

“In this connection I cannot refrain from a well-deserved tribute to the noble State, the eminent soldierly qualities of whose people were so conspicuously displayed in the port of Charleston. For months they had been irritated by the spectacle of a fortress held within their principal harbor, as a standing menace against their peace and independence. Built in part with their own money, its custody confided with their own consent to an agent who held no power over them, other than such as they had themselves delegated for their own benefit, intended to be used by that agent for their own protection against foreign attack, they saw it held with persistent tenacity as a means of offence against them by the very government which they had established for their protection. They had beleaguered it for months—felt entire confidence in their power to capture it,—yet yielded to the requirements of discipline, curbed their impatience, submitted without complaint to the unaccustomed hardships, labors and privations of a

protracted siege; and when at length their patience was rewarded by the signal for attack, and success had crowned their steady and gallant conduct—even in the very moment of triumph, they evinced a chivalrous regard for the feelings of the brave but unfortunate officer who had been compelled to lower his flag. All manifestations of exultation were checked in his presence. Their commanding general, with their cordial approval and the consent of his government, refrained from imposing any terms that could wound the sensibilities of the commander of the Fort. He was permitted to retire with the honors of war—to salute his flag, to depart freely with all his command, and was escorted to the vessel in which he embarked, with the highest marks of respect from those against whom his guns had been so recently directed. Not only does every event connected with the siege reflect the highest honor on South Carolina, but the forbearance of her people and of this government, from making any harsh use of a victory obtained under circumstances of such peculiar provocation, attest to the fullest extent the absence of any purpose beyond securing their own tranquillity, and the sincere desire to avoid the calamities of the war.”

Tennessee that, by a vote of many thousands, had indicated her intention to remain in the Union, almost before the sound of the Fort Sumter guns

had died away, voted herself out by an immense majority. So in North Carolina and so it was in Virginia.

Between sections holding such diverse views war was inevitable. It had already begun, the seceding and adhering States each holding the other responsible for its commencement.

It is impossible to describe the enthusiasm that pervaded the South. Banners were flying and drums were beating. The heroic age had come again. The day of the Almighty Dollar was gone. Money, ease, luxury, all these were as nought when liberty, the right of self-government that our fathers had fought for, was at stake.

It was on a bright morning in the latter part of the month of May, 1861, that a company from Butler County, Alabama—the Greenville Guards—boarded the cars bound for the seat of war in Virginia. The writer of this had been chosen Captain, and was in charge, but he had received no commission and none of the men or officers had been mustered in. Their enlistment, however, needed no sanction then from the law. They had volunteered to fight together the battles of their country and were on their way to the front. The spirit that animated the Captain and each of his men was aptly described by Mr. Davis when he said, in concluding his message of April 29th:

“We feel that our cause is just and holy; we protest solemnly in the face of mankind that we desire peace at any sacrifice, save that of honor and independence; we seek no conquest, no aggrandizement, no concession of any kind from the States with which we were lately confederated; all we ask is to be let alone; that those who never held power over us shall not now attempt our subjugation by arms. This we will, this we must resist to the direst extremity. The moment that this pretension is abandoned, the sword will drop from our grasp and we shall be ready to enter into treaties of amity and commerce that cannot but be mutually beneficial. So long as this pretension is maintained, with a firm reliance on that Divine Power which covers with its protection the just cause, we will continue to struggle for our inherent right to freedom, independence and self-government.”

This feeling pervaded the whole country; it was manifest everywhere. At every station men, women and children were gathered to bid the soldiers God-speed.

At Covington, Georgia, the young ladies of a Female College had come down to the cars to greet us with flowers and refreshments. They gave an immense and beautiful bouquet to the young captain. We had learned that Mrs. Davis, the wife of the

President, was on board, traveling without especial escort to Richmond. As soon as the fair donors of the bouquet were left behind, Captain Herbert approached and, in the happiest phrases he could command, presented it to Mrs. Davis, proffering at the same time his Company as a guard of honor. She was very gracious, invited the young officer to lunch with her, and in a short time had taken him completely captive. Since she left the train at Richmond I have never seen Mrs. Davis. If these lines shall ever meet her eyes, let me convey to her through this medium the lasting gratitude of the young man who cherishes still the memory of the pleasant moments he spent in her presence. She has probably forgotten him. He will never cease to remember her. She appeared then to be twenty-eight or thirty years old, tall, queenly and handsome, making no effort at sprightliness of manner, but she was always earnest, unaffected and womanly.

Shortly after our arrival in Richmond the officers of the ten companies which were to form the Eighth Alabama Regiment met and selected three of their number as field officers, Major, Lieutenant-Colonel and Colonel. As the writer was not of these, he became one of a committee to wait upon President Davis and ask him to commission the officers we had thus, without authorization, elected. Mr. Davis received us pleasantly, listened attentively to all we

had to say, and then told us he had other plans for the regiment. He was very courteous and explained at some length why he could not comply with our wishes. The interview impressed us all with the idea that the President knew what he was about, though it is quite probable that the gentlemen who failed to get the positions to which they had been chosen were of a different opinion.

The writer never saw Mr. Davis again. But he remembers well that though he did not accept without question the wisdom of his every act, he never failed to admire every document that came from the President of the Confederacy. Not only did he state with unsurpassed cleverness the political case of the Confederacy, but his discussions of the manner in which the war was conducted by the enemy, of campaigns, of the law of blockage and the rights of neutrals, and his appeals to the spirit and patriotism of the people were all such as could only come from a statesman of ripe culture, rare ability and sincere patriotism.

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JEFFERSON DAVIS.

BY HON. W. C. P. BRECKINRIDGE.

Member of Congress from Kentucky.

JEFFERSON DAVIS was born in what is now Todd County, Kentucky, on the 3d day of June, 1808, and was a student at the Transylvania University in the City of Lexington, Ky., when he received his warrant as cadet at the Military Academy of West Point. His first wife was a Kentucky girl, the daughter of Zachary Taylor; and during his life he was intimately connected with a good many of the most distinguished Kentuckians of that period.

His father was a farmer, in the Virginia and Kentucky sense of that word; a man owning slaves and living upon and managing the land which was tilled by those slaves; and the early boyhood of Mr. Davis was spent upon a Kentucky farm. There cannot be a more simple, moral and happy life than that of the average Virginia and Kentucky farmer; the influences which surround children born and reared in such families were good, and only good. The constant open air exercise; the habitual work required; the frequent out-door sports; the necessary horse-back exercise; the simple but nutritious food;

developed to the highest capacity the physical faculties. The boys unconsciously became expert shots, daring and skillful horsemen, ready and handy in every form of agricultural labor, stout, active and graceful; keen and accurate of eye; ready, skillful and expert of hand. The moral influence was equally beneficent; daily family prayers and the constant and open recognition of the presence of an overruling Providence, and the habitual and reverent instruction in religious truths, made the children of such a household sincere and earnest believers in the Bible and its truths, even when they did not profess to be Christians and in their daily life were not controlled by its regulations. The simple rudiments of the field school were well taught, and while the curriculum was comparatively narrow, it was thorough, and laid the foundation of any educational and intellectual superstructure that the ambition, intellect and opportunities of the scholar might urge him to build thereon.

When Mr. Davis, a mere lad, entered West Point he was a high but still a fair type of the southwestern country lad; above average height, muscular, athletic, expert, a keen sportsman, a graceful rider, a fine shot, a good dancer; in morals clean, truthful, admirable; in mind earnest, thoughtful, well prepared and well-trained. His training at West Point developed his better qualities, and when he grad-

uated he was thoroughly prepared for a brilliant army career either in peace or war; and from the day on which he received his commission until the day of his death, an old and broken man, it is not too much to say that he never faced an emergency which either dazed, surprised or confused him. During that long and marvelous career he had the thorough command of himself and all his faculties.

It is not within the scope of the duty allotted to me to give any account of his deeds or any history of his life. But the personality of Mr. Davis was so marked and so impressive that no one ever came into contact with him, even the most casual and incidental, who was not impressed therewith. And it is this which made the most lasting impression on me in the few personal interviews I had with him, and in the somewhat rare occasions when I came into personal relations with him.

It so happened that I reached Richmond, Virginia, late on Saturday, July 20th, 1861, the evening before the Battle of Manassas, and that I had an interview with Mr. Davis on the Thursday succeeding that battle—an interview concerning the state of affairs in Kentucky, the policy which ought to be pursued by the Confederate Government towards such Kentuckians as desired to enter the Confederate service, and the action which Mr. Davis might see his way clear to take in the acceptance and organi-

zation of these Kentuckians. It was to me an entirely unsatisfactory interview; he declined in the most positive, though kindly and gentle manner to do or authorize to be done every thing which I urged upon him; and our views did not at all agree.

In the winter of 1864, after the romantic escape of General John H. Morgan from the Columbus Penitentiary, I was ordered to Richmond, and was present at an interview between Mr. Davis and General Morgan; and the views earnestly pressed by General Morgan and in which I cordially shared were not agreeable to Mr. Davis and did not receive his approval, though his personal bearing was exceedingly complimentary to General Morgan and personally kind to the younger officers who were present.

In April, 1865, the cavalry division of General Geo. G. Dibrell, of Tennessee, which consisted of a Tennessee brigade under Colonel McLemore, and a Kentucky brigade of which I was then in command, was ordered to report to Mr. Davis at Greensborough, North Carolina; and that division remained with him from about April the 15th until May the 3d, when it divided, the larger part accepting the terms of surrender agreed upon between Generals Johnston and Sherman, and the smaller part delaying their surrender for some days. During this march from Greensborough to Washington, Georgia, covering that period of the disintegration of the Confederacy,

from the middle of April to the first days in May, necessarily I saw much of Mr. Davis and his cabinet and the officers of rank who were with him. One of the most striking scenes I recall is of a conference held at the residence of Mr. Burt, at Abbeville, South Carolina, on the afternoon of May the 1st, at which conference Mr. Davis presided, and General Bragg, John C. Breckinridge, then acting Secretary of War, John C. Vaughan of Tennessee, General Dibrell of Tennessee, General S. W. Ferguson of Mississippi, General Basil W. Duke of Kentucky and I were present. The surrender of the army of General Johnston had taken place some days prior thereto. General Wilson had captured Macon and substantially closed the war west of Washington, Georgia; Mobile had fallen, and the only organized troops east of the Mississippi River of which we had any knowledge were the five small cavalry brigades commanded by the five cavalry officers present at the conference. The result of that conference was that Mr. Davis pushed on to Washington, Ga., crossing the Savannah River, with the purpose of making his way to the trans-Mississippi. His speedy capture, caused by an unfortunate report of danger to his wife, which made him change his course and join her, of course put an end to any possibility, if indeed there was any such possibility, of any continuance of hostilities.

I have never seen Mr. Davis since we separated that May afternoon in Abbeville.

On all these occasions the impression of the personal virtues, capacity and power of Mr. Davis constantly deepened. He was an absolutely frank, direct and positive man; he never paltered in any double sense with any one; he made himself thoroughly and perfectly understood; he consented or refused to do with entire frankness, so that no one ever justly left him with a doubtful impression as to what his views were or what would be his conduct. He was veracious in the highest sense of that phrase,—not merely truthful in the narration of past occurrences or accurate in his utterances, but of the highest integrity of thought and act and life; and this was, of course, accompanied with the most intrepid courage, for superb veracity of character is based on dauntless courage—that universal courage which is sometimes separated and called physical or mental or moral; his pervaded every quality of his nature. He never knew what it was to fear an adversary in any arena. As lieutenant on the frontier; as commander of a regiment in the crisis at Buena Vista; as Secretary of War in the conflicting debates with distinguished officers; on the stump in Mississippi, with able and adroit debaters; in the Senate of the United States in perhaps its ablest and brightest period; at the head of the Cab-

inet councils during the darkest day of the Confederate War, amid the disastrous and disintegrating days when he saw the Confederacy going to pieces around him; bearing the cruelties inflicted upon him in the casemate at Fortress Monroe; a disfranchised citizen of the Republic; or as an old man, calmly facing death,—he exhibited the same calm, composed and unaffected intrepidity. This combined courage and veracity made him a pure man in all the relations of private and public life, so that during all the years in which malignancy searched with microscopic power for a flaw in his life or conduct, there was never found a single act of which any friend need be ashamed, nor a single word which might not have been uttered in the presence of his wife or to his daughter.

This is a superb life,—so veracious that no man was ever deceived, so intrepid that no duty was ever shirked, and so pure that no flaw was ever found.

To these great personal qualities were added unusual mental gifts. It may be hereafter held that Mr. Davis did not belong to the rank of the very greatest intellects; that those who followed him had fair ground to claim that he did, will be granted readily by those who studied most closely what he did rather than merely what he uttered. For while Mr. Davis was an orator of high rank, a debater of

unusual power and a writer of pure and forcible English, he will perhaps hereafter rank higher as an executive officer and as a man of action than as an orator or writer. His State papers are indeed models, and his short speeches are among the very highest specimens of that form of public oratory; but when we attempt to measure what was done by him and under his supervision, it may well be admitted that he was greater in the cabinet and as a man of action than as a man of speech. He is easily the peer of the very greatest Secretary of War which our Government has ever had, and he administered the affairs of that important department with uncommon skill, exhibiting the highest administrative ability.

What he did as President of the Confederate States has not yet been entirely ascertained and published. The history of the military operations during the war is so much more attractive that it has obscured the investigation into, and the necessary publication of the facts connected with the civil administration of the Government; using the word civil as including all that was necessary for the maintenance of order, the preservation of liberty, the organization of the armies, the obtaining and furnishing of the munitions of war, and the maintenance of the troops in the field. No one has ever doubted that Mr. Davis was in fact the President,

and that as President, he was Commander-in-chief. The charge made most often against him is, that his imperious will and his obstinate and unyielding disposition and his inflexible purpose made him too much the Commander-in-chief, and hampered with unnecessary, if not improper restrictions the commanding generals in the field; but, taken as a whole, when the contrast between the two combatants in that great struggle is accurately drawn, the world will assign to Mr. Davis a position which has not yet been accorded to him.

There never was a more unequal contest. The South fought at every disadvantage. Its white population was about five and a half millions. Its arms-bearing population was less than nine hundred thousand, and the populous and powerful States of Maryland, Mississippi, Tennessee, Kentucky and Virginia were divided with perhaps the larger part of their population against the South. It did not have a regular military organization nor a regular soldier; it was without even the form and semblance of an army; without a ship of war, or a navy yard in which a ship could be made; it had but few guns, and those of antique patterns, inferior, and many practically useless; it had not a manufactory in all its limits where any part of a gun or any part of its munitions could be made; it was without money or organized credit; before it had fairly organized its

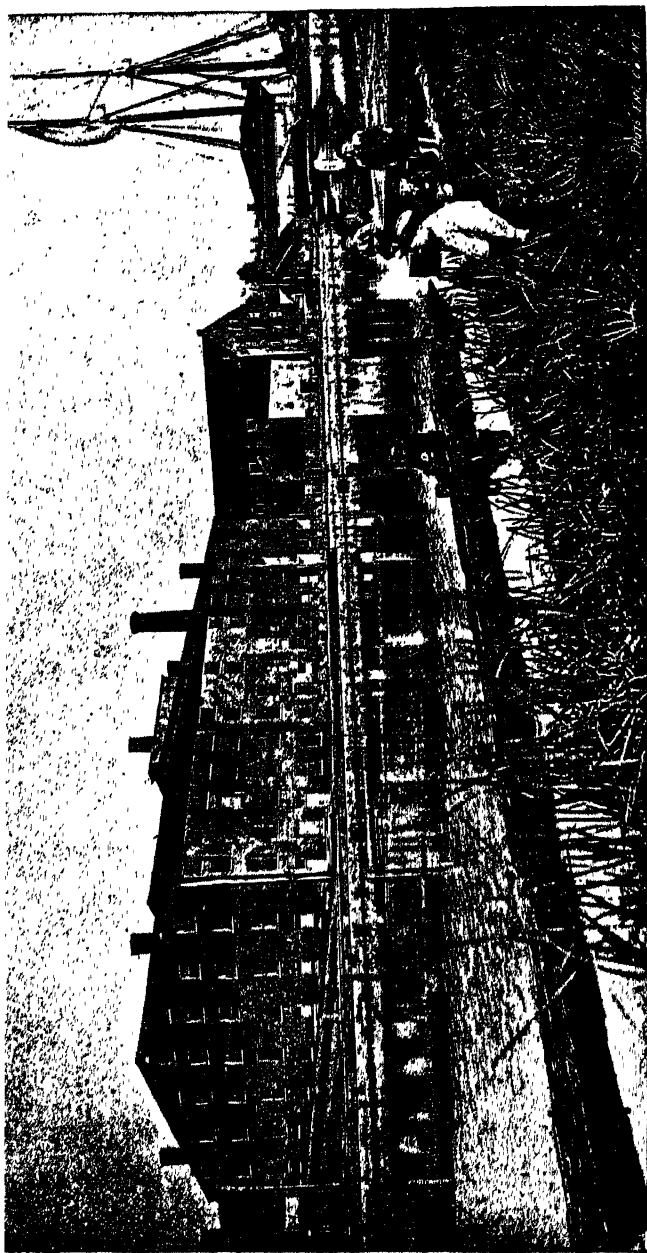
Government, its ports were blockaded with a rigorous and effectual blockade, so that the markets of the world were absolutely shut to it; and it had no medicines for its sick, no means of obtaining the simplest necessities of a hospital, no factories at which the clothing or blankets of the soldiers could be fabricated, and no means by which the machinery necessary for the establishment of such factories could be obtained. Under Mr. Davis the armies were organized, and in those armies were more soldiers than the white arms-bearing population living within the military lines of the Confederacy. In some way under his administration these soldiers were admirably armed, fairly supplied with a fair quality of the necessary munitions of war; were clad, not sufficiently, but so as to be protected from the severer weather; and fed, not amply, but so as to fit them for the most fatiguing marches and glorious victories. Out of mere *debris* thrown away as useless, the Merrimac was made, and naval warfare entirely revolutionized. Hospitals were supplied, true, with sad insufficiency, but yet so as that the wounded found careful nursing and the sick had their pains alleviated. Civil government was preserved and public order was maintained; and the usual machinery of republican institutions never for a moment interfered with. Enormous sums of money were raised, and apparently from nothing;

credit was organized so as to keep in the field these troops and to put on the seas cruisers sufficient in number to make the commerce of the country flee before them.

I am not now attempting to describe the military operations which were conducted under his orders, but to call attention to the obscurer but vital duties which were performed by him or under his order, and which have not received the attention and the commendation which they deserve.

My personal acquaintance with Mr. Davis was too slight for me to attempt to describe him in the private relations of life, but those who came in contact with him even for a moment could not fail to be struck with the mingled gentleness and dignity which characterized him; the patience with which he listened until patience ceased to be a virtue, and then the dignity with which he could assert his power. On the march from Greensborough to Washington there was an unfailing courtesy which rendered the approach of any private pleasant and easy; a kindly deference to those with whom he happened to be thrown, and a gentle dignity which prevented any undue familiarity.

For twenty-five years he has been the representative of the disasters, the destroyed hopes, and the sorrows of that great struggle. All who participated in it felt that he had borne the odium of our acts,



THE FAMOUS LIBBY PRISON, RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.

and been made the vicarious sacrifice for us. During those years he has kept with unimpaired fidelity and unflinching dignity the central conception of that great movement—that the States which composed the Federal Union did have such duties to their citizens as to render it proper under proper circumstances to assert for those citizens the liberties which they inherited; that there existed no power under any constitution, nor under any form of government, to take from the citizens of any State or section those liberties which are above constitutions, and to protect which governments are formed. He never, either in his own name or as the representative of his followers, gave any utterance to the possibility of a renewal of that struggle; no one more fully recognized than he that the defeat of that Confederacy was final and conclusive, and that whatever there was of value in liberty must be preserved within the Union and under the present Constitution. But his very life was a protest against the tendency to centralization. He stood, if nothing more, as a monument to the ancient construction of the Constitution which the fathers believed was that which gave hope to the permanency of free institutions; and so long as the rising generation could hear his name, it caused a pause and created the interrogatory as to whether a Republic of States can be preserved by centralization.

Near in time and near in locality were Abraham Lincoln and Jefferson Davis born ; each loved liberty with a boundless devotion ; one felt that constitutional liberty could be preserved only by a strict adherence to constitutional duties, by the preservation of the autonomy of the States, and the rigorous restriction of the powers of the general government within the limits of the warrant which gave it any rights at all ; the other felt called upon to give his life to the preservation of the territorial union based upon the universal enfranchisement of the individual citizen. It may be that the generations which follow us will conclude that true liberty needs all, the universal enfranchisement of the citizens, the territorial union which gives an arena for a great nation, and yet the autonomy of the States and the strict limitations of the Constitution.

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

ROBERT E. LEE.*

BY JEFFERSON DAVIS.

ROBERT EDWARD LEE, gentleman, scholar, gallant soldier, great soldier, and true Christian, was born in Westmoreland County, Va., on January 19, 1807. He was the youngest son of General Henry Lee, who was familiarly known as "Light-Horse Harry," in the traditions of the war of the Revolution, and who possessed the marked confidence and personal regard of General Washington.

R. E. Lee entered the United States Military Academy in the summer of 1825, after which my acquaintance with him commenced. He was, as I remember him, larger and looked more mature than the average "pleb," but less so than Mason, who was destined to be the head of his class. His soldierly bearing and excellent conduct caused him, in due succession, to rise through the several grades and to be the adjutant of the corps of cadets when he graduated. It is stated that he had not then a "demerit" mark standing against him, which is quite creditable if all "reports" against him had been cancelled because they were not for wanton or intentional delinquency. Though numerically rated second in his class, his proficiency was such that he was assigned to

* From *North American Review*.

the engineer corps, which for many years he adorned both as a military and civil engineer.

He was of the highest type of manly beauty, yet seemingly unconscious of it, and so respectful and unassuming as to make him a general favorite before his great powers had an opportunity for manifestation. His mind led him to analytic rather than perceptive methods of obtaining results.

From the date of his graduation, in 1829, until 1846 he was engaged in various professional duties, and had by regular promotion attained to the grade of captain of engineers. As such he was assigned to duty with the command of Brigadier-General Wool in the campaign of Chihuahua. Thence the command proceeded to make a junction with General Z. Taylor in front of Buena Vista. Here Captain Lee was employed in the construction of the defensive work, when General Scott came, armed with discretionary orders, and took Lee for service in the column which Scott was to command, with much else that General Taylor could ill afford to spare. Subsequent events proved that the loss to General Taylor's army was more than compensated by the gain to the general cause.

Avoiding any encroachment upon the domain of history in entering upon a description of campaigns and battles, I cannot forbear from referring to a particular instance of Lee's gallantry and devotion to duty. Before the battle of Contreras, General Scott's troops had become separated by the field of Pedrigal, and it was necessary to communicate instructions to those on the other side of this barrier of rocks and lava. General Scott says in his report that he had sent seven officers since about sundown to communicate instructions; they had all returned without getting through, "but

the gallant and indefatigable Captain Lee, of the engineers, who has been constantly with the operating forces, is just in from Shields, Smith, Cadwallader," etc. Subsequently General Scott while giving testimony before a court of inquiry said: "Captain Lee, engineer, came to me from Contreras with a message from Brigadier-General Smith, I think, about the same time (midnight), he having passed over the difficult ground by daylight found it just possible to return to St. Augustine in the dark—the greatest feat of physical and moral courage performed by any individual, in my knowledge, pending the campaign."

This field of Pedrigal as described was impassable on horseback and crossed with much difficulty by infantry in daylight. After consultation with the generals near to Contreras, it being decided that an attack must be made at daylight, Captain Lee, through storm and darkness, undertook, on foot and alone, to recross the Pedrigal, so as to give General Scott the notice which would insure the co-operation of his divided forces in the morning's attack. This feat was well entitled to the commendation that General Scott bestowed upon it; but the highest praise belongs to Lee's inciting and sustaining motive, *duty*. To bear to the commanding general the needful information, he dared and suffered for that which is the crowning glory of man: he offered himself for the welfare of others.

He went to Mexico with the rank of captain of engineers, and by gallantry and meritorious conduct rose to the rank of colonel in the army, commission by brevet. After his return he resumed his duties as an officer of the engineer corps. While employed in the construction of Fort Carroll, near Baltimore, an event occurred which illustrates his nice senti-

ment of honor. Some members of the Cuban Junta called upon him and offered him the command of an expedition to overthrow the Spanish control of the island. A very large sum of money was to be paid immediately upon his acceptance of their proposition, and a large sum thenceforward was to be paid monthly. Lee came to Washington to converse with me upon the subject. After a brief discussion of the military problem he said it was not that he had come to consult me about; the question he was considering was whether, while an officer in the United army and because of any reputation he might have acquired as such, he could accept a proposition for foreign service against a Government with which the United States were at peace. The conclusion was his decision to decline any further correspondence with the Junta.

In 1852 Colonel Lee was made superintendent of the United States Military Academy, a position for which he seemed to be peculiarly fitted, as well by his attainments as by his fondness for young people, his fine personal appearance, and impressive manners. When a year or two thereafter I visited the academy, and was surprised to see so many grey hairs on his head, he confessed that the cadets did exceedingly worry him, and then it was perceptible that his sympathy with young people was rather an impediment than a qualification for the superintendency.

In 1855 four new regiments were added to the army—two of cavalry and two of infantry. Captain Lee, of the engineers, brevet-colonel of the army, was offered the position of lieutenant-colonel of the Second regiment of cavalry, which he accepted. He was a bold, graceful horseman, and the son of Light-Horse Harry now seemed to be in his proper element; but the chief of engineers endeavored to persuade him

that it was a descent to go from the engineer corps into the cavalry. Soon after the regiment was organized and assigned to duty in Texas; the colonel, Albert Sidney Johnston, was selected to command an expedition to Utah, and the command of the regiment and the protection of the frontier of Texas against Indian marauders devolved upon Colonel Lee. There, as in every position he had occupied, diligence, sound judgment and soldierly endowment made his service successful. In 1859, being on leave of absence in Virginia, he was made available for the suppression of the John Brown raid. As soon as relieved from that special assignment he returned to his command in Texas, and on April 25, 1861, resigned from the United States army.

Then was his devotion to principle subjected to a crucial test, the severity of which can only be fully realized by a "West-Pointer" whose life has been spent in the army. That it was to sever the friendships of youth, to break up the habits of intercourse, of manners, and of thought, others may comprehend and estimate; but the sentiment most profound in the heart of the war-worn cadet, and which made the change most painful to Lee, he has partially expressed in the letters he wrote at the time to his beloved sister, and to his venerated friend and commander, General Winfield Scott.

Partisan malignants have not failed to misrepresent the conduct of Lee, even to the extent of charging him with treason and desertion; and, unable to appreciate his sacrifice to the allegiance due to Virginia, they have blindly ascribed his action to selfish ambition. It has been erroneously asserted that he was educated at the expense of the General Government, and an attempt has been made then to deduce a special obligation to adhere to it.

The cadets of the United States Military Academy are apportioned among the States in proportion to the number of representatives they severally have in the Congress ; that is, one for each congressional district, with ten additional for the country at large. The annual appropriations for the support of the army and navy include the commissioned, warrant, and non-commissioned officers, privates, seamen, etc., etc. The cadets and midshipmen are warrant officers, and while at the academies are receiving elementary instruction in and for the public service. At whose expense are they taught and supported ? Surely at that of the people—they who pay the taxes and imposts to supply the Treasury with means to meet appropriations as well as to pay generals and admirals as cadets and midshipmen. The cadet's obligation for his place and support was to the State, by virtue of whose distributive share he was appointed, and whose contributions supplied the United States Treasury ; through the State, as a member of the Union, allegiance was due to it, and most usefully and nobly did Lee pay the debt both at home and abroad.

No proposition could be more absurd than that he was prompted by selfish ambition to join the Confederacy. With a small part of his knowledge of the relative amount of material of war possessed by the North and South, any one must have seen that the chances of war were against us ; but if thrice-armed Justice should enable the South to maintain her independence, as our fathers had done, notwithstanding the unequal contest, what selfish advantage could it bring Lee ? If, as some among us yet expected, many hoped, and all wished, there should be a peaceful separation, he would have left behind him all he had gained by long and brilliant service, and could not have in our small army greater rank

than was proffered to him in the larger one he had left. If active hostilities were prosecuted, his large property would be so exposed as to incur serious injury, if not destruction. His mother, Virginia, had revoked the grants she had voluntarily made to the Federal Government, and asserted the State sovereignty and independence he had won from the mother-country by the war of the Revolution; and thus it was regarded, the allegiance of her sons became wholly her own. Above the voice of his friends at Washington, advising and entreating him to stay with them, rose the cry of Virginia calling her sons to defend her against threatened invasion. Lee heeded this cry only; alone he rode forth, as he had crossed the Pedrigal, his guiding star being duty, and offered his sword to Virginia. His offer was accepted, and he was appointed to the chief command of the forces of the State. Though his reception was most flattering and the confidence manifested in him unlimited, his conduct was conspicuous for the modesty and moderation which had always been characteristic of him.

The South had been involved in war without having made due preparation for it. She was without a navy, without even a merchant marine commensurate with her wants during peace; without arsenals, armories, foundries, manufactories, or stores on hand to supply those wants. Lee exerted himself to the utmost to raise and organize troops in Virginia; and when the State joined the confederacy he was invited to come to Montgomery and explain the condition of his command; but his engagements were so pressing that he sent his second officer, General J. E. Johnston, to furnish the desired information.

When the capital of the Confederacy was removed from

Montgomery to Richmond Lee, under the orders of the President, was charged with the general direction of army affairs. In this position the same pleasant relations which had always existed between them continued, and Lee's indefatigable attention to the details of the various commands was of much benefit to the public service. In the mean time disaster, confusion and disagreement among the commanders in western Virginia made it necessary to send there an officer of higher rank than any then on duty in that section. The service was disagreeable, toilsome, and in no wise promising to give distinction to a commander. Passing by all reference to others, suffice it to say that at last Lee was asked to go, and, not counting the cost, he unhesitatingly prepared to start. By concentrating the troops, and by a judicious selection of the position, he compelled the enemy finally to retreat.

There is an incident in this campaign which has never been reported, save as it was orally given to me by General Lee, with a request that I should take no official notice of it. A strong division of the enemy was reported to be encamped in a valley which, one of the colonels said he had found by reconnoissance could readily be approached on one side, and he proposed with his regiment to surprise and attack. General Lee accepted his proposition, but told him that he himself would, in the mean time, with several regiments, ascend the mountain that overlooked the valley on the other side, and at dawn of day on a morning fixed the colonel was to make his assault. His firing was to be the signal for a joint attack from three directions. During the night Lee made a toilsome ascent of the mountain and was in position at the time agreed upon. The valley was covered by a dense fog.

Not hearing the signal he went by a winding path down the side of the mountain and saw the enemy preparing breakfast and otherwise so engaged as to indicate that they were entirely ignorant of any danger. Lee returned to his own command, told them what he had seen, and, though the expected signal had not been given by which the attacking regiment and another detachment were to engage in the assault, he proposed that the regiments then with him should surprise the camp, which he believed, under the circumstances, might successfully be done. The colonels went to consult their men and returned to inform him that they were so cold, wet and hungry as to be unfit for the enterprise. The fog was then lifting, and it was necessary to attack immediately or to withdraw before being discovered by the much larger force in the valley. Lee therefore withdrew his small command and safely conducted them to his encampment.

The colonel who was to give the signal for the joint attack, misapprehending the purpose, reported that when he arrived upon the ground he found the encampment protected by a heavy abattis, which prevented him from making a sudden charge, as he had expected, not understanding that if he had fired his guns at any distance he would have secured the joint attack of the other detachments, and probably brought about an entire victory. Lee generously forbore to exonerate himself when the newspapers in Richmond criticised him severely, one denying him any other consideration except that which he enjoyed as "the President's pet."

It was an embarrassment to the Executive to be deprived of the advice of General Lee, but it was deemed necessary again to detach him to look after affairs on the

coast of Carolina and Georgia, and so violent had been the unmerited attacks upon him by the Richmond press that it was thought proper to give him a letter to the Governor of South Carolina, stating what manner of man had been sent to him. There his skill as an engineer was manifested in the defences he constructed and devised. On his return to Richmond he resumed his functions of general supervisor of military affairs.

In the spring of 1862 Bishop Meade lay dangerously ill. This venerable ecclesiastic had taught General Lee his catechism when a boy, and when he was announced to the Bishop the latter asked to have him shown in immediately. He answered to Lee's inquiry as to how he felt by saying: "Nearly gone, but I wished to see you once more;" and then in a feeble voice added: "God bless you, Robert, and fit you for your high and responsible duties!" The great soldier stood reverently by the bed of his early preceptor in Christianity, but the saintly patriot saw beyond the hero the pious boy to whom he had taught the catechism; first he gave his dying blessing to Robert, and then, struggling against exhaustion, invoked Heaven's guidance for the General.

After the battle of Seven Pines Lee was assigned to the command of the army of Virginia. Thus far his duties had been of a kind to confer a great benefit, but to be unseen and unappreciated by the public. Now he had an opportunity for the employment of his remarkable power of generalization while attending to the minutest details. The public saw manifestation of the first, but could not estimate the extent to which the great results achieved were due to the exact order, systematic economy, and regularity begotten of

his personal attention to the proper adjustment of even the smallest part of that mighty machine, a well-organized, disciplined army. His early instructor, in a published letter, seemed to regard the boy's labor of finishing a drawing on a slate as an excess of care. Was it so? No doubt, so far as the particular task was concerned; but this seedling is to be judged by the fruit the tree bore. That little drawing on the slate was the prototype of the exact investigations which crowned with success his labors as a civil and military engineer, as well as a commander of the armies. May it not have been, not only by endowment but also from these early efforts, that his mind became so rounded, systematic, and complete that his notes, written on the battle-field and in the saddle, had the precision of form and lucidity of expression found in those written in the quiet of his tent. These incidents are related, not because of their intrinsic importance, but as presenting an example for the emulation of youths whose admiration of Lee may induce them to follow the toilsome methods by which he attained to true greatness and enduring fame.

In the early days of June, 1862, General McClelland threatened the capital, Richmond, with an army numerically much superior to that to the command of which Lee had been assigned. A day or two after he had joined the army, I was riding to the front and saw a number of horses hitched in front of a house, and among them recognized General Lee's. Upon dismounting and going in I found some general officers engaged in consultation with him as to how McClelland's advance could be checked, and one of them commenced to explain the disparity of force, and with pencil and paper to show how the enemy could throw out his boyaus and by successive parallels make his approach irresistible. "Stop,

stop," said Lee, "if you go to ciphering we are whipped beforehand.' He ordered the construction of earthworks, put guns in position for a defensive line on the south side of the Chickahominy, and then commenced the strategic movement which was the inception of the seven days' battles, ending in uncovering the capital and driving the enemy to the cover of the gun boats in the James river.

There never was a greater mistake than that which has attributed to General Lee what General Charles Lee in his reply to General Washington called the "rascally virtue." I have had occasion to remonstrate with General Lee for exposing himself, as I thought, unnecessarily in reconnoissance, but he justified himself by saying he "could not understand things so well unless he saw them." In the excitement of battle his natural combativeness would sometimes overcome his habitual self-control; thus it twice occurred in the campaign against Grant that the men seized his bridle to restrain him from his purpose to lead them in a charge.

He was always careful not to wound the sensibilities of any one, and sometimes with an exterior jest or compliment would give what, if properly appreciated, was instruction for the better performance of some duty; for example, if he thought a general officer was not visiting his command as early and as often as was desirable he might admire his horse and suggest that the animal would be improved by more exercise.

He was not of the grave, formal nature that he seemed to some who only knew him when sad realities cast dark shadows upon him; but even then the humor natural to him would occasionally break out. For instance, General Lee called at my office for a ride to the defence of Richmond,

then under construction. He was mounted on a stallion which some kind friend had recently sent him. As I mounted my horse his was restive and kicked at mine. We rode on quietly together, though Lee was watchful to keep his horse in order. Passing by an encampment we saw near a tent two stallions tied at a safe distance from one another. "There," said he, "is a man worse off than I am." When asked to explain, he said: "Don't you see, he has two stallions? I have but one."

His habits had always been rigidly temperate, and his fare in camp was of the simplest. I remember on one battle-field riding past where he and his staff were taking their luncheon. He invited me to share it, and when I dismounted for the purpose it proved to have consisted only of bacon and corn-bread. The bacon had all been eaten, and there were only some crusts of corn-bread left, which, however, having been saturated with the bacon gravy, were in those hard times altogether acceptable, as General Lee was assured in order to silence his regrets.

While he was on duty in South Carolina and Georgia Lee's youngest son, Robert, then a mere boy, left school and came down to Richmond, announcing his purpose to go into the army. His older brother, Custis, was a member of my staff, and after a conference we agreed that it was useless to send the boy back to school, and that he probably would not wait in Richmond for the return of his father; so we selected a battery which had been organized in Richmond and sent Robert to join it. General Lee told me that at the battle of Sharpsburg this battery suffered so much that it had to be withdrawn for repairs and some fresh horses; but, as he had no troops even to form a reserve, as soon as the battery could

be made useful it was ordered forward. He said that as it passed him a boy mounted as a driver of one of the guns much stained with powder, said: "Are you going to put us in again, general?" After replying to him in the affirmative he was struck by the voice of the boy and asked him, "Whose son are you?" To which he answered, "I am Robbie," whereupon his father said: "God bless you, my son, you must go in."

When General Lee was in camp near Richmond his friends frequently sent him something to improve his mess-table. A lady noted for the very good bread she made had frequently favored him with some. One day, as we were riding through the street, she was standing in her front door and bowed to us. The salutation was, of course, returned. After we had passed he asked me who she was. I told him she was the lady who sent him such good bread. He was very sorry he had not known it, but to go back would prove that he had not recognized her as he should have done. His habitual avoidance of any seeming harshness, which caused him sometimes, instead of giving a command, to make a suggestion, was probably a defect. I believe that he had in this manner indicated that supplies were to be deposited for him at Amelia Court-house, but the testimony of General Breckenridge, Secretary of War, of General St. John, Commissary-General, and Lewis Harvie, president of the Richmond and Danville Railroad, conclusively proves that no such requisition was made upon either of the persons who should have received it; and, further, that there were supplies both at Danville and Richmond which could have been sent to Amelia Court-House if information had been received that they were wanted there.

Much has been written in regard to the failure to occupy the Round Top at Gettysburg early in the morning of the second day's battle, to which failure the best judgment attributes our want of entire success in that battle. Whether this was due to the order not being sufficiently positive or not, I will leave to the historians who are discussing that important event. I have said that Lee's natural temper was combative, and to this may be ascribed his attack on the third day at Gettysburg, when the opportunity had not been seized which his genius saw was the gate to victory. It was this last attack to which I have thought he referred when he said it was all his fault, thereby sparing others from whatever blame was due for what had previously occurred.

After the close of the war, while I was in prison and Lee was on parole, we were both indicted on a charge of treason ; but, in hot haste to get in their work, the indictment was drawn with the fatal omission of an overt act. General Grant interposed in the case of General Lee, on the ground that he had taken his parole, and that he was, therefore, not subject to arrest. Another grand jury was summoned, and a bill was presented against me alone and amended by inserting specifications of overt acts. General Lee was summoned as a witness before that grand jury, the object being to prove by him that I was responsible for certain things done by him during the war. I was in Richmond, having been released by virtue of the writ of *habeas corpus*. General Lee met me very soon after having given his testimony before the grand jury, and told me that to the inquiry whether he had not, in the specified cases, acted under my orders, he said that he had always consulted me when he had the opportunity, both on the field and elsewhere ; that after discussion, if not before, we had always agreed, and therefore he had done with my

consent and approval only what he might have done if he had not consulted me, and that he accepted the full responsibility for his acts. He said he had endeavored to present the matter as distinctly as he could, and looked up to see what effect he was producing upon the grand jury. Immediately before him sat a big black negro, whose head had fallen back on the rail of the bench he sat on; his mouth was wide open, and he was fast asleep. General Lee pleasantly added that, if he had had any vanity as an orator, it would have received a rude check.

The evident purpose was to offer to Lee a chance to escape by transferring to me the responsibility for overt acts. Not only to repel the suggestion, but unequivocally to avow his individual responsibility, with all that, under existing circumstances, was implied in this, was the highest reach of moral courage and gentlemanly pride. Those circumstances were exceptionally perilous to him. He had been indicted for treason; the United States President had vindictively threatened to make treason odious; the dregs of society had been thrown to the surface; judicial seats were held by political adventurers; the United States judge of the Virginia district had answered to a committee of Congress that he could pack a jury so as to convict Davis or Lee—and it was under such surroundings that he met the grand jury and testified as stated above. Arbitrary power might pervert justice and trample on right, but could not turn the knightly Lee from the path of honor and truth.

Descended from a long line of illustrious warriors and statesmen, Robert Edward Lee added new glory to the name he bore, and, whether measured by a martial or an intellectual standard, will compare favorably with those whose reputation it devolved upon him to sustain and emulate.

EXCHANGE OF PRISONERS.

UNDER a Cabinet consultation, Mr. Davis accepted the generous offer of Mr. Stephens, who wished to proceed to Washington for the purpose of treating with the Federal Government on the subject of the release of the prisoners, by seeking to reestablish the cartel of exchange on a fair basis, as well as endeavoring to stay the barbarous and cruel acts of such Federal officers as Major-General D. Hunter, and others, in their useless and uncalled-for treatment of women, children and non-combatants. Mr. Davis' commission to Mr. Stephens read as follows :

RICHMOND, July 2d, 1863.

HON. ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS, *Richmond, Va.*

Sir :—Having accepted your patriotic offer to proceed, as a military commissioner, under flag-of-truce, to Washington, you will herewith receive your letter of authority to the Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy of the United States.

This letter is signed by me as Commander-in-Chief of the Confederate land and naval forces.

You will perceive, from the terms of the letter, that it is so worded as to avoid any political difficulties in its reception. Intended exclusively as one of those communications between belligerents which public law recognizes as necessary and proper between hostile forces, care has been taken to give no pretext for refusing to receive it on

the ground that it would involve a tacit recognition of the independence of the Confederacy.

Your mission is simply one of humanity, and has no political aspect.

If objection is made to receive your letter on the ground that it is not addressed to Abraham Lincoln as President, instead of Commander-in-Chief, &c., then you will present the duplicate letter, which is addressed to him as President, and signed by me as President. To this letter, objection may be made on the ground that I am not recognized to be President of the Confederacy. In this event, you will decline any further attempt to confer on the subject of your mission, as such conference is admissible only on a footing of perfect equality.

My recent interviews with you have put you so fully in possession of my views, that it is scarcely necessary to give you any detailed instructions, even were I at this moment well enough to attempt it.

My whole purpose is, in one word, to place this war on the footing of such as are waged by civilized people in modern times, and to divest it of the savage character which has been impressed on it by our enemies, in spite of all our efforts and protests. War is full enough of unavoidable horrors, under all its aspects, to justify, and even to demand of any Christian ruler, who may be unhappily engaged in carrying it on, to seek to restrict its calamities, and to divest it of all unnecessary severities.

You will endeavor to establish the cartel for the exchange of prisoners on such a basis as to avoid the constant difficulties and complaints which arise, and to prevent for the future what we deem the unfair conduct of our enemies,

in evading the delivery of prisoners who fall into their hands, in retarding it by sending them on circuitous routes, and by detaining them sometimes for months in camps and prisons, and in persisting in taking captive non-combatants.

Your attention is also called to the unheard-of conduct of Federal officers in driving from their homes entire communities of women and children, as well as of men, whom they find in districts occupied by their troops, for no other reason than because these unfortunates are faithful to the allegiance due to their States, and refuse to take an oath of fidelity to their enemies.

The putting to death of unarmed prisoners has been a ground of just complaint in more than one instance; and the recent execution of officers of our army in Kentucky, for the sole cause that they were engaged in recruiting service in a State which is claimed as still one of the United States, but is also claimed by us as one of the Confederate States, must be repressed by retaliation, if not unconditionally abandoned, because it would justify the like execution in every other State of the Confederacy; and the practice is barbarous, uselessly cruel, and can only lead to the slaughter of prisoners on both sides, a result too horrible to contemplate without making every effort to avoid it.

On this and all kindred subjects you will consider your authority full and ample, to make such arrangements as will temper the present cruel character of the contest; and full confidence is placed in your judgment, patriotism, and discretion, that, while carrying out the objects of your mission, you will take care that the equal rights of the Confederacy be always preserved.

Very respectfully, JEFFERSON DAVIS.

LETTER FROM EX-PRESIDENT DAVIS TO HON. JAMES
LYONS.*

NEW ORLEANS, January 27, 1876.

HON. JAMES LYONS :

My Dear Friend:—Your very kind letter of the 14th instant was forwarded from Memphis, and has been received at this place.

I have been so long the object of malignant slander and the subject of unscrupulous falsehood by partisans of the class of Mr. Blaine, that, though I cannot say it has become to me matter of indifference, it has ceased to excite my surprise, even in this instance, when it reaches the extremity of accusing me of cruelty to prisoners. What matters it to one whose object is personal and party advantage, that the records, both Federal and Confederate, disprove the charge; that the country is full of witnesses who bear oral testimony against it, and that the effort to revive the bitter animosities of the war obstructs the progress toward the reconciliation of the sections? It is enough for him if his self-seeking purpose be promoted.

It would, however, seem probable that such expectations must be disappointed, for only those who are wilfully blind can fail to see in the circumstances of the case the fallacy of Mr. Blaine's statements. The published fact of an attempt to suborn Wirz, when under sentence of death, by promising him a pardon if he would criminate me in regard to the Andersonville prisoners, is conclusive as to the wish of the Government to make such charge against me, and the failure to do so shows that nothing could be found to sustain it. May we not say the evidence of my

* In relation to the treatment of the Federal prisoners at Andersonville.

innocence was such that Holt and Conover, with their trained band of suborned witnesses, dared not make against me this charge—the same which Wirz, for his life, would not make, but which Blaine, for the Presidential nomination, has made?

Now let us review the leading facts in this case. The report of the Confederate commissioner for exchange of prisoners shows how persistent and liberal were our efforts to secure the relief of captives. Failing in these attempts, I instructed General R. E. Lee to go under flag of truce and seek an interview with General Grant, to represent to him the suffering and death of Federal prisoners held by us, to explain the causes, which were beyond our control, and to urge in the name of humanity the observance of the cartel for the exchange of prisoners. To this, as to all previous appeals, a deaf ear was turned. The interview was not granted. I will not attempt, from memory, to write the details of the correspondence. Lee no longer lives to defend the cause and country he loved so well and served so efficiently; but General Grant cannot fail to remember so extraordinary a proposition, and his objections to executing the cartel are well known to the public. But whoever else may choose to forget my efforts in this regard, the prisoners at Andersonville, and the delegates I permitted them to send to President Lincoln to plead for the resumption of exchange of prisoners, cannot fail to remember how willing I was to restore them to their homes and to the comforts of which they were in need, provided the imprisoned soldiers of the Confederacy should be in like manner released and returned to us.

This foul accusation, though directed specially against

me, was no doubt intended as, and naturally must be, the arraignment of the South, by whose authority and in whose behalf my deeds were done. It may be presumed that the feelings and the habits of the Southern soldiers were understood by me, and in that connection any fair mind would perceive in my congratulatory orders to the army after a victory, in which the troops were most commended for their tenderness and generosity to the wounded and other captives, as well the instincts of the person who issued the order as the knightly temper of the soldiers to whom it was addressed. It is admitted that the prisoners in our hands were not as well provided for as we would, but it is claimed that we did as well for them as we could. Can the other side say as much?

To the bold allegations of ill-treatment of prisoners by our side, and humane treatment and adequate supplies by our opponents, it is only necessary to offer two facts—first, it appears from the reports of the United States War Department that, though we had sixty thousand more Federal prisoners than they had of Confederates, six thousand more of Confederates died in Northern prisons than died of Federals in Southern prisons; second, the want and suffering of men in Northern prisons caused me to ask for permission to send out cotton and buy supplies for them. The request was granted, but only on condition that the cotton should be sent to New York and the supplies be bought there. General Beale, now of St. Louis, was authorized to purchase and distribute the needful supplies.

Our sympathy rose with the occasion and responded to its demands—not waiting for ten years, then to vaunt itself when it could serve no good purpose to the sufferers.

Under the mellowing influence of time and occasional demonstrations at the North of a desire for the restoration of peace and good-will, the Southern people have forgotten much—have forgiven much, of the wrongs they bore. If it be less so among their invaders, it is but another example of the rule that the wrong-doer is less able to forgive than he who has suffered causeless wrong. It is not, however, generally among those who braved the hazards of battle that unrelenting vindictiveness is to be found. The brave are generous and gentle. It is the skulkers of the fight—the Blaines—who display their flags on an untented field. They made no sacrifice to prevent the separation of the States. Why should they be expected to promote the confidence and good-will essential to their union?

When closely confined at Fortress Monroe, I was solicited to add my name to those of many esteemed gentlemen who had signed a petition for my pardon, and an assurance was given that on my doing so the President would order my liberation. Confident of the justice of our cause and the rectitude of my own conduct, I declined to sign the petition, and remained subject to the inexcusable privations and tortures which Dr. Craven has but faintly described. When, after two years of close confinement, I was admitted to bail, as often as required I appeared for trial under the indictment found against me, but in which Mr. Blaine's fictions do not appear. The indictment was finally quashed on an application of mine, nor have I ever evaded or avoided a trial upon any charge the General Government might choose to bring against me, and have no view of the future which makes it desirable to me to be included in an amnesty bill.

Viewed in the abstract or as a general question, I would,

be glad to see the repeal of all laws inflicting the penalty of political disabilities on classes of the people, that it might, as prescribed by the Constitution, be left to the courts to hear and decide causes, and to affix penalties according to pre-existing legislation. The discrimination made against our people is unjust and impolitic, if the fact be equality and the purpose be fraternity among the citizens of the United States. Conviction and sentence without a hearing, without jurisdiction, and affixing penalties by *ex post facto* legislation, are part of the proceeding which had its appropriate end in the assumption by Congress of the executive function of granting pardons. To remove political disabilities which there was not legal power to impose, was not an act of so much grace as to form a plausible pretext for the reckless diatribe of Mr. Blaine.

The papers preserved by Dr. Stevenson happily furnish full proof of the causes of disease and death at Andersonville. They are now, I believe, in Richmond, and it is to be hoped their publication will not be much longer delayed. I have no taste for recrimination, though the sad recitals made by our soldiers returned from Northern prisons can never be forgotten. And you will remember the excitement those produced, and the censorious publications which were uttered against me because I would not visit on the helpless prisoners in our hands such barbarities as, according to reports, had been inflicted upon our men.

Imprisonment is a hard lot at the best, and prisoners are prone to exaggerate their sufferings, and such was probably the case on both sides. But we did not seek by reports of committees, with photographic illustrations, to inflame the passions of our people. How was it with our enemy? Let

one example suffice. You may remember a published report of a committee of the United States Congress which was sent to Annapolis to visit some exchanged prisoners, and which had appended to it the photographs of some emaciated subjects, which were offered as samples of prisoners returned from the South.

When a copy of that report was received, I sent it to Colonel Ould, commissioner for the exchange of prisoners, and learned, as I anticipated, that the photographs, as far as they could be identified, had been taken from men who were in our hospital when they were liberated for exchange, and whom the hospital surgeon regarded as convalescent, but too weak to be removed with safety to themselves. The anxiety of the prisoners to be sent to their homes had prevailed over the objections of the surgeon. But this is not all, for I have recently learned from a priest who was then at Annapolis, that the most wretched-looking of these photographs was taken from a man who had never been a prisoner, but who had been left on the "sick list" at Annapolis when the command to which he was attached had passed that place on its southward march.

Whatever may be said in extenuation of such imposture because of the exigencies of war, there can be no such excuse now for the attempts of Mr. Blaine, by gross misrepresentation and slanderous accusation, to revive the worst passions of the war; and it is to be hoped that, much as the event is to be regretted, it will have the good effect of evoking truthful statements in regard to this little-understood subject, from men who would have preferred to leave their sorrowful story untold if the subject could have been allowed peacefully to sink into oblivion.

Mutual respect is needful for the common interest, is essential to a friendly union; and when slander is promulgated from high places, the public welfare demands that truth should strip falsehood of its power for evil.

I am, respectfully and truly, your friend,

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

COMMENT ON MR. DAVIS'S LETTER.*

In an editorial in his paper, the *New York Sun*, Mr. Dana, after speaking of the bitterness of feeling towards Mr. Davis at the North, thus comments on his recent letter to Mr. Lyons :

This letter shows clearly, we think, that the Confederate authorities, and especially Mr. Davis, ought not to be held responsible for the terrible privations, sufferings and injuries which our men had to endure while they were kept in the Confederate military prisons. The fact is unquestionable, that while the Confederates desired to exchange prisoners, to send our men home and to get back their own, General Grant steadily and strenuously resisted such an exchange. While, in his opinion, the prisoners in our hands were well fed, and were in better condition than when they were captured, our prisoners in the South were ill-fed, and would be restored to us too much exhausted by famine and disease to form a fair set-off against the comparatively vigorous men who would be given in exchange. "It is hard on our men held in Southern prisons," said Grant, in an official communication, "not to exchange them; but it is humane to those left in the ranks to fight our battles. If we commence a system of exchanges which liberates all prisoners taken, we will have to fight on

* By Charles R. Dana, formerly U. S. Assistant Secretary of War.

until the whole South is exterminated. If we hold those caught, they count for no more than dead men." "I did not," he said, on another occasion, "deem it justifiable or just to reinforce the enemy; and an immediate resumption of exchanges would have had that effect, without any corresponding benefit."

This evidence must be taken as conclusive. It proves that it was not the Confederate authorities who insisted on keeping our prisoners in distress, want and disease, but the commander of our own armies. We do not say that his reason for this course was not valid; but it was not Jefferson Davis, or any subordinate or associate of his, who should now be condemned for it. We were responsible ourselves for the continued detention of our captives in misery, starvation and sickness in the South.

Moreover, there is no evidence whatever that it was practicable for the Confederate authorities to feed our prisoners any better than they were fed, or to give them better care and attention than they received. The food was insufficient; the care and attention were insufficient, no doubt; and yet the condition of our prisoners was not worse than that of the Confederate soldiers in the field, except in so far as the condition of those in prison must of necessity be worse than that of men who are free and active outside.

Again, in reference to those cases of extreme suffering and disease, the photographs of whose victims were so extensively circulated among us toward the end of the war, Mr. Davis makes, it seems to us, a good answer. Those very unfortunate men were not taken from prisons, but from Confederate hospitals, where they had received the same medical treatment as was given to sick and wounded Confederate soldiers. The

fact mentioned by Mr. Davis, that while they had 60,000 more prisoners of ours than we had of theirs, the number of Confederates who died in our prisons exceeded by 6000 the whole number of Union soldiers who died in Southern prisons, though not entirely conclusive, since our men were generally better fed and in better health than theirs, still furnishes a strong support to the position that, upon the whole, our men were not used with greater severity or subjected to greater privations than were inevitable in the nature of the case. Of this charge, therefore, of cruelty to prisoners, so often brought against Mr. Davis, and reiterated by Mr. Blaine in his speech, we think he must be held altogether acquitted.

There are other things in his letter not essential to this question, expressions of political opinion and intimations of views upon larger subjects, which it is not necessary that we should discuss. We are bound, however, to say, that in elevation of spirit, in a sincere desire for the total restoration of fraternal feeling and unity between the once warring parts of the Republic, Mr. Davis's letter is infinitely superior and infinitely more creditable to him, both as a statesman and a man, than anything that has recently fallen from such antagonists and critics of his as Mr. Blaine.

LORD WOLSELEY'S MISTAKES.

BY JEFFERSON DAVIS.

(*North American Review.*)

GENERAL WOLSELEY having criticised the Hon. Jefferson Davis in one of his articles, it seems but fair that the ex-President of the Confederacy should have an opportunity to reply. At the same time, it should be remembered, in justice to General Wolseley, that that distinguished soldier expressly states that his articles deal only with the information supplied by the *Century's* history of the Civil War; and he cannot be held responsible for deficiencies in that source of information.—*Editor North American Review.*"

Lord Wolseley has twice conspicuously assumed the part of a self-appointed judge of certain military problems presented by the war between the States, and has presumed to pronounce his decisions in a tone of authority that, viewing his capacity, amuses, and, viewing his record, amazes, the reader competent to judge between the critic and the movements and men he has undertaken to criticise. In *The North American Review* for May he returns with increased venom to his attack on the Confederate Executive. As his reference to me is so manifestly dragged into his article, and so transparently an ebullition of temper, I had not intended to notice it. But I have been so earnestly urged by personal friends in both sections, in the interest of historical truth, to refute Lord Wolseley's slanderous perversions of Confederate

history that I reluctantly yield my personal inclination to reply to him in the pages of *The Review*.

My reluctance to engage in the controversy relating to the war between the States is not personal only, but rests on considerations of public interest; for such controversies give occasion to demagogues for reviving old animosities that are injurious to the general welfare—animosities which, unless stimulated, will surely and speedily disappear. But, on the other hand, in order that crimination and recrimination between the States may forever cease, it is needful that the truth, and the whole truth, should be known, and not perverted in the interest of faction. An *entente cordiale* cannot rest on a partisan pedestal.

For my own part in the contest between the sections I have no excuses to make and no apology to offer. I did my duty to the best of my ability, according to the faith in which I was reared and to which I adhere. What is true in my own case is equally true of my associates. Instead of being "traitors," we were loyal to our States; instead of being rebels against the Union, we were defenders of the Constitution as framed by its founders and as expounded by them. Taught by them to regard the State as sovereign and the Federal Government as the agent, not the ruler, of the States, we loyally followed the lead of the sovereign and resisted the usurpations of the agent. We do not fear the verdict of posterity on the purity of our motives, on the sincerity of our belief, which our sacrifices and career sufficiently attested.

But while we of the South have no desire to keep alive the controversies of the war, it is equally due to our own self-respect and a duty to our dead associates to repel the unjust

aspersions that it has been sought to fasten on the motives and conduct of the leaders of the Confederacy.

In previous attacks Lord Wolseley contented himself, as he does in the first few pages of his *North American Review* article, with speaking of me in a tone of lofty disparagement, without condescending to give specific reasons for his unfavorable opinion. But now, after a somewhat Olympian sentence of condemnation, the Adjutant-General incautiously gives a condensed bill of particulars, as if to justify his unfavorable opinion. He writes :

“It may be said that it was impossible for any one to foresee the dimensions to which the struggle would grow. But surely it is a statesman’s business at least partially to gauge the strength of the forces with which he has to deal. The *soi-disant* statesman who began his high duties with the avowed expectation that 10,000 Enfield rifles would be sufficient to overawe the United States ; who then refused the services of 360,000 men, the flower of the South, and accepted only a fraction of them, because he had not arms for more ; the man who neglected to buy the East Indian fleet, which happy chance and the zeal of subordinates threw in his way : the ruler who could not see that the one vital necessity for the South was, at all sacrifice and at all hazard, to keep the ports open ; who rejected all means provided by others for placing the finances of the Confederacy on a sound basis—that man, as I think, did more than any other individual on either side to save the Union. I have not attempted to make the charge against him as complete and crushing as it could easily be made by those who trusted him with almost unlimited powers in their behalf.”

Specifications are always needed to give credence, if not

currency, for false accusations against men in representative official positions; but as the acts of such men are necessarily of public record, they enjoy a facility of refutation rarely accorded to men in more private stations.

I might well be ashamed of my public career if I could feel that the opinion of any European stripling without an earned record of ability either in civil or military life could affect my reputation in America, and, therefore, I pass unnoticed his personal depreciation; but I should have graver cause to be ashamed of my administration of the Confederate Government if the allegations he makes, without proof or reference, were founded in fact.

Each and every allegation in Lord Wolseley's indictment, above quoted, is either false in direct statement or false by inference.

It is impossible, in the limited space you assign me, fully to refute all of Lord Wolseley's false statements by all the abundant proof in contemporary records and books that I might easily submit; but in the restricted space placed at my disposal I shall notice each of his allegations as briefly as possible.

1.—“*The soi-disant statesman who began his high duties with the avowed expectation that 10,000 Enfield rifles would be sufficient to overawe the United States; who then refused the services of 360,000 men, the flower of the South, and accepted only a fraction of them, because he had not arms for more.*”

This assertion that 360,000 men, “the flower of the South,” were offered to me and refused is so devoid of truth or probability that only the most reckless indifference to both could have uttered it. That, in the then condition of the

Confederate States, there should have been such a numerous organization to offer itself is as incredible as that the President, who notoriously differed with most of his countrymen in apprehending a long and bloody war, should have declined the services of such a force. It is untrue as a whole and in every part. A writer of history may be expected to consult contemporaneous records rather than to accept the rumors of manifestly unfriendly writers. In this case, for example, reference might have been made to the Confederate law of that period.

In the act of March 6, 1861, "to provide for the public defence," the first section authorized the President of the Confederate States of America to ask for and accept the services of any number of volunteers, not exceeding 100,000, "to serve for twelve months, unless sooner discharged. "By the second section it is enacted that the volunteers, when mustered into service, should be armed by the States from which they came or by the Confederate States. By the fifth section the President was authorized to accept the volunteers in companies, squadrons, battalions and regiments. From this it will be seen that the largest organization contemplated, or which the President was authorized to accept, was the regiment, and that, beyond the power of the Confederate Government to arm the volunteers, they were required to be armed by the States from which they came. The law treated the possession of arms as the condition on which volunteers might be accepted, but the English Adjutant-General, in haste to censure, does not stop to inquire whether his "men in buckram" *had* arms.

Again, a military critic should know that, although arms are indispensable, munitions of war are also absolutely essen-

tial to troops in campaign ; and his knowledge need not be very profound to lead him to the conclusion that ammunition was necessary to make guns effective. Of the early and active efforts made to obtain military supplies notice will be taken in the progress of this article.

There is not a shadow of a shade of truth in Lord Wolseley's statement that I began my duties as President of the Confederacy with "the avowed expectation that 10,000 Enfield rifles would be sufficient to overawe the United States." It is a fact of ineffaceable record that I publicly and always predicted a long and bloody struggle, and for that reason was often censured by the more ardent advocates of secession and termed "slow" and "too conservative." No Southern man had enjoyed better opportunities than my public life in Washington had given me to gauge the resources and predict the probable policy of the people of the North ; for, as Senator, I had long and intimately associated with their representatives, and for four years had been United States Secretary of War. With such opportunities of ascertaining the power and sentiments of the Northern people, it would have shown an inexcusable want of perception if I had shared the hopes of men less favored with opportunities for forming correct judgments, in believing with them that secession could be or would be peacefully accomplished.

The absurdity of these statements may further be seen from the fact that, as appears from the official report of General Gorgas,* chief of the Confederacy both under the

* General Gorgas reports that at the formation of the government the small arms at command were 15,000 rifles and 120,000 muskets, stored at Fayetteville, Richmond, Charleston, Augusta, Mount Vernon (Ala.) and

provisional and the permanent government, there was in the armories of the Confederate States, subject to my order as Commander-in-Chief, a supply of arms, inadequate, indeed, for the needs of the country, but vastly in excess of the number that according to my military-imaginative critic, I had declared sufficient to overawe the United States ; and yet it is of public record that, even before I had selected the members of the provisional cabinet, or engaged a private secretary, or had any clerical assistance whatever, one of my first acts as Provisional President, at Montgomery, was to commission Captain (afterwards Admiral) Raphael Semmes to proceed North and purchase all the arms, ammunition and other munitions of war, and the machinery for making them, that he could buy and have delivered. In Admiral Semmes' "Memoirs of Service Afloat" it will be found on 'page 82 and the following pages that he reached Montgomery on the 19th of February, 1861, the day after the inauguration of President Davis. He there states that he called upon the President, who conversed with him on the want of preparation for defence and asked Captain Semmes if he could make use of him, and explained his purpose to send him to the North-

Baton Rouge. "Besides the foregoing, there were at Little Rock, Ark., a few thousand stands, and some few at the Texas arsenal, increasing the aggregate of serviceable arms to, say, 143,000. To these must be added the arms owned by the several States and by military organizations throughout the country, giving, say, 150,000 in all for the use of the armies of the Confederacy." That is, *fifteen-fold* more than, according to Lord Wolseley, I had "avowed" as necessary to "overawe" the United States. So earnest were the efforts made by the Confederate Government to increase this number of effective arms that the chief-of-ordnance report of July 1, 1863, shows that there was then a total of infantry arms, acquired from all sources, of 400,000.

ern States to gather together, with as much haste as possible, mechanics skilled in the manufacture and use of ordnance and rifle machinery, the preparation of fixed ammunition, percussion caps, etc. "He had not selected all his cabinet, nor, indeed, had he so much as a private secretary at his command, as the letter of instructions which he presented for my guidance was written with his own hand. This letter was very full and precise, frequently descending into detail and manifesting an acquaintance with bureau duties scarcely to have been expected," etc.

Subsequently, upon the appointment of Mr. Mallory as Secretary of the Navy, he sent, March 13, 1861, a letter further instructing Captain Semmes to look out for any vessels suited for coast defence; and Captain Semmes writes: "Under these instructions I made diligent search in the waters of New York for such steamers as were wanted, but none could be found." Admiral Semmes adds:

"I found the people everywhere not only willing, but anxious, to contract with me. I purchased large quantities of percussion caps in the city of New York, and sent them by express, without any disguise, to Montgomery. I made contracts for batteries of light artillery, powder, and other munitions, and succeeded in getting large quantities of the powder shipped. I made a contract for removal to the Southern States of a complete set of machinery for rifling cannon, with the requisite skilled workmen to put it in operation."

The interference of the civil authorities prevented many of these contracts from being fulfilled at a later day.

General Gorgas, chief of ordnance, writes:

"As to a further supply of arms, steps had been taken by

the President to import these and other ordnance stores from Europe, and Major Caleb Huse, graduate of West Point, and at that moment professor in the University of Alabama, was selected to go abroad and procure them. He left Montgomery under instructions from me early in April, 1861, with a credit of £10,000 from Mr. Meminger. The appointment proved a happy one; for he succeeded, with very little money, in contracting for a good supply and in running my department in debt for nearly half a million—the very best proof of his fitness for his place and of a financial ability which supplemented the narrowness of Mr. Meminger's purse."

II.—"*The man who neglected to buy the East Indian fleet, which happy chance and the zeal of subordinates threw in his way.*"

My first knowledge of the existence of such a story was derived from the *New York Sun* of November 17, 1878, in which appeared what purported to be an interview with General G. T. Beauregard to the effect that he had gone "with the messenger of Messrs. Frazer & Co. to Montgomery, had introduced the messenger to the Secretary of War, and took advantage of the opportunity to urge upon him the immediate adoption of the proposition, which was to buy some six large and strong steamers just built in England for the East India company." I therefore wrote to General L. P. Walker, ex-Secretary of War of the Confederate States, sending him the *New York Sun* and requesting such information as he might have in regard to the matter, and I received the following reply:

HUNTSVILLE, ALA., December 10, 1878.

HON. JEFFERSON DAVIS, *Beauvoir, Miss.*

Dear Sir :—I have read the article in the *New York Sun*, which you enclosed in your letter to me of the 2d inst. I do not remember the interview with me mentioned by General Beauregard, nor that any proposition was submitted to the Confederate Government for the sale to it of any steamers of the character stated here. If any such proposition was made it has passed from my recollection.

Yours Respectfully,

L. P. WALKER.

To a like inquiry addressed to Mr. Meminger, ex-Secretary of the Confederate Treasury, he replied, on November 27, 1887 :

CHARLESTON, S. C., November 27, 1878.

HON. JEFFERSON DAVIS, *Beauvoir, Miss.*

My Dear Sir :—I have no recollection of having heard of the proposition referred to by General Beauregard. I remember my having written to Mr. Trenholm, one of the firm of John Frazer & Co., to come on to Montgomery to present the advantages of establishing a depot for cotton and munitions of war at Bermuda and some station in the West Indies, and that he came on and appeared before the Cabinet and warmly advocated this plan, and that it met with my cordial approval, but it was not approved by the Cabinet.

I remember nothing of any proposal to purchase the steamers of the India Company. Mr. William Trenholm remembers his appearance before the Cabinet in behalf of the scheme above mentioned. His address was confined to that scheme, but he says he made the proposition to the Secretary of War and to Mr. Mallory, the Secretary of the Navy, to purchase

the steamers of the Oriental Company, but that they had many grounds of objection to the purchase, such as the great draught of water, which would prevent their entering Southern ports, their construction of iron and the want of money. He has no recollection of ever having spoken to me or you on the subject, nor did it enter into the statement made before the Cabinet; and as to myself, I have no recollection of having been consulted either by Mr. Mallory or the Secretary of the War.

Very truly yours,

C. G. MEMINGER.

It would be needless to consider why I "refused" a proposition which was never made to me, and can only remand both the refusal and the reason for it to the region of imagination from which they sprang.

The Confederate States, being without ship yards and without skilled workmen with whom to build cruisers and to provide for coast defences, were compelled to look abroad both to buy and to build the vessels they required. Capt. J. D. Bullock, a well-known officer of the United States Navy, had, immediately after his resignation, reported at Montgomery for orders, and was selected to go abroad as our chief naval agent in Europe. He left Montgomery on May 9, 1861, to get cruising ships of suitable type afloat with the quickest possible despatch, and to buy and forward naval supplies of all kinds without delay. Whoever has read his work, entitled, "Secret Service of the Confederate States in Europe," will not fail to perceive how fortunate was the selection for the vitally important duty on which he was sent abroad. The diligence and energy with which he filled the office intrusted to him are attested by the list of ships built and bought by him in Europe by the Confederate States Navy

Department, viz. : five steam cruisers, one sailing vessel, eight steam blockade-runners, one steamer for harbor defence, four steamers contracted for, but unfinished at the close of the war; total, fifteen furnished and four under construction. Nor was this all which was contributed; for, meagre as the means were from the beginning to the end of the war, there were continuous efforts to create and utilize all existing means for defence. To the Confederacy the world is indebted for the introduction of iron-clad ships. A vessel abandoned by the United States was shielded with railroad iron for the want of plates, and made a record at Hampton Roads which can never be forgotten.

I have just received (August 13) a letter from Captain Bullock, containing important testimony. Captain Bullock, as stated above, was appointed by me, when Provisional President, as the sole agent of the Confederate States in Europe for the purchase of arms, cruisers, transports, and naval munitions of war. He was appointed a captain of the Confederate States as soon as he resigned his commission in the United States Navy. His letter is as follows :

30 SYDENHAM AVENUE, SIFTON PARK, LIVERPOOL,

JULY 29, 1889.

MY DEAR SIR :—Mr. Stoess handed me your letter of the 15th instant this morning, and I hasten to reply by the first returning steamer. I have seen the book to which you allude, namely, "The Military Operations of General G. T. Beauregard," but, in June, 1884, Mr. Charles K. Prioleau, who was then living in Bruges, sent me a copy of the *Charles-ton News and Courier*, which contained a long, interesting, and very able review of the work.

The reviewer gave many extracts from the book, and among them one stating, in effect, that a fleet of steamers belonging to the East Indian Navy had been offered to the Confederate Government at the beginning of the war, and had been declined by them, and that the offer had been made by or through Mr. Charles K. Prioleau. Mr. Prioleau was the senior partner of the Liverpool firm of Frazer, Trenholm & Co., a firm affiliated with Messrs. John Frazer & Co., of Charleston, and the Liverpool branch held the position of the bankers and financial agents of the Confederate Government during the war of secession. Mr. Prioleau was then brought into close personal and official relations with me during the whole period of that war, and, as he had never mentioned to me this alleged offer to the Confederate Government, nor had ever drawn my attention to any such ships, I was greatly surprised by the statement in the review of "General Beauregard's Military Operations." I wrote at once to Mr. Prioleau, asking him for information, and requesting him, if there was any truth in the statement, to tell me why he never mentioned the matter to me. He wrote me a very long letter in reply, much of its contents being wholly irrelevant to the point at issue, but I enclose herewith a paper marked A*, which is a verbatim copy of all that he wrote in respect to my specific inquiries about the alleged offer to the Confederate Government.

When I went to Richmond in October, 1861, to consult with Mr. Mallory about our naval operations in Europe, he dwelt much upon the wish of the Government to get cruisers and also armored ships to break the blockade. It is not possible to believe that he would have omitted all allusion to the East Indian Company's fleet if he had ever heard of those

vessels. I had just returned from England with the "Fingal," and, as before mentioned, Mr. Prioleau had given me not a hint of the alleged offer. After my return to Europe, I both heard of and saw some of the ships, but a glance satisfied me that to buy them for the Confederate Navy would have been a senseless waste of money. They were very big ships, drawing too much water to enter any Confederate port on the Atlantic coast. At the time I saw them they were wholly dismantled, and without guns or any military equipment. To arm and man them for the purpose of attacking the blockading ships would have required the resources of a well-furnished dock-yard, and the right to enlist seamen without interference. It would have been impossible to equip so large a naval force upon the high seas, or at some secret place of rendezvous, as was done with the "Alabama" and other cruisers. To put those ten ships in fighting condition would have required about one hundred heavy guns, and from twelve to fifteen hundred seamen, stokers, etc., with a large supply of small arms and ordnance stores. It would also have been necessary to have several large coal-transports to accompany the fleet, as the ships had only auxiliary sail power, and were dependent upon steam for motive power.

If Mr. Mallory had ever suggested the purchase of those ships I should just have mentioned the foregoing facts, and have drawn his attention to the proclamation of Her Britannic Majesty, the British neutrality laws, and the restrictions in respect to the coaling of belligerent ships proclaimed by all the neutral powers, and he would have perceived the impracticability of such an undertaking. At a later period of the war Mr. Mallory did direct me to examine two vessels, which I have reason to believe belonged to the same fleet.

On page 253, Vol. II. of "The Secret Service of the Confederate States," you will find my report with reference to them. I think at the moment of nothing else worth mentioning on the subject of your letter, but will be glad to give you any further information you may wish, if in my power to do so.

Very faithfully yours,

JAMES D. BULLOCK.

*A.

BRUGES, June 21, 1884.

MY DEAR BULLOCK :—

. . . As regards the ten steamers, I thought you knew about them. They were a part of the East India Company's fleet, the "Golden Fleece," "Jason," "Hydaspes," etc.; they were offered to me at the very beginning of the war, before you came over, and before the Queen's proclamation. My idea was that if they could have been armed and got out they would have swept away every vestige of a Federal blockader then upon the water. Frazer, Trenholm & Co. had not then been appointed agents of the Government, and I did not offer these vessels to the Government, but I mentioned them in a private letter to Mr. G. A. Trenholm, leaving it to his discretion to put it before them.

As a matter of fact, I never got any reply to this letter and never knew that the ships had even been proposed to the Government till long after the war. No further inquiries were ever made of me concerning them from any quarter. About nine or ten years (or perhaps not quite so much) ago, General Beauregard wrote me, saying that he was engaged upon his history, that he had heard about these steamers through William Trenholm, who had referred him to me for

the particulars, and asked me if I would give him a statement, and allow him to mention my name as to my part of the transaction, to which I willingly consented and gave him just the facts stated above. Of course, I know now that the enterprise would have been impossible, but we did not know anything for certain then, and any opinion of mine would have been that of a layman and on its face valueless; therefore, when I heard no more I naturally concluded either that Mr. Trenholm had not thought it worth while to propose the undertaking, or that the Government had been advised against it by their competent officers, and there is no doubt now that they were quite right not to risk so large a sum of money on so doubtful an enterprise, even if they could have readily raised it. It is, however, a little strange that, if the Government knew of these ships at the time you left, they did not instruct you to look at them. On the whole, I am inclined to think that they were never offered to the Government at all, but William Trenholm knew of them from having access to his father's correspondence. . . .

I am, ever yours, sincerely, C. K. PRIOLEAU.
TO HON. JEFFERSON DAVIS.

In the face of facts like these, and many others to which the want of space does not permit me to refer, this self-constituted authority upon military affairs and civil government, ignorantly or maliciously—to me it matters not which—proceeds on an assumption which had no real foundation to characterize me as

III.—“*The ruler who could not see that the one vital necessity for the South was, at all sacrifice and at all hazard, to keep the ports open.*”

An Englishman of ordinary intelligence might be expected to know how vigilant his government was in preventing even unarmed merchantmen from leaving their ports, if any one would allege that they were intended to be converted into war-ships for the use of the Confederate States. The espionage to which Captain Bullock was subjected and the delays which resulted from forcing him to appeal to the courts must show how flippant and absurd it is to assert that a fleet of steamers might have been purchased, manned and equipped, and sent out as cruisers to raise the blockade of Confederate ports. Captain Bullock, vigilant and active, inquiring as well in the ports of Great Britain as those of the Continent, seems never to have found this fleet of steamers so admirably adapted to war purposes that with them the Gulf and Atlantic seaboard might have been so cleanly swept that the commander of the fleet should have carried a broom at his masthead.

The next arraignment by Lord Wolseley's unbridled imagination is to describe him as

IV.—“*The ruler who rejected all means proposed by others for placing the finances of the Confederacy on a sound basis.*”

This is understood to be the long-ago exploded theory that the confederacy should have sent out the cotton crop of 1860-'61 and placed it as the basis of credit in Europe. In answer to this visionary charge against the administration as the cause of Confederate failure, Mr. C. G. Meminger, the Secretary of the Treasury, on the 27th of March, 1874, wrote to the editor of the *Charleston News and Courier* a letter, from which the following conclusive extracts are made:

“The Confederate Government was organized in February, 1861. The blockade was instituted in May, thus leaving a

period of three months in which the whole cotton crop on hand—say 4,000,000 bales—ought, according to this military financier, to have been shipped abroad. This would have required a fleet of four thousand ships, allowing one thousand bales to the ship! Where would these vessels have been procured in the face of the notification of the blockade? and was not as much of the cotton shipped by private enterprise as could have been shipped by the Government? When so shipped, the proceeds of the sale were, in most cases, sold to the Government in the shape of bills of exchange. The superior advantage of this plan is evinced by the fact that throughout the year the Government exchanged its own notes for bills on England at par, with which it paid for all its arms and munitions of war. . . .

“C. G. MEMINGER.”

In answer to the same vague assertion, G. A. Trenholm, the successor of Mr. Meminger in the Treasury Department, wrote to the editor of the *Charleston News and Courier* a full answer, from which I make the following extract:

“Let us examine the facts upon which this theory rests, and without the support of which it must necessarily fall to the ground. The crop of cotton available for this scheme must have been that of 1860-’61. It could not have been the crop of which the seed was not yet put in the ground when the Government was formed at Montgomery. What was, then the crop of 1860-’61? Was it 4,000,000 to 5,000,000 bales, and was it accessible for immediate exportation? . . . Up to the 28th of February, the month that gave birth to the infant government, 3,000,000 bales had been received at the seaports, and the great bulk of it had been exported to Europe, or been sold to the New England spinners. By the 1st

of May 586,000 bales more had been received and sold. England and the Continent took 3,127,000 bales; the New England spinners 654,000 bales. It thus will be seen that before the new government was fairly organized *the entire crop was already beyond its reach*. Another crop followed, but the exportation in any quantity was an absolute impossibility. There were no vessels in the ports of the Confederacy. The last had left before the expiration of the sixty days allowed to foreign tonnage. The only vessels that took cotton after that time were the foreign steamers that ran the blockade to procure cargoes for the owners. They came in small numbers, and one or two at a time. Had the Government seized one of them for its own use, or prevented them from leaving with cotton, they would have ceased to come."

These extracts from the letters of two of the ablest financiers of the South, whose close relation to the Treasury Department gave them the best opportunity of knowing what could, should or might have been done, will, it is hoped, be satisfactory to any who have doubted the propriety of the financial policy of the Confederacy, or who have not seen that the plan proposed was utterly impracticable.

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

A PATRIOTIC LEGACY TO THE PEOPLE OF NORTH CAROLINA.

BY JEFFERSON DAVIS.

FAYETTEVILLE, N. C., Nov. 21.—The following letter from the Hon. Jefferson Davis was read to-day by Hon. J. Green :

BEAUVOIR, Miss., Oct. 30th, 1889.

Messrs. Wharton J. Green, James C. McRae, C. W. Broadfoot, Neil W. Ray, W. C. McDuffie, Charlotte :

GENTLEMEN—Your letter inviting me to attend North Carolina's Centennial, to be held at Fayetteville on the 21st of November next, was duly received, but this acknowledgment has been delayed under the hope that an improvement in my health would enable me to be present as invited. As the time approaches I find that cherished hope unrealized and that I must regretfully confess my inability to join you in the commemorative celebration. It has been my sincere wish to meet the people of the "Old North State" on the occasion which will naturally cause them, with just pride, to trace the historic river of their years to its source in the colony of Albemarle. All along that river stand monuments of fidelity to the inalienable rights of the people, even when an infant successfully resisting executive usurpation, and in the defence of the privileges guaranteed by charter, boldly defying Kings, Lords and Commons. Always self-reliant, yet not vainly self-asserting, she provided for her own defence, while giving

material aid to her neighbors, as she regarded all of the British colonies of America. Thus she sent troops, armed and equipped, for service in both Virginia and South Carolina; also dispatched a ship from the port of Wilmington with food for the sufferers in Boston after the closing of that port by Great Britain. In her declaration that the cause of Boston was the cause of all, there was not only the assertion of a community of rights and a purpose to defend them, but self-abnegation of the commercial advantages which would probably accrue from the closing of a rival port.

Without diminution of regard for the great and good men of the other colonies, I have been led to special veneration of the men of North Carolina, as the first to distinctly declare for State independence, and from first to last to uphold the right of a people to govern themselves.

I do not propose to discuss the vexed question of the Mecklenburg resolutions of May, 1775, which, from the similarity of expression to the great Declaration of Independence of July, 1776, have created much contention; because the claim of North Carolina rests on a broader foundation than the resolves of the meeting at Mecklenburg, which deserve to be preserved as the outburst of a brave, liberty-loving people on the receipt of news of the combat at Concord between British soldiers and citizens of Massachusetts. The broader foundations referred to are the records of the events preceding and succeeding the meeting at Mecklenburg, and the proceedings of the Provincial Congress, which met at Hillsboro in August, 1775. Before this congress convened North Carolina, in disregard of opposition by the Governor, had sent delegates to represent her in the gen-

eral congress to be held in Philadelphia, and had denounced the attack upon Boston, and had appointed committees of safety with such far-reaching functions as belong to revolutionary times only. The famous Stamp Act of Parliament was openly resisted by men of highest reputation, a vessel bringing the stamps was seized and the commander bound not to permit them to be landed. These things were done in open day by men who wore no disguise and shunned no question. Before the congress of the province had assembled the last royal Governor of North Carolina had fled, to escape from the indignation of a people who, burdened but not bent by oppression, had resolved to live or die as freemen. The congress at Hillsboro went earnestly to work, not merely to declare independence but to provide the means for maintaining it. The congress, feeling quite equal to the occasion, proceeded to make laws for raising and organizing troops, for supplying money, and to meet the contingency of a blockade of her sea ports, offered bounties to stimulate the production of the articles most needful in time of war. On the 12th of April, 1776, the Continental Congress being then in session, and with much diversity of opinion as to the proper course to be pursued under this condition of affairs, the North Carolina Congress resolved "that the delegates for this colony in the Continental Congress be empowered to concur with the delegates of the other colonies in declaring independency and forming foreign alliances, reserving to the colony the sole and exclusive right of forming a constitution and laws for the colony," etc., etc.

This, I believe, was the first distinct declaration for separation from Great Britain and State independence, and there is much besides priority to evoke admiration. North Caro-

lina had, by many acts of resistance to the British authorities, provoked their vengeance, yet she dared to lead in defiance; yet no danger, however dread in the event of her isolation, could make her accept co-operation, save with the reservation of supremacy in regard to her own constitution and laws—the sacred principle of “community independence” and government founded on the consent of the governed. After having done her whole duty in the war for independence and become a free, sovereign and independent State, she entered into the Confederation with these rights and powers recognized as unabridged. When experience proved the articles of Confederation to be inadequate to the needs of good government, she agreed to a general convention for their amendment. The convention did not limit its labors to amendment of the articles, but proceeded to form a new plan of government, and, adhering to the cardinal principle that governments must be derived from the consent of the governed, submitted the new plan to the people of the several States, to be adopted or rejected as each by and for itself should decide. It is to be remembered that the articles of Confederation for the “United States of America” declared that “the Union shall be perpetual,” and that no alteration should be made in the said articles unless it should “be confirmed by the Legislature of every State.” True to her creed of State sovereignty, North Carolina recognized the power of such States as chose to do so to withdraw from the Union, and by the same token her own unqualified right to decide whether or not she would subscribe to the proposed compact for a more perfect Union, and in which it is to be observed the declaration for perpetuity was omitted. In the hard school of experience she had learned the danger to popular liberty from a govern-

ment which could claim to be the final judge of its own powers. She had fought a long and devastating war for State independence, and was not willing to put in jeopardy the priceless jewel she had gained. After a careful examination, it was concluded that the proposed constitution did not sufficiently guard against usurpation by the usual resort to implication of powers not expressly granted, and declined to act upon the general assurances that the deficiency would soon be supplied by the needful amendments. In the meantime, State after State had acceded to the new union, until the requisite number had been obtained for the establishment of the "Constitution between the States ratifying the same." With characteristic self-reliance, North Carolina confronted the prospect of isolation, and calmly resolved, if so it must be, to stand as one rather than subject to hazard her most prized possession, community independence. Confiding in the security offered by the first ten amendments to the Constitution, especially the ninth and tenth of the series, North Carolina voluntarily acceded to the new union. The tenth amendment restricted the functions of the Federal government to the exercise of the powers delegated to it by the States, all of which were expressly stipulated. Beyond that limit nothing could be done rightfully. If covertly done, under color of law, or by reckless usurpation of an extraneous majority which, feeling power, should disregard right, had the State no peaceful remedy? Could she, as a State in a confederation, the bed rock of which is the consent of its members, be bound by a compact which others broke to her injury? Had her reserved rights no other than a paper barrier to protect them against invasion?

Surely the heroic patriots and wise statesmen of North

Carolina, by their sacrifices, utterances and deeds, have shown what their answer would have been to these questions, if they had been asked, on the day when, in one convention, they ratified the amended Constitution of the United States. Her exceptional delay in ratification marks her vigilant care for the rights she had so early asserted and so steadily maintained.

Of her it may be said, as it was of Sir Walter Scott in his youth, that he was "always the first in a row and the last out of it." In the peaceful repose which followed the Revolution all her interests were progressive.

Farms, school-houses and towns rose over a subdued wilderness, and with a mother's joy she saw her sons distinguished in the public service by intelligence, energy and perseverance, and by the integrity without which all other gifts are but as tinsel. North Carolina grew apace in all which constitutes power. Until 1812 she was required, as a State of the Union, to resist aggressions on the high seas in the visitation of American merchant vessels and the impressment of American seamen by the armed cruisers of Great Britain.

These seamen generally belonged to the New England States; none, probably, were North Carolinians; but her old spirit was vital still; the cause of one was the cause of all, as she announced when Boston was under embargo.

At every roll-call for the common defence she answered "Here." When blessed peace returned she stacked her arms, for which she had no prospective use. Her love for her neighbors had been tried and not found wanting in the time of their need; why should she anticipate hostility from them?

The envy, selfish jealousy and criminal hate of a Cain could not come near to her heart. If not to suspect such vice in others be indiscreet incredulity it is a knightly virtue and

part of an honest nature. In many years of military and civil service it has been my good fortune to know the sons of North Carolina under circumstances of trial, and I could make a list of those deserving honorable mention which would too far extend this letter, already, I fear, tediously long.

Devotion to principle, self-reliance and inflexible adherence to resolution when adopted, accompanied by conservative caution, were the characteristics displayed by North Carolina in both her colonial and State history. All these qualities were exemplified in her action on the day the anniversary of which you commemorate. If there be any, not likely to be found with you, but possibly elsewhere, who shall ask "how then could North Carolina consistently enact her ordinance of secession in 1861?" he is referred to the Declaration of Independence of 1776, to the articles of Confederation of 1777, for a perpetual union of the States from the union so established; to the treaty of 1783, recognizing the independence of the States severally and distinctively; to the Constitution of the United States, with its first ten amendments; to the time-honored resolutions of 1789-1790; that from these, one and all, he may learn that the State, having won her independence by heavy sacrifices, had never surrendered it nor had ever attempted to delegate the inalienable rights of the people. How valiantly her sons bore themselves in the war between the States the lists of the killed and wounded testify. She gave them a sacrificial offering on the altar of the liberties their fathers had won, and had left as an inheritance to their posterity. Many sleep far from the land of their nativity. Peace to their ashes. Honor to their memory and the mothers who bore them.

Faithfully, JEFFERSON DAVIS.

JEFFERSON DAVIS.*

THE death of Jefferson Davis marks the departure of one who for nearly a generation has had only a historical interest to the American people. And it is as a historical figure, as far removed from the stern judgments of the hour as Bolingbroke or Pitt, that he will be viewed even by those who, under the cruel pressure of terrible events, were wont to regard him as the incarnation of treason and rapine. We have been so long accustomed to regard Mr. Davis as the embodiment of the Southern Confederacy, as the object of extreme hatred by one class of our people and of extreme adulation by another, that it is difficult to assign him a true place among the rulers of men. A generation must pass and many hidden things become known before the tribunal of history will pass its final judgment upon his character and his career.

We know enough of the inner workings of that extraordinary movement which developed into civil war to know that Mr. Davis was not an original extreme secessionist, that he cherished Union hopes long after Yancey, Rhett, Toombs and their fiery associates had become enemies of the Republic.

His course recalls the reluctance with which Washington and Franklin accepted separation from Great Britain, and

* It has been thought to be of interest to many of the South to see the editorial on Jefferson Davis of the *New York Daily Herald*, which is a representative paper of the North.—(PUBS.)

how they were driven into revolution by the fiery counsels of Jefferson and the Adamses.

In the Southern Confederacy as in the Revolution, when the time came for action Davis was selected because he represented the conservatism and character of the secession movement. The extreme secessionists supported Robert Toombs, and Confederate leaders have lamented that Toombs, with his passion and fury, his supposed Danton-like energy and animosities, was not at the head of the South rather than the military martinet Davis. They believed in a volcanic, chaotic, anarchical war—the South streaming over the North like the Huns over the Roman provinces. But the conservative counsels prevailed, and the reluctant secessionist Davis became the President of the Confederacy.

We question if the volcanic policy which Toombs favored would have helped the Confederacy. Historical criticism shows the fatuity of that whole secession movement, and the impossibility of ultimate success against the resolution and patience of the North. Mr. Davis, however, did as much with his Confederacy as was possible. He maintained it as a political force for four years, standing by it with intense, unreasoning, stubborn devotion, never murmuring nor admitting defeat, proud to the end, the last of the Confederates to furl the Confederate flag, awed by no reverse, discouraged by no disaster, obstinate, gloomy, implacable, taking the sternest responsibilities, offering no compromise, seeking none, never veiling his cause by apologies, nor until the hour of his death showing the least regret. We may give him the praise that history awards to Pitt for that statesman's resistance to Napoleon. Yet this praise brings its condemnation. If Pitt had shown true statesmanship he would have come to terms

with Bonaparte at Amiens and saved England many a day of sorrow and shame. And if Davis had had the highest political courage he would have seen that every soldier killed after Gettysburg and Vicksburg was sacrificed in a hopeless cause, and that then his Confederacy was doomed.

In the essential elements of statesmanship Davis will be judged as the rival and parallel of Lincoln. When the two men came face to face, as leaders of two mighty forces, bitter was Northern sorrow that Providence had given the South so ripe and rare a leader and the North an uncouth advocate from the woods. But it was not long before the North was to realize with gratitude the wisdom of Providence in so ordaining it. Lincoln steadily grew to his work. Flexible, patient, keen, resolute, far-seeing, with pathetic common sense and a strange power over the hearts of men, Lincoln led and fashioned his hosts, never advancing to recede, outmatching Davis at every point by his diplomacy, his knowledge of politics, his power to wait as well as his power to strike crushing blows. It is painful to contrast this nimble, subtle genius, adapting himself to the mutations of every hour, with the cold mathematics of Davis, who managed politics upon the barren dogmas of Calhoun and conducted war like a tutor at West Point. The man who saw the skies above and the horizon about him was to overmaster the precise metaphysician who saw nothing but his tasks and lived in the traditions of an antecedent generation.

The later years of Mr. Davis have been marked by a spirit which grew impatient with advancing age. His invectives against the North were heard by those against whom they were directed with pity. We felt almost as if he were saying with Lear, "You do me wrong to take me out of the grave."

They were truly the words of a foolish, fond old man, who could not outlive the remembrance of the fact that he was once the ruler of a people, the leader of a lost cause. He lived and died in the indulgent recognition of his countrymen. His Confederacy has gone into the limbo of dead political experiments. The knightly genius of Lee, the sombre fury of Jackson, the gallantry of Stuart, the narrow fanaticism of Sydney Johnson, the proud, unpausing valor of the hundreds of thousands who followed them to the supreme fate of war—all will live in song and story as an undying part of our history. And in this history no one will hold a more conspicuous place than the stern, implacable, resolute leader, whose cold, thin lips have closed forever in that beloved South which he served with passion if not with wisdom.

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LONDON PRESS ON DAVIS.

WHAT THE ENGLISH EDITORS SAY ABOUT THE CONFEDERACY'S PRESIDENT.

From the *New York Herald*.

LONDON, Dec. 7, 1889.—The London papers print long obituaries of Jefferson Davis. In their editorials they say that it would be difficult to name an American who for the last forty years has occupied a more conspicuous position in the eyes of his fellow-countrymen.

LIBERAL OPINION.

The *News* says:—"The splendid clemency of the great popular government in the case of Mr. Davis has been justified by the results. Mr. Davis passing his old age in peace has stood as an evidence of the absolute security of the federal system."

The *Morning Chronicle* says:—"In the nature of things Mr. Davis can never be recognized as a national hero. Still he was a man of no ordinary mould, and was a rebel only because the contest he entered upon ended in failure."

TWO TORY VIEWS.

All the evening papers last evening had leaders on Jefferson Davis. The *Globe* recalled Mr. Gladstone's eulogium, including the famous phrase so much criticised at the time, "Jefferson Davis has created a nation;" adding that if he had not created a nation it was because such a creation was clearly not possible in the conditions; that if states-

manship, military genius and devotion on the part of a whole people were sufficient for the foundation of a State, a slave-holding republic would have been established. The enterprise failed because success in the conditions was impossible.

The *St. James' Gazette* doubts whether Davis will take a historical position as one of the world's great men. He was a man of great persistency of purpose and keen political vision. He had wonderful luck in discovering Lee—one of the greatest generals of the age—and Secretary Benjamin, an exceedingly shrewd administrator. The *St. James' Gazette* draws a striking comparison between Davis and some of his famous contemporaries, and especially compares Lincoln's unique personality and deeply cherished memory with the absence of enthusiasm for Davis, or even of general interest in him. Lee, it says, is glorified in the Old World as in the New; Stonewall Jackson is almost glorified in England, while as Davis departs from the scene of human activities it is doubtful if a single person outside the immediate circle of his relatives is affected by a passing thrill of emotion.

NORTHERN ESTIMATE OF DAVIS.

TENACIOUS AND OBSTINATE AND NOT SUCCESSFUL AS A
LEADER.

From the New York Herald.

A QUARTER of a century ago the announcement of the death of Jefferson Davis would have fallen like a monster bomb in this city. Yesterday it was read and discussed with the calm interest that was given to the President's message.

Some estimate of Mr. Davis' character from representative men who knew him well are given herewith.

The first is from Burton N. Harrison, who was private secretary to President Davis during the war between the States, but is now a member of the New York Bar, with an office at No. 120 Broadway. Mr. Harrison said :—

“Yes, I was secretary to President Davis during what was called the ‘permanent government’ of the Confederate States. My relations to him were of the closest intimacy, and I have cherished for him the most grateful and affectionate regard. He was of a lofty character, guided by a sense of duty throughout life, singularly pure in every act and in all his thoughts.

“Mr. Davis was an aristocrat, reticent, stately, courteous, always disinterested and of an undaunted courage and rare singleness of purpose. He had scholarly tastes and was familiar with our older literature and with the writers of the first third of this century, but when I was with him, had not

found time for the books of later days. Mr. Davis was a soldier always and a good one.

HE KNEW WHAT THE SOUTH MUST MEET.

“Mr. Davis had been reared in the school of strictest construction of the constitution. He had no doubts of the rights or of the duty of the Southern States after the Presidential election in 1860, but it cost him the keenest suffering and sorrow to withdraw from under the flag he had loved. He knew so well the power and population and resources of the States of the North and the unreadiness and comparative poverty of the less populous States of the South and their many disadvantages in a long war as to look upon disunion and its certain consequences with horror. He had been a leader among the States’ rights men in debate, but shrunk from actual secession. It was with sincere reluctance he accepted the Presidency of the Confederate States, and after the war had passed its first stage and the North had become practically unanimous in prosecuting it he felt he was struggling against almost certain defeat, until General Lee’s remarkable campaigns persuaded him against his own judgment that the South could conquer an independence.”

PRYOR’S ESTIMATE OF DAVIS.

General Roger A. Pryor, the well-known lawyer of this city, and at one time a prominent leader of the Southern Confederacy, said:—“I first met Davis in 1855, when I was editor of the *Washington Union*. He was then in the Senate. I knew him better as Secretary of War, and from that time until the end of the war we were thrown much together. Right here I wish to say it is a mistake to suppose that Davis

was a secessionist. On the contrary, he was originally opposed to secession. Graduate of West Point and Secretary of War as he was, it was to his interest and disposition to maintain the Union. He even made a speech at Portland, Me., when Secretary of War, in which his devotion to the Union is expressed in strong language. The ultra party in his own State drove him to secession against his better judgment. I say this in justice to him."

"As chief of the Southern Confederacy he was not regarded as a complete success. He had little tact and not very much administrative ability, though, it is true, he was a good Secretary of War. On the other hand, however, he was a man of high principle and entirely loyal to the Southern cause. He was also quite religious and regularly attended an Episcopal Church."

GENERAL PORTER'S ESTIMATE.

"I knew Mr. Davis intimately," said General Horace Porter. "I was an instructor at West Point just before the war broke out, and Mr. Davis was then the president of a board appointed to revise the course of instruction. He was a man of great intelligence, had a remarkable fund of information on all subjects, but was a man of very arbitrary character, very dogmatic in his opinions, and on this account often made a great many enemies where he might have made friends by a more conciliatory course.

"He was a man of a great deal of tenacity of purpose, and this trait was displayed, unfortunately, in the latter part of the war, when he persisted in fighting until they reached the last ditch, when many others in the South saw that defeat was inevitable, and urged that overtures be made looking to peace.

But this was better in the end, as, if peace had come sooner than it did, slavery might not have been so thoroughly eradicated and the general questions might not have been as completely settled as they were.

WHY THE FLAG WAS HALF-MASTED.

I called the attention of Proprietor Cranston, of the New York Hotel, to the fact that there was some criticism over the fact that he was flying the flag of his hotel at half-mast.

"Well, what objection is there to that?" he responded. "Mr. Davis has been a very prominent figure in our national life, and I do not see why there should be any fault found over our doing him this small honor. We have been hearing for years that there is now 'no north, no south, no east, no west,' but that we are all one brotherhood. I am not desirous of acquiring any notoriety out of the fact that I have put out our flag at half mast on this occasion while others have not. I have done it simply out of respect to the memory of Mr. Davis, who was a distinguished citizen of this country before the war began. Whenever he was in this city, I may add, he made his headquarters at this hotel."

REMINISCENCES OF REPRESENTATIVE MILLS, OF TEXAS.

"Mr. Davis was regarded by the Southern people as one of the greatest, best and purest men in the world. We all loved him. He was our representative man, and all of the Southern people understood that the opposition he encountered and the adverse criticisms piled upon him were intended for them. His position was misunderstood in the North. Mr. Davis was a Union man at the beginning and he adopted the course he did with great reluctance, but from a feeling of duty. He

was deeply attached to the Union, and wanted to exhaust every means on earth to prevent a rupture. He was not a vindictive or cruel man. He had perfect confidence in himself, was well balanced on all occasions and was a great military man and statesman. He was highly accomplished and spoke the purest of English. His memory was marvelously clear. He never forgot anybody. My predecessor, Mr. Geddings, told me that one day Mr. Davis was addressing a crowd, when a snowy haired old man on the outskirts expressed a desire to greet the speaker, whom he had known and served under in the Mexican war. Mr. Geddings offered to introduce him, but the old man declined, and going up to Mr. Davis, offered him his hand and asked if he recognized him. Mr. Davis fixed his eyes upon him for a moment, his mouth twitched, tears sprang into his eyes, and he exclaimed: 'Ward, snow has fallen on your head since I last saw you.' 'And that,' Mr. Mills said, 'was about forty years before the meeting.'"

MESSAGES OF CONDOLENCE.

PROMINENT MEN THROUGHOUT THE SOUTH EXPRESS
THEIR SYMPATHY WITH MRS. DAVIS.

JACKSON, MISS.

Hon. E. H. Farrar: Bells are tolling, public buildings draped in mourning, an immense meeting to be held at 4 P.M., with view of dispatching committee to claim remains of the great dead for interment in Mississippi.

ROBERT LOWRY, *Governor.*

JACKSON, MISS.

Mrs. Jefferson Davis: Permit us to tender you and yours assurances of sympathy in your unspeakable bereavement. Your great husband will live always in the reverent and affectionate memory of all our people, whose grief now is without measure.

W. W. STONE,

T. M. MILLER,

GEO. M. GOVAN,

T. R. PRESTON,

W. D. HOLDEN,

W. L. HEMINGWAY.

AUSTIN, TEX.

I write in a portrayal of sincere condolence with those who honored your illustrious husband while living, and who revere his memory when dead. His lofty patriotism, immaculate integrity and firmness of purpose, which never yielded principle for expediency nor abandoned the right for success, will be held up for emulation by the aspiring youth of Texas who would achieve an honorable distinction among their fellow-men.

L. S. ROSS, *Governor.*

JACKSON, MISS.

Mr. E. H. Farrar: State officers resolve to attend the funeral in a body. Please advise arrangements. Will you kindly make known to the family that Mississippi, the State he loved so well, will claim the honor of being the resting-place of the patriot, statesman and nobleman, whose great name is indissolubly linked with her own?

ROBERT LOWRY, *Governor.*

COLUMBIA, S. C.

Mrs. Jefferson Davis: With my deep and sincere personal sympathy I beg to express to you the profound sorrow of the people of South Carolina at the intelligence of the death of your illustrious husband. The fame of his greatness will grow with the passing years.

J. P. RICHARDSON, *Governor South Carolina.*

ATLANTA, GA.

Mrs. Jefferson Davis: You have deepest sympathy in the loss of your illustrious husband. They loved him to the last.

JOHN J. GLENN, *Mayor of Atlanta.*

NO. 320 JOSEPHINE STREET, DEC. 6, 1889.

Judge E. C. Fenner.

DEAR SIR: The people of Louisiana will hear with profound grief and sorrow the death of President Davis,—a man who, standing equally the tests of prosperity and adversity, became even more and more endeared to the true men and women of his State as his brave and unblemished life drew to a close.

Would you do me the kindness, at a later moment, to convey to Mrs. Davis my sincere sympathy with her and

the expression of strong regard and affection for her husband?

I would have seen you this morning in person, but sprained my foot last night so badly as to make it impossible for me to leave the house. I have directed that the flag on the Capitol be displayed at half-mast.

Very truly,

FRANCIS T. NICHOLLS.

SAN MARCOS, TEX.

Mrs. Jefferson Davis: The South mourns to-day as mourns the family when a link in the chain is broken. Your sorrow is our own.

W. D. WOOD,

E. H. REYNOLDS,

GEO. T. MCGEEHEE,

HAMMETT HARDY,

SAM'L R. KANE,

J. V. HENDERSON,

STERLING FISHER.

NORFOLK, VA.

Mrs. Jefferson Davis: We venerate the memory of our dead President and reverently tender you our deep sympathy in your great grief.

BEXET BUCHANAN,

Commanding Confederate Veterans.

J. F. CECIL, *Commander.*

JACKSON, MISS.

Mrs. Jefferson Davis: My sympathies and prayers are with you.

HUGH MILLER THOMPSON.

ATLANTA, GA.

Mrs. Jefferson Davis: Please accept my sincere sympathy in your bereavement. Our whole people mourn with you and pray that God may bless you and yours.

HENRY W. GRADY.

ATLANTA, GA.

Mrs. Jefferson Davis: The West View Cemetery Company renew their offer to you in February last through Mr. Sidney Root, and beg that you will accept.

W. J. GARRET, *President.*

HEADQUARTERS CONFEDERATE SURVIVORS' }
ASSOCIATION, AUGUSTA, GA., DEC. 6. }

Mrs. Jefferson Davis: The members of the Confederate Survivors' Association of Augusta, Ga., crave the privilege of assuring you at the earliest moment of their profound sympathy and heartfelt sorrow upon the demise of your illustrious husband and beloved chief and the venerated President of the Southern Confederacy.

CHAS. C. JONES, JR.,

President Confederate Survivors' Association.

ATLANTA, GA.

Mrs. Jefferson Davis: Warmest sympathies and most fervent prayers will go down to-morrow.

J. WM. JONES, *Senator.*

MEMPHIS, TENN.

Mrs. Varina Davis: The Historical Association of Memphis tenders its sympathy and regrets at the great loss sustained by you and the country in the death of Mr. Davis. This association begs the boon of bringing his honored remains here for burial, and we assure you and the country that his grave shall be kept green through the coming ages. We urge this, as he was a member of our association, made his first home here after the war, and was dear to the hearts of this community.

C. W. FRAZER, *President.*

R. J. BLOCK, *Secretary.*

LITTLE ROCK, ARK.

Mrs. Jefferson Davis: My wife and self deeply sympathize with you in this greatest affliction that could befall you. We all deplore the death of your precious husband, who was beloved by all who knew him. He was a great and good man. The whole South mourn his loss, and his name will ever have a warm place in the hearts of those he leaves to follow him.

JOHN D. ADAMS.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

Mrs. Jefferson Davis: Mingling mine with the sincere grief of the countless admirers and lovers of your illustrious husband, I beg to tender to you and family heartfelt sympathy in this your hour of deepest affliction.

MARCUS BERNHEIMER.

NEW YORK.

Mrs. Jefferson Davis: I and my household mourn with you. Accept our sincere sympathy.

W. H. HARDY.

Mr. WM. L. DAVIS, of New York, expressed his loving sympathy.

DALLAS, TEX.

Mrs. Jefferson Davis: Myself, in common with all the Confederates in Texas, mourn the death of your illustrious husband. May God have you and your children in his keeping!

W. L. CABELL.

RICHMOND.

Mrs. Jefferson Davis: Accept my heartfelt and devoted sympathy in your deep sorrow.

W. G. WALTER.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

Mrs. Jefferson Davis: Our hearts follow you and beat in tenderest sympathy with you in this hour of your deepest sorrow. We pray, God give you grace to bear your cross, and grant that the soul of your noble and illustrious husband may rest in peace!

MARCO AND KATIE PAOLO.

MEMPHIS.

Mrs. Jefferson Davis: Please accept assurances of our great sorrow and heartfelt sympathy.

MR. AND MRS. H. M. NEELY.

ATLANTA, GA.

Mrs. Varina Davis.

MY DEAR FRIEND: God bless you and keep you in this sore trial. The whole South mourns with you.

SIDNEY ROOT.

WASHINGTON, DEC. 6.

Mrs. Jefferson Davis.

MY DEAR FRIEND: Myself and family mourn with you for the death of your distinguished and noble husband and my most valued friend. In the hour of your calamity you have the affectionate sympathy of millions of loving friends, who deplore the loss of the true friend, the earnest Christian, the patriotic citizen, the wise statesman, most beloved and venerated by a large part of the American people for his self-sacrificing devotion to principle and to duty. May God protect and help you in your great affliction! Command me always if I can serve you.

JOHN H. REAGAN.

TALLAHASSEE, FLA.

Mrs. Jefferson Davis: Permit me to tender my sincerest

sympathies in the great affliction which has come to you. The people of the South mourn with you in this our common bereavement.

F. P. FLEMMING, *Governor.*

RICHMOND, VA.

My wife unites with me in love and sincere sympathy with you in the loss of your illustrious husband. His life was the illustration of talent and virtue that ennobled humanity.

JOS. R. ANDERSON.

ATLANTA, GA.

Mrs. Jefferson Davis: No people would hold the remains of your illustrious dead in deeper or more constant reverence than the people of Atlanta, and we should esteem it the highest honor to have them in West View Cemetery,—itself a battle-field on which his soldiers fought and fell.

H. W. GRADY.

GOLDSBORO', N. C.

Mrs. Jefferson Davis: Thomas Ruffin Camp, Ex-Confederate Veterans, of Wayne County, North Carolina, now convened to pay tribute to the memory of your illustrious husband, beg leave to express their profound sympathy and to mourn with you and yours in the sad bereavement which has befallen you in the death of their beloved ex-President.

SWIFT GALLOWAY, *Commander.*

ATLANTA, GA.

Mrs. Jefferson Davis: If you and your family are inclined to accept the offer of the beautiful cemetery in this city, which I urgently advise, they will bring all the remains of your children. Perpetual care is guaranteed, and a monument will be built.

SIDNEY ROOT.

MONTGOMERY, ALA.

Mrs. Jefferson Davis: With profound sympathy and condolence in your great bereavement, and in response to the united wishes of our people, we earnestly request that you allow us to have the remains of Mr. Davis buried here under the Confederate monument, on Capitol Hill, where he was inaugurated President; the corner-stone of which was laid by him, and which, when completed, will be ornamented with a life-size bronze statue of him.

EDWARD W. PLERS,

President Confederate Veterans' Association of Alabama.

J. T. HOLTZCHAW,

President Montgomery Veterans' Association.

W. S. REESE,

President Alabama Confederate Monument Association.

MRS. M. D. RIBB,

President Ladies' Memorial Association.

EDMUND A. GRAHAM, *Mayor*

THOS. H. WATTS,

Ex-Attorney General Confederate States.

MACON, GA.

Mrs. Jefferson Davis: The Riverside Company of Macon offer, with their heartfelt sympathy in your great affliction, the best and most conspicuous burial lot in their cemetery, overlooking Acmulgo River and the City of Macon. We have an endowment requiring perpetual care of graves and lots, and it is laid out on the lawn plan. The grounds are beautiful, undulating and artificially planted as one harmonious flower-garden on a lofty eminence, overlooking the river and city, and adjacent to both is a Confederate redoubt, which is guaranteed to be preserved; and we offer this lovely spot as a fitting burial place for Mr. Davis and as a family

burial lot. The lot will be ornamented with fountains and lakelets, and the entire redoubt, or fort, with flowers, as directed by yourself, and a splendid memorial will be erected if you accept our urgent and loving offer. We will gladly bear all transportation and burial expenses, and will send an escort to bring the body to Macon. We beg you to visit Macon and remain as the city's guest.

ROBERT E. PARK, *President Riverside Cemetery.*

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Mrs. Jefferson Davis: Every true son of the South shares your sorrow.

J. C. S. BLACKBURN.

ATHENS, GA.

Mrs. Jefferson Davis: We tender our heartfelt sympathies to yourself and family in the loss of our soldier statesman and ex-Confederate chieftain.

EX-CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS SURVIVORS' ASSOCIATION
OF NORTHEAST GEORGIA.

H. H. CARLIER, *President.*

ED. D. NEWTON, *Secretary.*

MEMPHIS, TENN.

We, the friends of our ex-President, join in expressions of sympathy with a united South generally, and the citizens of Memphis particularly, and desire to add their earnest request to that of the Confederate Historical Association of this city, that his honored remains may find their final resting place here where he was always loved.

THOS. H. ALLEN,

H. C. WELLON,

W. H. CALLEEN,

CASEY YOUNG,

M. C. GALLOWAY,

THOS. N. ALLEN,

JAS. E. BEASLEY,

M. B. TREZEVANT.

ATLANTA, GA.

Mrs. Jefferson Davis: The West View Cemetery Company tenders a beautiful lot for the burial of Mr. Davis and his family, and will have the remains of any of his children removed to it. The people of Atlanta would be glad to have the remains of your illustrious husband rest in their midst, and will take pride in protecting his grave in the future.

JOHN T. GLENN, *Mayor*.

CLARKSVILLE, TENN.

Mrs. Jefferson Davis: A public meeting of the citizens of Clarksville join Forbes Bivouac in tendering to you and yours their heartfelt sympathies in the hour of your affliction. Our people mourn with you in the death of your illustrious husband and our ex-President, and shall ever cherish the memory of his invaluable services to our Southern land.

J. J. CROSSMAN,

A. D. SEARS.

RICHMOND, VA.

Mrs. Jefferson Davis: The sympathetic chords of the hearts of our people are deeply touched at the loss of one we have ever regarded with the greatest affection, and the memory of whose valor and virtue we will ever hold sacred.

FITZHUGH LEE, *Governor*.

WASHINGTON.

Mrs. Jefferson Davis: The whole Southern people are in grief over the death of their great and beloved countryman, and their sympathy with you and your precious ones is deep and pervading. Please believe that what I feel for you can not be told in words.

L. Q. C. LAMAR.

CHATTANOOGA, TENN.

Mrs. Jefferson Davis: For many days we have eagerly watched the bulletins from the bed-side of our late chieftain, sharing your anxiety in his condition. The ray of hope that gleamed but yesterday filled our hearts with joy commensurate with your own unsolicited letter of congratulations for Forest Camp, which scarcely started on its way when we were shocked by the announcement of his death. Our heads bow in sorrow and our hearts ache in sympathy with you and your family in the hour of your bereavement, that is shared in our whole Southland.

J. T. SKIPP, *Commander*.

J. T. DICKERSON, *Adjutant*.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

J. U. Payne: In the loss of your devoted and life-long friend, my heart goes out in deepest sympathy to you and Mrs. Davis, with an assurance of my profound sorrow and regret.

MILES SELLS.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

Mrs. Jefferson Davis: The members of the Ex-Confederate Historical and Benevolent Association of St. Louis tender you their deepest sympathy. The memory of your illustrious husband will always be fresh in our hearts.

JOSEPH BOYCE, *President*.

RALEIGH, N. C.

Mrs. Jefferson Davis: North Carolina mourns with you the death of the greatest and most beloved of the sons of our Southland.

DANL. G. FOWLE, *Governor*.

MONTGOMERY, ALA.

Mrs. Jefferson Davis : All sons and daughters of Alabama weep with you and yours.

W. S. REESE.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Mrs. Jefferson Davis : The whole South mourns with you. Your husband's hold upon the affections of the people in his last days was even stronger than in the time of his great power.

E. C. WALTHALL.

Mr. J. U. Payne received a dispatch from ex-Gov. Lubbock, of Texas, asking when Mr. Davis would be buried, as he desired to attend.

JACKSON, MISS.

Mrs. Jefferson Davis : The great heart of Mississippi is touched by the death of her best beloved.

His noble nature and public services will be treasured always in the memory of her people.

Accept assurances of my heart-felt sympathy. Your bereavement is our bereavement, and may their merciful God comfort you.

ROBERT LOWRY, *Governor*.

MOBILE, Dec. 6, 1889.

President Army of Northern Virginia : Please telegraph me when the funeral of Jefferson Davis will take place, and what arrangements will be made for delegations of military and citizens.

PRICE WILLIAMS,

President Lee Association.

A TRIBUTE TO A KIND MASTER.

Among the hundreds of letters received by Mrs. Jefferson Davis since the death of her distinguished husband

there is scarcely one more suggestive and touching than one from his old servants at Brierfield, Miss., which reads : "We, the old servants and tenants of our beloved master, Hon. Jefferson Davis, have cause to mingle our tears over his death, who was always kind and thoughtful of our peace and happiness. We extend to you our humble sympathy. Respectfully, your old tenants and servants." Mr. Davis was always a kind master, and such incidents as this, which could be multiplied, are the most effectual answers to many of the untruthful publications that have been made about him.

BALTIMORE'S MEMORIAL*

A LARGE AUDIENCE AT THE ARMORY OF THE FIFTH
REGIMENT APPLAUD STIRRING WORDS AND
TOUCHING TRIBUTES.

THE tongues of Marylanders whose hearts once beat for the Confederacy wove a bright chaplet of respect and admiring tribute to the memory of Jefferson Davis at the Fifth Regiment Armory last night. The people of the State who upheld in thought or deed the cause which the dead leader championed were fairly represented in the audience. Several of the speakers and many of those who listened had worn the uniform of gray during the four bloody years of civil strife, and some had felt the force of the bullets fired so thickly in defence of the Union cause.

The gathering was, in many respects, a remarkable one, and noticeably different from those which usually assemble at public meetings. It was such as might come together at a high-class lecture or the performance of some famous operatic star, and the air of refinement and perfect decorum which pervaded the exercises and everything connected with the occasion was striking. Ladies outnumbered the stronger sex three to one, and they were nearly all well dressed and cultivated in appearance. There were kindly and dignified grandmothers who had, perhaps, lost a son or husband fighting in defense of the stars and bars, and younger women whose hearts once trembled for the safety of lovers in the

* From the *Baltimore Sun* of December 12th, 1889.

legions of Lee or Jackson. Young ladies on the safe side of twenty-five were numerous also, and either accompanied their fathers and brothers or sat beside their beaux.

The doors were not thrown open to the general public until a short time before the exercises began at eight o'clock, and it was difficult for gentlemen to get in previous to that hour unless they were accompanied by female companions. Some of the male auditors brought along three or four ladies, and the fair ones clapped their gloved hands as enthusiastically as anybody when the speakers said anything especially eloquent or touching.

Confederate officers, whose bravery and devotion won honorable recognition away back in the sixties, could be picked out in the assemblage on every side. Some of them were quite old, and their warlike goatees and such hair as they had left showed the whitening touch of years; but their acquaintances could tell of many a madcap charge or reckless assault in which they took part when the hot blood of youth dashed impetuously through their veins. Those who belonged to the Society of the Army and Navy of the Confederate States in Maryland wore the bright-colored decorations of that organization, modeled after the Confederate battle-flag.

THE DECORATIONS.

The decoration of the hall was meagre and confined to the vicinity of a large platform erected for the speakers at the north end. From the edge of the raised space a plain fold of black mourning material hung straight down to the floor, and was held in place at the top by seven red and white rosettes. From each bunch of ribbon streamed long pieces of

white and black material, which made an appropriate effect. The speakers' stand was also covered with black and white, drawn back in the form of a cross in front.

PORTRAIT OF MR. DAVIS.

A picture of the dead ex-President at the front of the gallery overhead attracted more attention than any other object in the room because of its prominent position. It was a bust view at least equal to life size, and represented Mr. Davis dressed in clothing like that worn in the far South. The cool, low-cut vest showed a wide shirt front, and the black necktie seemed to have slipped loose. But while the garb in the picture looked very natural, everybody remarked that the features were not those of Mr. Davis. The beard was full and cropped something after the style of the late General Grant, and the face, it was remarked, was a little too full to look like the original. Persons in the audience busied themselves, before the addresses began, in comparing the picture to the lineaments of their acquaintances. The portrait, which was executed with a crayon, was framed in folds of two American flags. On its right was a splendid silk Maryland flag, and on its left an equally handsome national banner. Stark upright above it stood the staff of a Maryland coat of arms upon a blue field, and on the extreme right was the Confederate battle-flag, now so seldom seen, with its red field and crossed bars, containing the thirteen white stars which represented the seceding States. The flags were draped with black and rested in front of a field of the same sombre color, which concealed a part of the north gallery from view.

VETERANS FROM THE ARSENAL.

The entrance of the venerable Confederate veterans from the Pikesville Home caused the audience to turn around in their seats and applaud fifteen minutes before the meeting began. The grizzled old fellows made a strange sight as they marched toward the stage as fast as their toiling steps could carry them. There were twenty-seven of them altogether who made the journey in order to hear the eulogies delivered on the life of their old chief, and all were clad in uniforms of genuine Confederate gray, with shining brass buttons. Their long army overcoats were lined with red, and most of them wore soft slouched hats. The applause kept up steadily from their entrance until they took the seats allotted to them in the rear rows of platform chairs.

THE OLD COLOR-BEARER.

Not far from the head of the line waved a good-sized American flag borne by Morris Scott, a stout old veteran over six feet high, whose face was almost hidden under a wide-brimmed drab hat. When the aged color-bearer ascended the stage and removed the hat, his resemblance to Jefferson Davis was generally commented upon. His white hair and chin-beard were cut after the old school, exactly like the dead ex-President's, and the likeness of the features was almost startling. Scott served in a Texas regiment, but is a native of Montgomery County, Md. The veterans were in charge of Superintendent William H. Pope, and were escorted by Mr. James R. Wheeler.

The following were among the speeches made.

Mayor Davidson said: "I accept, with no ordinary feel-

ings, the duty of presiding over this large and intelligent audience.

“Another great oak of the forest has fallen, and, as well those who have admired it from a distance, as those who have rested and reposed beneath its boughs, must stay awhile before it passes out of human sight—I will not say forever, but for a time.

“Time has passed for Jefferson Davis; time in which the vision is obscured by ignorance, by passion, by prejudice. Eternity has come, in which truth and sincerity and devotion to duty will count for more than enthusiasm warmed up by self-interest, or yet than the reputation for wise choosing or the rewards of successful effort.

“We are here assembled beside the grave of one of the most conspicuous characters in American history; of a man of the mould of a Cato, of one whose sense of right was single, who could plant himself in lonely courage upon it and stand unmoved as the granite hills. The heat of the day has long since past, and even the eye which dreaded or disliked the sun in its meridian can look with sympathy and pleasure upon the soft beauty of its setting.

“Here let us all, those who differed as those who sided with the great departed, do honor to the truthfulness, the sincerity, the moral courage of the man who, of all others in that great contest, trod the wine press alone.

“We are not here to discuss the causes or the merits of the unhappy era in the history of our country when the debate was adjourned from the halls of legislation to the tented field, and the blue and the gray, equally valiant, stood over against each other. These colors are blended now into softer

oncs, and the manly hand that bore the sword has with them painted out the canvas of brotherly hate forever.

"The debate is closed, the result long since accepted, not sulkily, but with cheerful hope and alacrity, and to-day the emblem of our common country floats on every staff from the Penobscot to the Rio Grande, from the Chesapeake to the Golden Gate.

"But that man nevertheless would be a coward and a recreant who, though convinced and converted, would turn his back upon and refuse to honor the man whom he and his fellows placed in the advance of the cause which he had espoused.

"Though I was too young to bear a part in the stirring events of the war, I was present in Richmond from its beginning to its close, and even as a boy I was able to observe the high presence, to estimate somewhat, though too feebly, the noble character, the sincerity, illumined by Christian conviction, the determination to walk in what he thought the path of rectitude, how stony soever it might be.

"Wrong he may have been, and that in fact he was, many times, with the fuller light of after events, all will admit; but that he was consciously wrong, that he ever allowed his actions to be moved by the hand of his own selfish interests, all who knew him will deny.

"There are some associations in one's life that no lapse of time, no change of place or circumstances can efface; some which one cherishes with something of that feeling which induces him to lay by and keep with tender affection some keepsake, some mute emblem of 'those loved long since and lost awhile.' Such an association with me is the stopping of Jefferson Davis at my father's house on Sunday, the 2d of

April, 1865, when, with tears in those loving and noble eyes, he warmly pressed the hands of my father and his family and gave them the sad words of farewell. And so now I come here, in this presence, to say farewell to that benevolent and God-fearing soul as it has taken its last journey into the hereafter, and placing upon the fresh mound the beautiful flowers of affection, moistened with sympathetic tears, leave the illustrious 'dust unto dust.' "

SPEECH OF COLONEL D. G. McINTOSH.

Colonel D. G. McIntosh said: "It has been accredited a proper thing to do when men have played a distinguished part on the stage of life to deck their graves with garlands. In the nature of things it was not to be expected that this was to be done in the death of the Hon. Jefferson Davis. While we cannot as a nation bestow these emblems of mourning, we can, as a people, testify our devotion to his memory and bow with grief beside his open grave. Half a mighty nation stands to-day with hearts too full for utterance, and in the city where lie his remains the walls are clad in black and an army of men looked on features which they shall see no more. The women of the South, to whom he dedicated his book and whom he idolized, and who in turn idolized him, to-day made libations of their tears and poured them freely on the altar of their undying love. This spectacle has no equal in our past, and cannot be equalled in our future.

"Well may they say, 'dire rebel that he was, he was endowed with great and noble gifts.' He nothing lacked of sovereignty but the right, and of the soldier he nothing lacked but fortune. In the midst of such surroundings as these

we cannot be unmoved. In Baltimore live many of his nearest and most devoted friends. From this city went forth many who battled for the cause which he espoused. Many died, and their friends mourn them still. Our hearts would harden and our nature turn with scorn if we in such a case failed to attest our love and our loyalty to his memory. He is beyond the breath of censure, and the shafts of calumny cannot disturb his spirit. We will bequeath his memory as a precious legacy to our children.

"It would be folly on this occasion to attempt to trace the full course of this man. His history, perhaps, runs further than that of any of those who struggled with him in the lost cause. His brilliant record in Mexican and Indian affairs, his political prominence, known integrity, and other reasons pointed him out as the man to whom the destinies of the Confederacy should be confided.

"The time has already arrived when an impartial criticism has marked the lines of responsibility for the events which followed secession. The North mourns her gallant sons as well as the South. She has her memory which should not be disturbed. As the North looks back through a clarified atmosphere she recognizes that Mr. Davis stood side by side with his section, only put in a more prominent position by his talents and capabilities.

"The trouble did not have its origin in Mr. Davis, but long before his era. The first convention for the framing of the Federal Constitution was attended with difficulties, principally with regard to representation, and was adopted with reluctance by some. The antagonism between the sections for power grew, and it was adopted at the South as a cardinal principle that the balance of power must be kept as a matter

of safety to the South. The election of a President from a party hostile to the South destroyed the equilibrium, and the South at once withdrew from the Union. The movement was not hostile personally to the President-elect. The South was thoroughly alarmed, and it believed it had the Constitutional right to separate. It was not the right, but the necessity or expediency of separating that the South discussed. The great masses of the South believed in the right, as they would in an oracle from on high. Mr. Davis was sincerely attached to the Union, and from his education and from his services it could not have been otherwise. But he stood with his countrymen. The preservation of his section only remained in that sovereignty which resided in the State.

"History will no doubt pass judgment as to whether Mr. Davis and his associates were right in their belief. But history will never use in this the word which of all others his soul most abhorred, that of traitor. [Great applause.] No disaster could appal him. When defeated he issued those flaming bulletins which cheered the men and excited them again to deeds of valor. [Applause.]

"It was the fortune of some of his soldiers who had not been paroled at Appomattox to overtake him in the retreat. He would not believe that the star of the Confederacy had fallen. The imperial will refused to be thwarted. He still pictured for himself another base of operations, and the little command of the speaker left Mr. Davis with the assurance that they would meet him across the Mississippi. Two days later he was captured and the conflict ended." The speaker next saw Mr. Davis in Richmond, Va., arraigned on the charge of treason. "Fortunately for the whole country," he

continued, "the charge was not pressed. The offer of Horace Greeley [great and long-continued applause, which prevented the speaker from completing the sentence for some time,] to be a hostage for his late enemy was the first step towards the reconciliation between the two sections. In those days the heart of the South towards Jefferson Davis was as a mother's heart to her child. The irons on him transfixed the hearts of the people of the South. To his people it was an atonement for any errors he might have committed. He was the people's vicarious sufferer. All else was forgiven and forgotten.

"He already in history stands out the most interesting if not the most conspicuous figure of the day. His early friend, Albert Sydney Johnston, [applause,] his counsellor and adviser, Robert E. Lee, [applause,] his faithful lieutenant, Stonewall Jackson, [immense applause, shouts, yells and continued demonstration,] we can trust posterity to do justice to one and all. Nature made him one of its noblemen. The faith which he professed and the virtues which he practiced made him a Christian gentleman, and that land to which he has gone will make his soul pursue endless activity through oceans of time."

SPEECH OF GENERAL BRADLEY T. JOHNSON.

General Bradley T. Johnson said: "Twelve States and ten million people, standing with uncovered heads, do honor to the memory of a man who has just died penniless and powerless, who for twenty-five years has been their ideal hero, patriot, statesman, and with the homage to his memory there mingles not a stain of grief. With his intellect undimmed, with his honor unstained, with his reputation peerless, he has passed from among the sons of men and left his example an

imperishable monument. Time levels everything. The pathway of history is strewn with the wreck of systems, of empires and of races. No one can tell where Cambyses sat or where Cyrus was buried, but noble ideas are more lasting than marble or bronze, and memory gives a more permanent record than monuments.

"The story of Davis and of Lee, of Jackson and of Stuart will be told, and the courage, manliness and fortitude of their followers will be the themes for generations to come. My wonder grows with the passing years as I contemplate the heroic virtues of those days.

"Tears there are, but they are the tears of pride, not of sorrow; of honor, not of grief. Facing the verdict of history, we can truthfully say that there is not a trait of Jefferson Davis that we would have changed; not an incident of the last twenty-five years we would have altered. During this whole generation he has borne the misfortune of failure without a sigh and with absolute dignity. With him we have not rejoiced at the failure of the Confederacy. With him we have never come to the conclusion that we are glad the war ended as it did, and with him we have grieved that we failed to establish the Confederate States, because with him we believed, and still do believe, that it would have been better for the whole country for the Confederacy to have succeeded and not to have failed. It will, after a while, be understood that the attempt to establish the Confederacy was an attempt to amend the Constitution of the United States, and to form a new Union, precisely as was done by dissolving the old Confederation and forming the new Union of 1789. The Confederation of 1776 to 1781 was formed to make 'a perpetual Union.'

“Mr. Davis and the men with him were trying to establish a Government on the principles of the Constitution of 1789. I have never concluded that I have been glad that war ended as it did. On the contrary, I deplore our defeat. I submit to the inevitable, and I believe that it would have been better for all, North and South, had the amended Constitution at Montgomery been adopted for the whole country. Conquest is a dangerous thing—quite as dangerous for the conqueror as for the conquered—and the irresponsible power wielded by the United States from 1865 to 1876 has furnished precedents fraught with evil to the future of liberty in the country. They have established the precedent that property may be destroyed by a majority vote, and that personal liberty may be abolished by the force of numbers, and that these are rights which inhere in majorities. It requires no prophet to foretell the coming crusade against corporate property just as there was against slave property, and when the time of trial comes, Constitutional guarantee and paper promises will avail nothing.”

SPEECH OF REV. DR. MURKLAND.

The Rev. Dr. W. U. Murkland, pastor of Franklin Street Presbyterian Church, said: “There are things connected with the strife of the civil war that we cannot forget, for we would be traitors to the dead and to ourselves if we did. I speak of the heroic element in the Confederate soldier which now lives in the hearts of the people of the South; of the heroic endeavor of the men who stood by what they judged to be right, and through trial and suffering refused to relinquish one iota of principles in defense of which they were willing to lay down their lives. The strife has passed, but this spirit

which has come out of that dark time, and which never before in the history of the world has been equaled, can never die.

“When men write the history of the past and of that brave army, they will recite the deeds of men whose memory is imperishable. Men speak of this age of ours as a material age, everybody busy with money-getting and with the practical affairs of life. As young men, we have longed for the chivalric days of other centuries, but in our generation and century has been revealed a grand heroism, a brave, daring and a mighty chivalry that puts to blush all the chivalry of the past. Where was there ever a grander exhibition of it than was witnessed on the blood-stained battle-fields of the South within the past five and twenty years?

“The grandest spectacle for me is the picture of the humble household of the South sending forth its son to die for the cause of liberty—parents giving of their scanty substance to fit out a son, clothing him in the gray homespun, and then mortgaging their farm to bring him home and bury him.

“It is the record of the sufferings of these men borne with the patience of Christians and the fortitude of martyrs, that marks them as heroes. They had no slaves; they had but little property. They fought for their country, for their conceptions of right and truth and justice, and when found on the field after the battle they had no shoes on their feet and but a spoonful of parched corn in their haversacks.

“Twenty-five years have passed, and men of this stamp, their wives, their sons and their daughters, stand sorrowing around the grave of that hero of heroes, Jefferson Davis, honoring him whose country, which he served nobly and well, refused to grant the privileges it had granted to slaves. He,

a man alone among his fellows; among them but not one of them; a solitary picture; a man without a country; one upon whom calumny and indignities had been heaped—wept over by millions, is a picture without a parallel in the history of the country.

SPEECH OF S. TEACKLE WALLIS.

Mr. S. Teackle Wallis said: "The irons which manacled the hands of Jefferson Davis in his prison cell entered the hearts of every man and woman in the South, and made him a consecrated man. By the action of his country he was refused the citizenship of the United States, and by this he was made a citizen of the world. He was set apart from all he loved, yet he bore all his trials, all his persecutions, all the indignities heaped upon him, as a patriot, as a Christian and as a gentleman. It is a picture that the world seldom looks at, one that the world rarely sees.

"There are two things that have struck me since the death of Mr. Davis. One has been the almost universal kindness with which his memory has been recalled in the North. Here and there we hear a snarl; there is a stringent voice crying out against him who is now lying cold in his grave and over whom millions are mourning, but this only brings out more clearly by the disagreeable contrast the kindness everywhere shown. There must be men of this sort in the world because there is wickedness in the world.

"I differed from Mr. Davis in many ways at the time of the war. There were probably not many who differed so widely with him as did I; but long ago I made up my mind, with the best thought and greatest intellect I could give to the question, that the cause to which he was pledged and to

which he offered himself as a sacrifice was the right cause, and I am proud to say it. The occasion is a great one, when men can come together all over this broad land with one object in view, to touch each other's hands and get the electric thrill of fellow-feeling through us by the contact. It shows that there is life in the old land yet.

“Again, it is most gratifying to me to see the people of the South everywhere all gathering around the open grave of Mr. Davis—not merely to do him honor, but to say before God, before their country and before their fellow-man, that his cause was their cause; his responsibility was their responsibility; his wrongs were their wrongs; his obloquy, if obloquy there be, to be theirs as well as his. You can plow up the land with cannon balls, devastate it with armies, and when you can get men to rally around a lost cause, remembering in their prosperity their hours of adversity, and standing around the grave of the man they chose as their leader in the cause for which they fought and lost, claiming his sins, if he committed any, as their sins, and thanking God for being able to do so, they can never be anything but true, loyal citizens of the land.

“In regard to Mr. Davis's character, he had his faults, and many; he committed errors, and many; but he was a great man, and there is a proverb that is so apt that it may be said to be true, that ‘The greater the man the greater the error.’ Faults, mistakes, error, temper, they belong to all men, and among them the best. What was his career? At the time when this war was waged, when a constitutional government was passing into a despotism of the worst form, when Seward could arrest men at midnight, as I know, Mr. Davis and those around him were bringing a constitutional government out of

chaos. The President of the United States suspending habeas corpus, and the Confederacy not daring to do it. This was one of the contrasts. There were many of them. Did any man ever charge him with selfish purposes? Did his enemies, who hated him worst, ever say anything but that he was a brave, honest man? The Confederacy weakened and came to an end. How it lasted for four long years, with all the wealth and resources of the North against it, with nothing but the energy of its men, the sacrifices of its women, is a great wonder of the world. But it did live, and that four years is an immortality. Mr. Jefferson Davis is dead, but dead as he is, with the portals of the grave closed over him, it seems that I am able to hear a sweet voice calling back and saying, 'He is not dead, but sleepeth.'"

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